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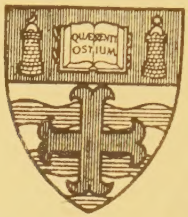

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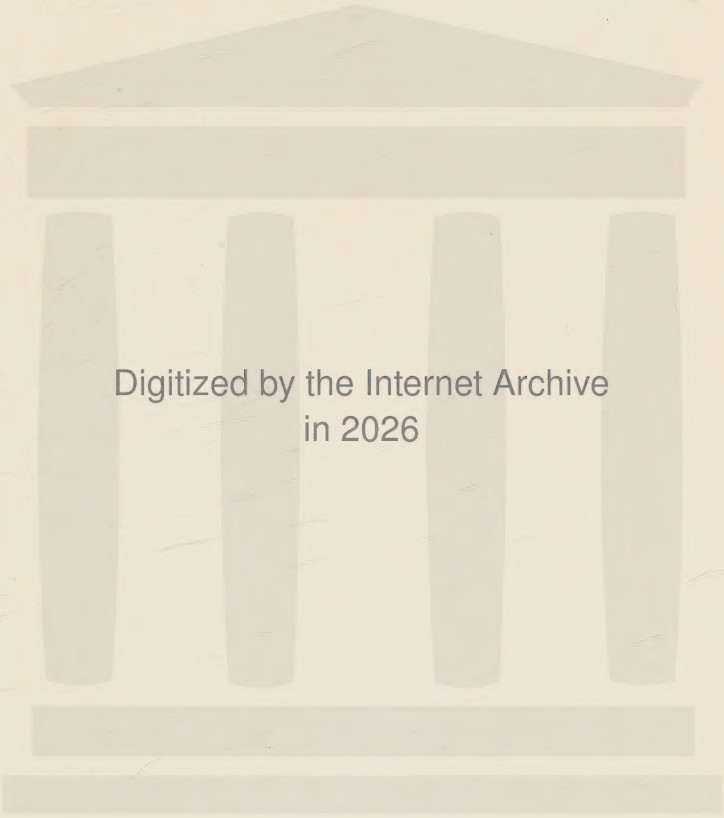
MEMORIES AND MUSIC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DAN GODFREY.

Frontispiece

MEMORIES AND MUSIC

Thirty-five Years of Conducting

BY

SIR DAN GODFREY

WITH THE PUBLISHER'S COMPLIMENTS
WITHDRAWN

WITH A FORTWORD BY

SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD

MUS. D. (OXON ET CANTAB), M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.C.M., ETC.

With Frontispiece and 22 other illustrations.

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.
PATERNOSTER ROW
1924

CT

DEDICATED TO
THE BRITISH MUSICIAN

FOREWORD

My DEAR DAN GODFREY,

In wishing you a Christmas which you are sure to make a merry one by your work, and a New Year which will be all the happier for your addition to its pleasures by the Reminiscences which you are giving to the world, you will allow me to thank you, not only personally, but in the name of all the music-lovers of our country, for the great work you have accomplished, not only in training an orchestra but, if possible more important, in improving public taste to appreciate its work and to familiarise itself with the best music of all kinds. The spur which you have given to English music is obvious not merely to the many writers whom you have never failed to help, when unknown, and to encourage and to stimulate when known, but also to many listeners far beyond the bounds of what may seem to you a small horizon ; but the influence of your work has had an effect far outside the comparatively small limits of the town in which you live, and has affected the whole countryside far more than you possibly anticipated. You have put your hands to the plough, and you have never turned back, even in the most troublous times and circumstances. For this the composers of England, and the citizens of a country which has for centuries been more accustomed to vocal than to orchestral music, have to thank you, and will, I have no doubt, give the same greeting to your book as they have so often given to your stick.

Arthur V Sullivan.

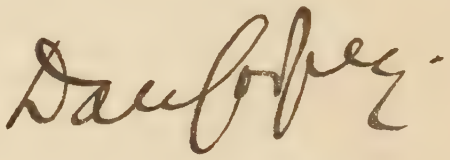
Christmas, 1923.

PREFACE

Some fifteen months ago it was suggested to me that a record of reminiscences of my late father and myself would be acceptable to many who had known us in public life. Being a busy man, some time elapsed before I could give any attention to the matter ; but during my last holiday I spent part of my time in jotting down recollections, and on my return home looked up various press-cutting books of events of years ago. On the presentation of this record to my proposed publisher, I was met with the proposal to enter more fully into musical matters. It was pointed out to me that as the outcome of my long association with the practical side of music-making, and as one in possession of valuable musical traditions, I was well qualified to survey the field from a wider point of view than that of the purely biographical. This is the reason why I appear before my readers in the additional characters of historian, critic, lecturer, teacher and *raconteur.* I have not only drawn upon various lectures and addresses given by me during the last thirty years, but I have also ventured to offer an opinion on the present situation in discussing "Where British Music Stands," and elsewhere to put forward suggestions on matters like Appreciation, the Art of Conducting, Listening to Music, Tone Colour, and Life and Music. My readers, as they follow me through these pages, will find me in many moods—but then this, I trust, will but illustrate the fact that Music, like Life, is a series of contrasts—now grave, now gay—ever alternating in their presentation of an Art that is all contrasts just as it is without end. As the result of my publisher's behest, the reader is treated to disquisitions on a variety of aspects of music which have come before me in the course of an active life spent in furthering the cause of winning appreciation for an art that is daily becoming more universal. I admit that my remarks cover a very wide field, but every point touched on is the definite outcome of firm conviction and wide experience. And I make no apology for the emphasis with which I occasionally express myself, any more than for bringing to view the humorous side of things that have come under my notice.

My friend, Thomas J. Crawford, formerly organist of St. Michael's, Chester Square, London, now of St. Paul's Church, Toronto (where he is doing really fine work), has helped me in matters of research for which I had no time, and I derived much information for the latter section (Life and Music) from a book which had been sent me by the author, Thomas Whitney Surette, a very able American lecturer on musical subjects who visited England in association with Oxford Extension Lectures in 1911. I therefore acknowledge with gratitude the help received through these sources. I can only hope that the contents of this book (the only one I shall probably ever write) will be acceptable. At any rate I am glad to have been able to place on record my tribute to the British Musician, to whom I dedicate my work with all respect.

Finally I need hardly say how deeply I appreciate the honour Sir Charles Stanford has done me by contributing the Foreword.



1924.

CONTENTS

PAGE

FOREWORD - - - - - - - vii

PREFACE - - - - - - - ix

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS - - - - - xv

PART I

CHAPTER I

A FAMILY OF BANDMASTERS

The Godfrey Family—Association with the Guards—My Father and the Grenadiers—His Visits to America—His Honours—The Trials of a Bandmaster—Kneller Hall—Early Military Bands—The Royal Surrey Gardens, 1846—My Father's Character—My Mother - - - - - - 19

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS

Birth—School Days—King's College School—The Strand in '81—The Old Landmarks—Contemporaries—My Education in Germany—Recreations—Boyish Pranks—German Entertainments—Musical Education—My Tutors at the R.C.M.—Hobbies—My First Bands—The Corps of Commissionaires—The London Military Band - - - - - - - 31

CHAPTER III

SOUTH AFRICA

Alfred Moul—Voyage to the Cape—Durban—Opera in the Rand—The Company and Orchestra—Johannesburg—The Standard Theatre—"H.M.S. Pinafore" in *Three Acts*—South African Journalism—The Riots—Collapse of Standard Opera Company—The "Zarps"—Life in Johannesburg—The Globe Burlesque Company—Its Brief Career—My Return to England - - 50

CHAPTER IV

BOURNEMOUTH

Brief Historical Note—The Genesis of Municipal Music—Personnel of the Orchestra—Royal Visits—Development of Municipal Music—Early Festivals—Bournemouth Centenary, 1911—Festival of Empire at Crystal Palace—Shackleton and the "Nimrod"—"Coming of Age" of the Orchestra—Bournemouth in War-Time—My Silver Wedding—Orchestra's Twenty-fifth Anniversary—First Municipal Festival of British Music at Bournemouth, 1922—Second Ditto in 1923—Municipal Choir—Berlin Visit—Covent Garden Balls—On Tour - - - 68

PART II

PAGE

CHAPTER I

THE ART OF CONDUCTING

The Conductor's Status—Qualifications—Rehearsals, their Importance—"Looking" at the Conductor—Wagner and Conducting—The Harpsichordist—The Violinist Conductor—Conducting from the Piano—The Interpretative Conductor—Foreign Conductors—British Conductors - - - - 107

CHAPTER II

WHERE BRITISH MUSIC STANDS

British Music in the 'Eighties—The Pioneers—The "Old Guard"—Foreign Competition—New British Recruits—Richter and Elgar—Music and the War—The Modern Composer—The Palmer Fund—The Carnegie Trust—The I.S.M.—Introducing the British Composer to Bournemouth—The New Idiom and the Futurists—Advice to Composers—Choral Music—Women Composers—Various Composers and their Styles—Grand Opera—Light Music—Conclusion - - - - - - 132

CHAPTER III

LISTENING TO MUSIC

What is Correct Listening?—The Appeal of Music—How to Develop Musical Appreciation—Form—Ear Training—Abstract Music—Programme Ditto—Music and the Imagination—Tone Colour—The Orchestral Composer's Palette—The Instruments of the Orchestra—Dramatic Music—The Gramophone—Broadcasting - - - - - - - - 159

CHAPTER IV

SOME COMPOSERS I HAVE MET

Edward German—Stanford—Parry—Memorial at Bournemouth—Mackenzie — Cowen — Elgar — Coleridge Taylor — Cuthbert Hawley—Landon Ronald—Bantock—Corder—Cliffe—Wallace — Holbrooke — Cyril Scott — Rutland Boughton — Brewer—Hamilton Harty — Montague Phillips — Ethel Smyth — Holst—Julius Harrison—Arnold Trowell—Jongen—Vaughan Williams—Sibelius—Arthur Wood—Julian Clifford—Dalhousie Young—Goossens—Bliss—Gibbs—Rootham—Local Composers 181

PAGE

CHAPTER V

LIFE AND MUSIC

Art and Life—Music and Poetry—Melody—Harmony—Poems of Sound—Music and Emotion—The Interpretation of Music—Importance of Creative Work—Music "The Great Civiliser"—Music and Education—Importance of Song—Commercial Value of Music—Music in Health Resorts—State and Municipal Enterprise in Music—Community Singing—Lectures on Musical Appreciation—The Mission of Broadcasting - - - 202

CHAPTER VI

MUSICAL OUTLOOK

Music in My Student Days—Early Promenade Concerts—Coming of Henry J. Wood—Boom in Orchestral Music—Revolutionary Styles—Music that will Live—Development of Orchestration—Future of Municipal Orchestras—Music and the Community—Cinema and Restaurant Music—The Salvation Army—Music Schools—Competitive Festivals—Jazz—More about Wales—Discussion on Programmes—Scheme for a National College - 230

CHAPTER VII

HUMOURS OF CONDUCTING

Personal Reminiscences—The "Flying" Baton—Saved by Byrne—The Wisdom of Babes—Arditi and the Clarinet—Allen's Restlessness—The "Lady" at Queen's Hall—Whimsical Dr. Coward—"Follow Me"—Jimmy Glover—Holbrooke's "Sauce"—Sousa and his Band—The "Drowned" Tenor - - - 241

CHAPTER VIII

FANTASIA

Early Municipal Music—Famous Singers and Instrumentalists—Pavlova and her Conductor—Margaret Cooper and the Piano—Mark Hamburg's "No Trumps"—Charles Mott—Dan Leno and Nelson Jackson—Lauder—A "Present" from London—"Robey"—"Such is Fame"—The Author of "Everywoman"—"Max and Pa Darewski"—Bottomley—"Gulling an Audience"—The Mysterious Violinist—Thought Readers—Stravinski and the Spats - - - - - 251

CHAPTER IX

A VOTE OF THANKS

Mr. Henry Newlyn—The Bournemouth Corporation—The New Pavilion—Humour in Council Meetings—Sir Merton Russell-Cotes—Local Press—The Critics—The Orchestra—Parsons—Hadley Watkins—Dr. J. D. Jones—My Knighthood—Miss Matilda Tennyson—My Friends at the Winter Gardens—Leigh Henry's Tribute—F.R.C.M. - - - - - 263

APPENDICES

PAGE

A. Address on Municipal Music - - - - 277

B. List of British Works Performed at Bournemouth Symphony Concerts - - - - 296

C. Selected List of Classical Works Performed at Bournemouth Symphony Concerts - - - - 306

D. Selected List of Artists who have appeared at The Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, 1893-1923 - - 315

Genealogical Table - - - - - - 318

Index - - - - - - - 321

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Dan Godfrey - - - - - *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Charles Godfrey, Bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards (1825-1863) - - - - - - - 20

Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, 1888 (Cartoon by "Spy") - 22

The First Municipal Band and Orchestra, 1893 - - 26

Front Page of Score for Military Band, by Charles Godfrey, 1835 - - - - - - - - 30

New English Opera House - - - - - 34

Lyceum Theatre - - - - - - 34

The Coach in which we Travelled, 1891 - - - 50

Interior of Standard Theatre, Johannesburg - - 50

Cartoon of Dan Godfrey. During South African Tour - 60

Bournemouth from the Old Pier, 1860 - - - 68

The Old Winter Gardens, 1875 - - - - 70

Interior of Winter Gardens, 1893 - - - - 70

A Jovial Municipal Band Outing, 1896 - - - 74

Group of Conductors at Bournemouth Centenary (1910) - 82

Group at Twenty-fifth Anniversary (1918) - - - 90

Group of Conductors at Festival, 1922 - - - 92

Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, 1924 - - - 94

Three Generations of Dan Godfreys, 1898 - - - 102

Mr. Dan Godfrey, Junr., A.R.A.M. - - - 124

Group at Unveiling of the Parry Memorial, 1923 - - 184

Letter from Sousa - - - - - - 248

The Rev. J. D. Jones, D.D., and Mr. Lloyd George - 270

PART I

Memories and Music

CHAPTER I

A FAMILY OF BANDMASTERS

The Godfrey Family—Association with the Guards—My Father and the Grenadiers—His Visits to America—His Honours—The Trials of a Bandmaster—Kneller Hall—Early Military Bands—The Royal Surrey Gardens, 1846—My Father's Character—My Mother.

I TRUST my readers will not be disappointed when I tell them at the outset that I was not a musical prodigy. My mother never smacked me for surreptitiously playing the piano when I should have been in bed, and I was never embraced by a world-famed prima donna, nor exhibited to an adoring public as a wonder child.

In fact, I did not choose music as a profession until I had reached the age of sixteen, and even then this decision was only made because I realised that my father's name would be of value to me in the musical profession, but of little avail in any other calling.

For this reason no reminiscences of mine would be adequate without some reference to the Godfrey family. As may be seen in the genealogical table (p. 318), my grandfather, my father, and two of my uncles held prominent positions in the world of military music in their day.

There have been five generations of Godfreys, most of them musical, although the founder of the family, my great-grandfather, raised a very different kind of band from those which his descendants were to conduct. This was one of those "Trained Bands" which were recruited in this country during the time of the Napoleonic scare.

My grandfather, Charles Godfrey, was bandmaster of H. M. Coldstream Guards from 1825 to 1863, having joined the regiment as a bassoon player in 1813. He had five sons, three of whom

simultaneously held the position of bandmaster in the Grenadier, Coldstream and Scots (Fusilier) Guards. They all entered the army as bandmasters and not through the ranks, except my uncle, Fred Godfrey, who was sergeant under my grandfather and, on his death, succeeded him as bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards.

Charles Godfrey II. was only twenty and a half when he was first appointed bandmaster of the Scots (Fusilier) Guards in 1859. He held this appointment for nine years and then transferred to the Royal Horse Guards—The Blues—of which he was bandmaster for twenty-five years—1868-1904. My father was older when he became bandmaster of the Grenadiers, therefore his total service, 1856-1896, was somewhat shorter than my uncle's, owing to the age limit.

My father introduced the string bass into the military band ; also, thirty years ago, when he heard the band of the Garde Republicaine of Paris, he was so impressed with the importance of the saxophone that he wished to introduce it into the Grenadiers, but it was difficult to persuade musicians to take up an instrument which, while it was valuable in a band, was of little use to them in their non-military capacities. The same trouble occurred over the adoption of trumpets in addition to cornets ; but to-day these instruments are valuable because they impart a variety of tone which is most effective to the brass section of a military band.

My father's appointment to the Grenadier Guards was obtained on the recommendation of Sir Michael Costa, in whose orchestra, at the Opera, he played the flute and piccolo. He was also a member of the famous orchestra of Mons Jullien, of whom more later. Together with my two uncles he received his musical education at the Royal Academy of Music, the principal of which was then Sir George Macfarren.

His first duty after his appointment, was to play the Guards to barracks on their return from the Crimea, for which occasion he composed a march called " The Return of the Guards," introducing " Home Sweet Home." Probably the popularity he achieved throughout the world may be attributed to his being the composer of " The Guards," " Mabel," and other waltzes which were famous in their day. Of these the most popular was the " Guards Waltz," written in 1863, when the officers of the Guards gave a ball to the Prince and Princess of Wales in the Exhibition Building at South Kensington.

Many years ago I happened to be at an Earl's Court Exhibition when the Grenadiers were playing a waltz. A German

CHARLES GODFREY, BANDMASTER OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.
(1825—1863).

p. 20.

gentleman, after referring to his programme, asked me if that was the " Mabel " waltz that was being performed. On my replying in the affirmative, he exclaimed : " Ach ! den dat muss be der gomposer, God Damfrey himselluf ! "

Until my father's time no British Army band had ever been abroad, but in 1872, after much discussion in Parliament and elsewhere, the Grenadiers visited America and performed as the representative British band at the Grand International Peace Festival at Boston. This was the first time an English soldier had appeared in uniform in America since the Declaration of Independence.

The Grenadiers prevented a terrible panic during one of their performances. Some 12,000 people were in the building, where a stand had been erected for the bands. At the entrance to the exhibition the ground was very sandy, and hundreds of flags were flying.

Suddenly a thunderstorm occurred. The lightning struck the frail roof, tearing it open, and the wind, rushing through the slit, caused the sand to blow up like a gigantic cloud of smoke.

The band was playing the overture to " Zampa," when hundreds of people rose to their feet shouting " Fire ! " With great presence of mind, my father stopped the overture, and immediately struck up " The Star Spangled Banner." The effect was instantaneous, and a panic was averted.

This Peace Jubilee was to celebrate the end of the Civil War in the United States. It was almost entirely a musical festival and was conducted by that genius in military band organisation, Patrick Scarsfield Gilmore. Several of the great oratorios were given with full complement of voices and instruments ; but, in addition, all the bands played the music of their respective nations, and the ingenious Gilmore invented many specialities which greatly added to the general effect of the performances. One example may be cited :

Two hundred firemen of Boston, where musical culture was part of the education of all, were trained to strike anvils, which had been tuned in tones and half-tones, and in such things as the " Anvil Chorus " from " Il Trovatore," the melody was given out by the anvils, of which there were about a dozen for each note. Batteries of artillery, too, were fired rapidly, anticipating Tchaikovski's " 1812 " effects. Thus the results, with such a ponderous mass of sound-producing material, were tremendous.

From the first, my father shared with Gilmore the duties of conducting, and his popularity became so great that thousands

of his photographs were sold, and his appearance with his band was invariably the signal for an ovation.

The climax of the Jubilee was reached at the close of the performance on the last day, when my father led the singers and the bands in the " Star Spangled Banner." Gilmore conducted them in " Rule Britannia," and then the two heroes of the Jubilee joined in the last superlative grand effort which brought the festival to an end. Gilmore directed the musicians and singers, while my father led the audience in singing " My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and " God Save the Queen " (one verse of each), of which the tunes are the same ; in fact, the national airs of Great Britain, U.S.A., and Germany are identical.

Added to the ocean of tone of instruments, singers, audience, anvils, and artillery were the chimes of all the churches in Boston, which were rung in measured time upon telegraphed signals. Probably never in the history of the world had there been such a magnificent volume of tone as was produced in this performance of the immortal national airs of the English-speaking peoples.

When my father died, Major Burke, General Manager of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, paid him the following tribute in an American newspaper :

" To Dan Godfrey, more than to anyone else, our own country and Great Britain owe the real inauguration of the era of fraternal feeling which has grown into an actual, as well as a sentimental, brotherhood between the two greatest English-speaking nations of the earth."

Another striking tribute was that paid to him by Henry Ward Beecher, who after one of his concerts said : " If you and your band would only go and play through every State in the Union, you'd do more for the fellowship of the Anglo-Saxon races than two generations of statesmen."

Twenty years later, Gilmore wrote to my father, and in the course of his letter stated how glad he was that he had been able to assist his old friend's son in the matter of a loan of twenty dollars. He enclosed a card which had been given him, and which bore the name " Dan Godfrey, Jun." But as I had never been to the States, my father and I came to the conclusion that the kind-hearted American conductor had been hoaxed.

In addition to the British Grenadiers, the band of the German Grenadier Regiment was also present at the Boston Festival, and a comparison between the two may be interesting. The

LIEUTENANT DAN GODFREY, 1888.

Cartoon by "Spy," by kind permission of "Vanity Fair."

p. 22.

report in the local Press stated that, " for delicacy of execution, smoothness and richness of tone, finish and absence of all harshness, the palm must be awarded to the English band. The construction of the two bands is essentially different. The English is strictly a reed band, where the clarinets, oboes and bassoons play the principal parts, and the brasses are subordinated.

" The German, on the other hand, is a brass band in which the reeds are not subordinated to brass ; they are not in sufficient force to neutralise the powerful blast of the brazen resonance. The result is that there is a monotony in the playing of the German band owing to a want of variety in the quality of tone produced. The English had it in their power to produce fine shades of expression in the shape of diminuendos and crescendos by reason of the same flexible nature of their instruments. In fact, when all is summed up, we are inclined to believe that the unquestionable superiority of the British Guards band is owing in a great measure to the advantages it possesses in its well-balanced and varied combination of reeds, which admits of effects that are more orchestral and refined in their nature than can be produced by instruments so similar in quality of tone as the brasses."

To my father belonged the distinction of having been the first army bandmaster to receive the rank of commissioned officer, his commission being personally signed by Queen Victoria. He was quite unaware of the fact that he had been thus honoured until he went on parade on the morning of June 20th, 1887, and received a salute from the sergeant-major, and was requested, pending the making of a suitable uniform, to remove his sash from his right shoulder—the badge of a non-commissioned officer—to his left, signifying commissioned rank. Later in the day he was honoured with the congratulations of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and other famous military men of the day.

My uncle, Charles Godfrey, was the second Army Bandmaster to receive commissioned rank.* This was conferred in 1899 (13 years after my father's promotion) and differed inasmuch as my uncle was gazetted " Lieutenant " instead of "Honorary 2nd Lieutenant " (as in the case of my father), with pay and pension accordingly.

Although during his life he was the recipient of many and varied distinctions—the Jubilee Medal and clasp from Queen Victoria ; presents from the crowned heads of Europe (the King of Portugal invariably supplied him with a choice brand of cigars); the Order of Arts and Science from the Duke of Saxe-Coburg ; the

* Together with Miller, Zavertal and Sommer.

Order of Kapiolani from the King of the Sandwich Islands for arranging their National Anthem—the parade on that memorable June morning of 1887 was always recalled by my father as the proudest moment of his career.

Queen Victoria honoured him with quite a personal friendship. Whenever she was in residence at Windsor, and a battalion of Grenadiers was stationed there, he used to take his band up to play on the Castle terrace during and after dinner. Very often the Queen would send for him and chat with the utmost freedom. "Formality was relaxed at Windsor," he once told me; "and though you never forgot she was Sovereign of England, her kindness and simplicity of manner set you quite at your ease in a moment."

Two of his most valued gifts were massive gold rings: one, given him by the Queen, was set with a superb single diamond, and the other, a present from the Prince of Wales—afterwards King Edward VII.—was gemmed with a fine turquoise between two diamonds.

One day I discovered among his effects an amusing letter from an applicant for the services of his band.

"Dear Sir,

"Could you supply three or four brass musicians? They would be required to play during a banquet from six to ten o'clock and afterwards we propose having three or four hours dancing. We should want them to bring plenty of pieces as we are fond of music."

My father's comment was: "I pity those 'brass' musicians after *eight hours' work!!!*"

Many and various are the trials and troubles of a Bandmaster of the Guards to-day, but they are small matters compared with those occasionally encountered by their predecessors. I remember my father telling me the story of a dispute between two of the players in the band of Charles Godfrey, my grandfather. From an old, curious custom, the origin of which is unknown, the cymbal beater and the big drummer of the band were both "gentlemen of colour." Although greatly alike in appearance, their attainments differed vastly. For example, the drummer could read his parts, an art of which the cymbal beater was profoundly ignorant. The latter's custom therefore was to watch the arm of the drummer by his side and clash his instruments accordingly.

For a time all went well, but one day a dispute arose as to their several musical abilities. Words out of doors led to blows in barracks. Knowledge is not always power ; the big drummer was worsted. But a desire for revenge rankled in the dusky bosom ; what force could not do, strategy had to accomplish. Shortly after the fracas an inspection of the regiment by the colonel took place. During the performance of the band, the drummer raised his arms with a magnificent flourish. Ever-watchful cymbals followed suit. Down came the drumsticks with fearful force, but without touching the drum. Cymbals, completely deceived by the action, gave a tremendous crash in the wrong place. Drummer smiled cynically, and shortly afterwards repeated the manœuvre with complete success. Cymbals got very flurried, but was resolved not to be caught a third time, so that, when the drummer did strike his instrument, the cymbals were dumb !

The Colonel, having enquired of the bandmaster the reason for introducing these variations in the music, a reconciliation between the rival artistes was effected, the cymbals magnanimously acknowledging to the drummer :

" I was wrong, you was right ; you great musician ! Me, poor pupil to you, you's Handel ! "

And as " Handel " he was known in the regiment for years afterwards.

Prior to the establishment in 1857 of Kneller Hall, founded through the efforts of the Duke of Cambridge, few of the army bands in this country were in a satisfactory condition, many of the conductors being, indeed, incompetent. In the early part of last century one of the principal bands consisted of only thirteen performers, their instruments including four clarinets, two bassoons, two oboes, two French horns, the same number of trumpets, and one serpent. Native musicians were seldom employed, at one time Germans being in favour, at another Italians.

Many of these so-called musicians were needy adventurers, hired and dressed up by the bandmasters, and, not being under military discipline, frequently gave trouble. To get rid of these impostors Kneller Hall was brought into existence, and from a modest commencement of eight or ten *resident* students in bandmastership, the numbers have gradually risen to thirty-one, which is the figure to-day—November 1923. At the present time practically no phase is neglected—military-band playing, orchestral ditto, conducting, choral training (for church music), composition and arrangements. The weekly concerts attract

important notice from the Press, and the efficiency displayed has been a matter of wonderment to many.

Colonel Somerville, the present commandant, is a great enthusiast to whom many reforms are due. He is assisted by the able musical director, Lieutenant H. E. Adkins, whom I remember being a competitor for a composition prize, when I visited the school at the invitation of a former military commandant. Colonel Somerville wants British composers to write original music for military bands. Gustav Holst and Harry Keyser have set the ball rolling, and it is to be hoped that others will follow.

The young British composer is certain of cordial welcome for his work at Kneller Hall, and I should like to urge on our young and great unheard the fact of the glorious opening awaiting them in the field of original compositions for military and brass bands. I can assure them they will find it a most delightful medium in which to write, and one which will give them every means for expressing their ideas. Generally speaking, I am struck by the whole tone of Kneller Hall—our one real State School of Music. I commend the curriculum, since it includes, as a phase of musical education, attendance at first-class concerts, a practice which should be enforced at every school of music in the United Kingdom.

But to return to my father's band. Under his instruction, the band of the Grenadier Guards soon showed improved form, and its performances began to be talked about. Gradually the strength was increased by further enlistments until the band comprised sixty-six musicians, representing twenty-two men for each battalion.

To-day military bands differ slightly from those in my father's time. Concert flutes are used instead of those in D flat, which were built in that key so that passages in flats could be played in sharps ; but the older instrument is less likely to be damaged in marching than the new one with its multiplicity of keys. Other modern additions are the alto and tenor saxophones, which are now frequently used instead of alto and bass clarinets, although the latter instrument is useful in augmenting bassoon parts.

Then, whereas in the past there were two French horns and two Sax-horns, the latter are now omitted in favour of additional French horns. E-flat trumpets have been largely superseded by B-flat trumpets; and the baritone, usually looked upon as the easiest instrument in the band, and which was often employed in solo work, is now discarded.

String basses are the same, but the percussion, which was

THE FIRST MUNICIPAL BAND AND ORCHESTRA, 1893.

p. 26.

originally confined to side drum, bass drum, cymbals, and triangle, now includes the glockenspiel, xylophone, and timpani. (In Sousa's band alto and bass clarinets are used in addition to saxophones, also the harp.)

The bandsmen were allowed to live out of barracks, but were compelled to lodge within a convenient distance of them. For country engagements they were usually billeted in hotels or boarding-houses. It is apropos one of these country visits that the following story is told :

A band had been providing the music for a ball given at some great country house. After partaking of a luxurious supper, the men started in the early morning to walk through the country lanes to their lodgings. Overcome by fatigue—or was it the " pastry " ?—a trombone-player lay down under a hedge for a short nap. He was deep in slumber when a bull, wandering along the road, spied the scarlet form. At sight of the detested colour it stopped short and bellowed loudly. The bandsman, partially awakened by what he thought was a familiar sound, drowsily remarked : " That isn't A." Again the bull bellowed. Still in the land of dreams, the musician slowly murmured : " No, nor that's not A either." The bull, annoyed doubtless by the criticism, rushed at the motionless scarlet figure and tossed it over the hedge into a field beyond. Resigning himself to fate, and not seeing the aggressor through the thick hedge, the critic murmured, as he again dozed off : " You may be a very strong fellow—I don't say you are not, that wasn't the argument—but you are no musician, and never will be. It wasn't A."

At the age of sixty-five my father was compelled, under military regulations, to retire, and this in spite of the personal wish of Queen Victoria to retain his services. He was succeeded by Mr. (afterwards Captain) Albert Williams, who was the first bandmaster to sit for the degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford. (When he retired in 1922, his place was taken by Lieutenant George Miller, son of Major George Miller, Mus. Bac. late of the Royal Marines. For three generations the Miller family have been distinguished military bandmasters.)

In 1898, my father toured the United States and Canada with a band of his own, visiting two hundred cities and covering the enormous distance of 30,000 miles by train alone.

The inaugural concert took place at the White House, Washington, where President McKinley warmly congratulated my father on the excellence of his performance and ordered the United States Navy Band—of which Sousa was formerly bandmaster—

to serenade the British band, after which the members fraternised together.

In Kansas a strong cordon of detectives and firemen surrounded the concert hall because the existence of a plot to blow up the band and its leader had been discovered. Some anarchist secret society was at the bottom of this dastardly plot, and only the timely discovery of the police prevented the diabolical plan from being carried into execution.

Another exciting experience occurred a few days before the Queen's Birthday. The band was on an express train which was rapidly speeding towards Colorado Springs, when the train was suddenly brought to a standstill. It was then discovered that the line had been washed away not fifty feet ahead. Had it been night, the train would inevitably have been ditched and very serious consequences would no doubt have ensued.

A strange predicament faced the band at Northampton, Mass. All the heavy luggage with the large instruments had unaccountably disappeared. The situation had to be faced, as the manager of the band was liable to a fine of 200 dollars. My father was under arrest in Boston for playing secular music on Sunday, but Mr. Kettlewell, the sub-conductor, decided to give the concert. The band consisted of six clarinets, one flute, one oboe, two bassoons, three cornets, a borrowed bass drum and bombardon, and *no music!* Consequently the programme—nearly all American melodies—was played from memory ; but, according to the Press reports, it was a remarkable performance, and all those present were satisfied.

The band was overwhelmed with kindness everywhere, from Georgia, South Carolina, to Seattle, while the welcome in Canada and British Columbia was even more gratifying. Magnificent medals were presented to the members of the band at the Pittsburg Exposition, and my father received handsome presents all over the country. Considering his age—he was sixty-seven at the time—he stood the wearisome travelling remarkably well, and the success of his tour must have been a gratifying climax to his career as a bandmaster.

My father died in 1903. His funeral took place at Brompton Cemetery on July 3rd in the presence of an immense crowd. He was not entitled to a military funeral in the strict sense of the word, but the band of the Grenadiers headed the procession to the chapel, playing Chopin's Funeral March, and non-commissioned officers of the same regiment were present to transport the coffin to the grave.

It is not easy to gaze back down the long vista of years and conjure up an adequate picture, because memory projects the film at lightning speed, and before we have properly visualised one scene, another is before us.

Nevertheless, one or two outstanding characteristics of my father remain vivid to this day. He always had the reputation of being a great martinet. On more than one occasion I have been told of an episode which is probably apocryphal ; in any case it is almost certainly exaggerated. During the playing of his band at one of the exhibitions he got so exasperated with a player that he walked up to him and, snatching the instrument from the astonished musician, played the passage himself.

On the other hand, there were many who could have told tales of his quiet thoughtfulness for others. Above all he was essentially an upright man. When he was completing one American tour, an amount of 500 dollars was outstanding, and it was suggested, as a matter of convenience, that he should collect this from a well-known firm of instrument manufacturers in New York. When he arrived and proffered the request, he found it quite in order, but was asked to give the firm a testimonial declaring that their instruments were the *best in the world*. This he emphatically declined to do, and was the poorer in consequence.

He was frequently bombarded with begging letters from ex-bandsmen in distress. On one occasion a Crimean ex-army bandsman, who had just left the shelter of the workhouse, wrote him, enclosing the pawn-ticket of a cornet. The impecunious veteran begged for the loan of a certain sum to redeem the instrument, adding that, as Christmas was coming, he wished to earn money with the waits. My father's reply, which included a postal order, was characteristic : " You talk about repaying the loan. Never mind. I make you a present of the money. I only ask for one return, and I rely on your honour, as a man and a brother musician, to attend to my desire, which is, in the name of Heaven, do not come near my house during your engagement with the waits."

My father was a keen Freemason and a founder member of the Household Brigade (Guards) Lodge.

To him London owes the Sunday band performances in Hyde Park. " The original proposal," as he once told an interviewer, " was that we should play on Wednesdays and Saturdays. I urged that it would be better for us to play on a day when as many as possible could come and hear us, and that Sunday would be the best. I gained my point. I believe about 90,000 people were

present the first time we played, and I shall not easily forget the cheer I got when I went to my stand."

Apart from their associations with the Guards, my grandfather and his sons became known to the public through the concerts held at the Royal Surrey Zoological Gardens under the patronage of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in 1846. These open-air promenade concerts were conducted by my grandfather. His band consisted of fifty performers, selected principally from the Coldstreams and Her Majesty's private band.

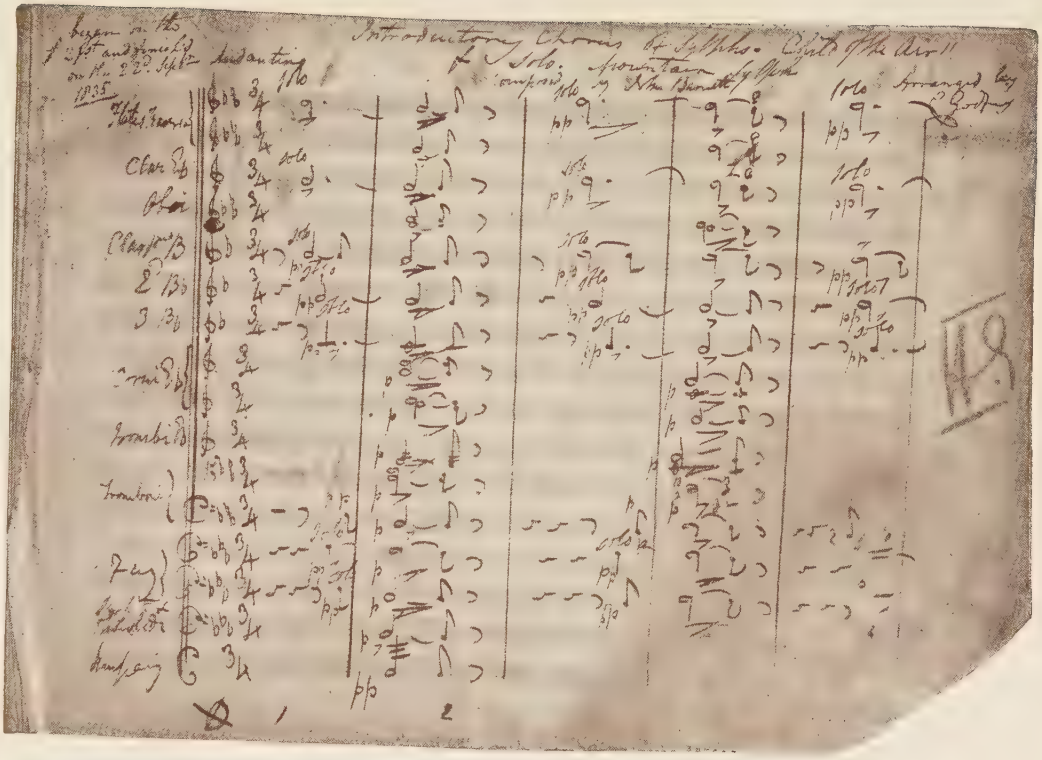
Programmes on such occasions usually composed a classical overture, such as Beethoven's " Fidelio " ; the " British Army " Quadrilles, and another descriptive set of Quadrilles (one representing Hungarian scenes) ; a selection from Verdi's " Ernani " ; a couple of well-known waltzes, a selection from Meyerbeer's " Le Prophète," with solos by the principal instruments ; the " Allegretto and Storm " from Beethoven's " Pastoral Symphony " ; a comic polka, and a march.

I have now in my possession a programme of 1864 showing that this band also took part in promenade concerts under M. Jullien, and, later, under my uncle, Fred Godfrey, after he succeeded my grandfather.

Further mention must be made of M. Jullien's orchestra, not only because the conductor was the composer of waltzes, polkas, and highly descriptive pieces so popular at that time, but because my father and uncles were fellow members with such famous musicians as Pollard, Auguarde, and Egerton (clarinets) ; Sydney Pratten (flute); Collenet (flageolet); Koenig (cornet); Hawkes (trombone), grandfather of the members of the present well-known firm of music publishers; Sommers (euphonium); Winterbottom and Anderson (bassoons); Standen (ophicleide); J. Egerton (bass drum).

My outstanding memory of my mother is her kindness to others. She often urged my father to many an unobtrusive act of charity. Many a member of the band came to ask her to intercede for him, and the request was never in vain.

I eagerly sought her sound advice, and to her I mainly owe the fact of my embarking on a career which in later years proved that for which I was best suited. Later in life, when her health became indifferent, she urged me not to accept the offer of an engagement in Jamaica, in 1890. With what premonition she made this request I cannot say, but later I was glad that I did not go, for during my proposed period of absence she was seized with a paralytic stroke when we were with her at Drury Lane Theatre, and passed away shortly afterwards.



FRONT PAGE OF SCORE FOR MILITARY BAND, BY CHARLES GODFREY, 1835, OF THE OVERTURE TO BARNET'S "MOUNTAIN SYLPH."

p. 30.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS

Birth—School Days—King's College School—The Strand in '81—The Old Landmarks—Contemporaries—My Education in Germany—Recreations—Boyish Pranks—German Entertainments—Musical Education—My Tutors at the R.C.M.—Hobbies—My First Bands—The Corps of Commissionaires—The London Military Band.

I WAS born on June 20th, 1868, in Winchester Street, Pimlico, and my school days commenced at Mr. Christian Mast's Seminary in Buckingham Palace Road. Whilst there, I "distinguished" myself by appearing as a female impersonator, in a light blue dress and flowing fair wig, in a French comedy at one of the school concerts. In the second part of the programme I not only played a pianoforte solo—the well-worn "March of the Troubadours" (Henri Roubier)—but, dressed in a toga, also recited in Latin one of Cicero's impassioned orations to his citizens.

In 1880 I entered King's College School, then in the Strand (now at Wimbledon), the headmaster being the Rev. Dr. Stokoe, D.D., and the vice-headmaster Rev. John Twentyman, M.A. In those days yellow cards were awarded daily to the most successful boy in the form, and after five of these had been won they were exchanged for a green one.

At that time I not only had an aptitude for mental arithmetic, but an eye to business, and as my father had promised me one shilling for each yellow card I acquired, five shillings for a green one, and £1 for a prize, I saw the possibility of piling up a nice little banking account. This I opened in the Post Office on April 19th, 1881, on which day I remember Lord Beaconsfield died. I won several prizes for French, German, and Mathematics—subjects that greatly interested me—and so it was not long before my little hoard increased to quite satisfactory proportions.

My pet hobby at school was experimental chemistry, and

the greater part of my pocket money went in the purchase of wonderful "cabinets" of chemicals for experimental purposes. These I obtained from Statham's shop, which at that time stood in the Strand not far from the school.

The Strand in my school-days was very different from the thoroughfare as we know it to-day. The school has been moved to more salubrious quarters, and the whole neighbourhood has changed out of all knowledge. The widening of this part and the demolition of the rabbit warrens of Clare Market and the opening up of the magnificent Kingsway, have made this one of the finest districts of the Metropolis. Indeed, I think Kingsway can compare with any Continental Rue or Strasse, and only lacks a National Opera House at the top in Holborn to make it one of the "streets of the world."

As a boy I used often to take a walk in the—to me—strangely attractive district surrounding the school, as an after-school occupation. It was quite easy in those days to cross the Strand. There were no whirling motor-buses, no flying taxis. Only an infrequent horse-bus of the knife-board variety to avoid. The street was narrow, so narrow in fact that the mud from the traffic often splashed the windows of the shops, particularly those close to St. Clement's Dane Church, that fine example of ecclesiastical architecture which we see so clearly nowadays.

Besides Statham's I seem to recall a weird house with a weird name—Oddy's—which sold surgical instruments, and also Saintsbury's "fruit drinks." And there were various others, all of astonishing smallness and meanness. For something more imposing one had to keep on the same side of the way as the school, where Twinings caught the eye and saluted the nose with the grateful odour of coffee. It was a curious shop, half tea and coffee warehouse and half bank. People changing cheques made it a general custom to take part of the value in gold and silver, and part in tea and coffee.

Sometimes, in more venturesome mood, I would cross the road and make my way along Holywell Street, where commerce was represented by old clothes and old books. Behind it was Wych Street, with some delightful old timbered houses with pointed roofs, which I recollect being told were all that remained of London after the Great Fire of 1666. Or, further on, I came across the Olympic Theatre, which then had not been rebuilt, though little was left of the original, which, I have read, was constructed out of old ships' timbers.

It is curious how the whole of this district has been swept away

by the Strand Improvements, that have turned an insignificant but interesting district into a spacious area suggestive of some Continental boulevard. Of course it was the new Law Courts, opened in 1881, that " began it," since there was considerable displacement when the home of the law was moved from Westminster to the confines of the City. But those who preserve memories of, and associations with, the Old Strand, may be interested in noting certain landmarks that remain.

For instance, if one stands at the entrance to the newly-erected Bush House in the Aldwych " bend "—that is, looking exactly down the centre of Kingsway—one is in the middle of the stage of the old Olympic Theatre, with the auditorium behind. As one passes along Aldwych towards the City, the new building of the Aldwych House is on the site of New Inn of historic fame, whose last service, almost, was to house a daily newspaper. A world of romance, of lore, and of legend lies buried beneath the smooth pavement of this Strand link and the magnificent buildings like Australia House and Bush House, the Waldorf Hotel—which rose from the ashes of a Clare Market alehouse—the Aldwych and present-day Strand Theatres.

Leaving this immediate neighbourhood, and turning down sloping Newcastle Street, ending in steps, I returned to the Strand, passing on my way the Globe Theatre, where French comic opera was being performed in the shape of " Lola," which was afterwards replaced by Offenbach's " La Boulangère." In the Strand my youthful eye was attracted by the announcement " The Pirates of Penzance " outside the Opera Comique, and of " ' H.M.S. Pinafore,' performed by children." This was the Opera Comique Theatre where the great series of Gilbert and Sullivan operas had its beginning. It was a curious theatre, with stage and auditorium entirely underground, and originally built by a French actress, Mme. Déjazet, in 1870.

The poster of " The Pirates " always attracted me, but beyond that I little thought how time would bring me into close association with the famous works and their famous composer. In due course, " Patience," the " Æsthetic Opera," followed, and then the great transfer to the newly-erected Savoy Theatre further down the Strand, where electric stage lighting was first used.

On the other side of the way, at the Strand Theatre, which stood near the corner of Surrey Street, now a Tube station, there was more French comic opera in the shape of Audran's " Olivette," with the names of Miss Violet Cameron and Miss Florence St. John in the bill. In later years I have realised that it was a

significant juxtaposition—the Gilbert and Sullivan operas between the French operas, the British example to attain very much greater permanence than the French, charming though they were.

More theatres greeted my eye as I sometimes walked home to Pimlico after school. Leaving my south-bound schoolfellows to go over Waterloo Bridge, I passed the block of buildings comprising a theatre, a restaurant, and a newspaper office. The theatre was the Gaiety, whose bills announced "The Forty Thieves," with Nellie Farren, Kate Vaughan, Connie Gilchrist, Edward Terry, Royce, Squire, Dallas, and Warde. I may confess now that one of my youthful delights was to "do a squash" in the gallery of the theatre on Saturday, for which one of my "prize" shillings came in useful. That was the price for a seat in the Gaiety gallery in those days—and there was no tax. Neither was there any queue, nor any camp-stools, much less any District Messenger boys to "hold the fort" until the would-be patron strolls up five minutes before the doors open. You collected in a solid mass, jostling for places until the door was opened, and then weight, or, in my case, quickness, told.

What artists those Gaiety people were! Nellie Farren was the embodiment of high spirits, and Terry had mannerisms as much marked as those of his neighbour Irving. But there was a genuine humour about it all, something that is not represented nowadays. Occasionally there were some bad puns, following the fashion set by H. J. Byron and developed by F. C. Burnand. I remember one in this very piece which I will quote in order that the present generation may know what their predecessors had to suffer. It had reference to a suggestion made by Terry to Nellie Farren (Aladdin) that they should get on horseback. "Then let's go to Islington," said Nellie. "Why?" asked Terry. "Because we can see if they can saddle us swells" (Sadler's Wells, a well-known theatre near the Angel).

Another joke I recall in one of the Gaiety burlesques was in connection with a skit on Zazel, the flying girl, then a "sensation" at the Royal Aquarium, who was "shot" out of a huge gun on to a trapeze. Nellie Farren was duly placed in the gun, whereupon Terry asked: "Are you in, Nellie? Are you far in? Are you Nellie Far-in?" (Farren). I remember how the music of the Gaiety burlesque delighted my youthful ears. It was written by Meyer Lutz, an excellent musician, who was also a church organist.

In the summer the house was given up to French Opera and to French plays, in connection with which the name of Sarah

NEW ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE. EARLY 19TH CENTURY.
(By kind permission of the Keeper of the London Museum.)

LYCEUM THEATRE.
(By kind permission of the Keeper of the London Museum.)

p. 34.

Bernhardt appeared. Next to the Gaiety three newspapers were housed—*The Queen, The Field*, and *The Morning Post.* Nowadays the relation between the Press and the stage is not so intimate, for the Gaiety is allied to wireless (Marconi House), and *The Morning Post* stands in solitary grandeur on an island site of its own.

A glance up Wellington Street showed me the Lyceum Theatre, with the portico as it now is, though the interior has been considerably enlarged. The placards said " Mr. Henry Irving in ' The Corsican Brothers ' and afterwards ' The Cup.' " Looking to the right hand side of Wellington Street, I saw the stage door of the Gaiety Theatre, where the " mashers " of the period—the " crutch and toothpick brigade "—were wont to assemble. They derived their name from a song Nellie Farren used to sing to this effect :

" I'm a swell : you can tell.
You can distinguish me as such.
Elbows square, close-cropped hair,
With my toothpick and my crutch."

Occasionally, on other nights, and in the company of my father, I used to go higher up Wellington Street, past " Clarkson (Wig Maker), and Blackford (Hatter)," with some of his samples displayed in glass-covered cases above the front of the shop, to where green-lettered bills announced " Royal Italian Opera."

Here I was much intrigued to see sentries with fixed bayonets keeping guard over the entrance, and my interest was increased when I saw the white grenade of the Grenadier Guards on their collars. Their presence was explained by the fact that Covent Garden was one of the " Patent " theatres, that is to say, in receipt of a Royal licence. It was a picturesque sight : the ladies with their voluminous and many-coloured dresses, the black coats and invariable white ties of the men, backed by the scarlet uniforms and towering bearskins of the soldiers.

Within the house the performance was equally picturesque, for in those days we had Patti in " Il Barbiere " and " Il Trovatore," Albani in "Mignon," Sembrich in "Il Seraglio" and Minnie Hauk in " Carmen." Sometimes I was taken as a treat to the " other opera," which was at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. There one heard Christine Nielssen, Ilma di Murska, Trebelli and Ravelli.

In my peregrinations in this quarter of the Strand I remember coming across Drury Lane Theatre, and exercising my newly-

acquired and not very extensive knowledge of German in puzzling out the name of the play—" Was Ihr Wollt "—then being performed by the Meiningen Court Company. It was Shakespeare's " Twelfth Night."

Proceeding homeward down the Strand, I passed Burgess' Fish Sauce Shop—a tongue-paralysing title the unwary were asked to " say quickly." Next I came to Exeter Hall, then just taken over by the Y.M.C.A. and no longer the home of the Sacred Philharmonic Society and of oratorio. In early summer-time its neighbourhood was crowded with curiously-garbed individuals " up for the May meetings," held in the erstwhile home of oratorio.

On the other side of the way was a resort then known as " Simpson's Divan," which on the ground floor was part cigar-shop and part chess-room. Upstairs was a noted dining-place, where, seated in old-fashioned " boxes," one had saddle of mutton, which was brought to your table on piping hot trays and carved under your very eye—or nose. While I consumed my share my father would perhaps leave me to go and speak to a handsome man with raven-black hair and side-whiskers and dark but wonderfully brilliant eyes, whom he would address as " Mr. Sullivan."

Another feature of the Strand of those days was the *Globe* newspaper. It was a fine specimen of Victorian journalism of those days, and exercised a good deal of influence through its managing editor, Sir W. Madge, who was a friend of my father and whose son was at King's with me. The paper in days to come, during the Great War, was first distinguished by being suppressed and then finally extinguished. It exists no more, and I regret its passing, for I am afraid that the cause of its downfall was an endeavour to tell the truth.

Resuming my journey down the Strand, I passed the Vaudeville Theatre, which announced " The Guv'nor " : Mr. David James ; past the Adelphi, much attracted to find that the play there bore the familiar title of " Michael Strogoff," being founded on a book by Jules Verne, that wonderful seer into the future, which I had just read. On the opposite side there appeared " Entrance to the Savoy Theatre." That famous building, which now includes a palatial hotel, was built out of the proceeds of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Ten years later, another and a greater building —the English Opera House—rose from the same source.

With the fragrance in my nose from Rimmel's—the " centre " of the Strand, as the old joke had it—I went on my way down Whitehall, by an ever-narrowing way which must have reached

its limit in Parliament Street, which in those days was so narrow that mud from the passing vehicles was freely thrown on those who stopped—as I did—to gaze in the picture shop at the corner.

In the summer afternoons I would branch off at Charing Cross and make my way home across the Park, passing the end of the Haymarket and the colonnade of Her Majesty's Theatre, as it was then, and giving a glance into Chapple's, the cigar shop, to see if the cat—a huge animal that invariably sat somnolent on the counter—was at his post. Passing the Royal Horse Guards, I submitted the mounted guard to critical inspection, duly primed with knowledge of uniforms and accoutrements acquired from my father and uncles.

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Of the masters at King's College School in my day the only one whom I met in recent years was Herr Reinicke, the chief German professor, whom many King's boys will remember with some affection, and who, after long service at the school, was granted a residence in the Charterhouse. I remember also that there were two mathematical masters, both bearing the name of Thomas. One was named "Angel," so to distinguish them, the other was nicknamed "Devil," a very appropriate piece of characterisation.

Another master named Hayes was nicknamed "Lobster"; he is mentioned in Anstey's book "Vice Versa." E. A. Burgess was a famous Hammer Thrower, also Adolphus who was nicknamed "Dolly" had a room next the gym, and was in the habit of spitting and making atrocious puns. One of them I remember was when he asked the boys who was the author of a particular book or quotation; and the reply came "Zenophon"; and all the other boys laughed. Whereupon "Dolly" said, "I don't see *there's any fun* in that." I remember also Castelotte the gym master, and Speed. Other boys were the Milners and Cancellors (all great runners and prize winners at sports), Percy Brebner of literary fame; also Sydney Perks, Garnett, Clayton, and H. H. Underhill were at school with me.

Among my contemporaries I recall Reginald McKenna—now Rt. Hon.; George and Harold Lansdowne, the architects; Moscrop Robinson, and, duly appropriate to theatreland, Martin Harvey and Sidney Brough. Many Old King's Boys afterwards became distinguished soldiers and sailors and public men: Frederick Harrison, the well-known man of letters; Sir Rowland Blades, now Hon. Colonel of the 54th (City of London) A. A. Brigade,

R.G.A. (T.) ; Vice-Admiral F. L. Field, who recently departed with the Special Service Squadron on its long voyage round the Empire ; L. B. Franklin, and W. T. Layton, who were Parliamentary candidates at the General Election last December, and Major G. S. Szlumper, who was recently appointed Docks and Marine Manager for the Southern Railway.

The scrimmages in the stone-paved corridor and playground stand prominent in my recollections of the happy days that I spent there. It is now a matter of regret that I did not renew associations with my old school until the occasion of the last biennial dinner of the Old Boys (1922) to which I was invited. Major-General Sir John Haslam, K.C.B., D.S.O., the distinguished gunner in the Great War, was in the chair, and we spent a most enjoyable evening.

What impressed me most that night was the sight of about thirty splendid young fellows seated at the cross table in front of me, all of whom had served with distinction during the war. By my side was Major Oglethorpe, formerly the Commandant of the Cadet Corps, under whom these boys had received their early training.

Two or three months later I attended a meeting of the Old King's Masonic Lodge, and, having mentioned to the Chairman that the Rev. John Twentyman was residing in Bournemouth, the members asked me to convey an affectionate message to "Tiny," as he was known. A few days afterwards I called on Mr. Twentyman, who was delighted to see me, and expressed his appreciation, with tears in his eyes, of the greetings of the Old Boys. Mr. Twentyman is now over eighty years of age, feeble and slightly deaf, but I am sure the sentiments I conveyed to him were most welcome, while for me it was a proud moment.

I left King's, without the customary term's notice, in the spring of 1884, being advised to give up all serious study for six months on account of suspected eye trouble.

Just then my cousin Fred was completing his education at Wimbledon. He was the son of my uncle, Fred Godfrey, whose "Reminiscences of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland" are considered to be the finest arrangements of their kind ever made, and will certainly outlive any compiled since. It was thought a good idea that we should both go to Germany to learn the language in order to prepare for a commercial career.

It was suggested to my father, who was also my cousin's

guardian, that we should be sent to a locality where there were no other English boys. After numerous enquiries it was arranged that we should stay with the Rektor, or village schoolmaster, of a small place called Neuenrade in Westphalia. It was four miles from the nearest railway station at Werdohl, and I have vivid and painful recollections of the final part of our journey, which was completed in an ancient coach.

I shall never forget our first night there, and the difficulty of sleeping *between* two flock beds. In fact, it was so bad that we seriously thought of returning home the next day.

On the third night after our arrival we were taken to the house of the village " apotheke " (chemist), where we were introduced to certain " notabilities " of the district, after which ceremony we were invited to assist in the imbibing of a small barrel of Munich beer. One has only to imagine the effect of three or four glasses of this beer on boys of sixteen, to realise how thoroughly " unhappy " we felt the next day.

We took a private course of lessons with Rektor Suhr in his spare time, and, while he was at his village school, went for walks in the surrounding country, which was hilly and thickly wooded. On many of these we were accompanied by several young men of the village, who, with characteristic German thoroughness, always brought English dictionaries and encouraged us to talk in our native tongue. We realised even then that the German was out to learn at the expense of the " flattered " Englishman.

Thus it was we learnt very little German, and, after three months, the Rektor wrote to my father pointing out that we were doing ourselves no good, in the matter of acquiring the language, in Neuenrade. He suggested that we should be sent to a larger town and placed under more strict conditions than he was able to impose on us.

A favourite amusement of ours was firing with our airguns from the garden through the schoolroom window at the Rektor's hat, which, to his surprise and disgust, he frequently found punctured.

Another enjoyable pastime was boar-hunting, for which excitable enterprise we were equipped with cheap revolvers. These were bought in London, and, unfortunately for us, were apt to go off at unexpected moments. In fact, my cousin wounded himself in this way. Our usual method of procedure, when boar-hunting, was for one of us, acting on the " safety first " principle, to say to the other : " You stand here and shout if the boar

comes." I am afraid that, when the boar appeared, our "look-out" was usually missing.

But we had our money's worth of excitement, although I cannot recall whether we ever killed a boar or not, which, considering our "martial" equipment, was just as well.

After the "hunt" we used to adjourn to the house of Herr Schniewindt, a wealthy piano-wire manufacturer, where we imbibed Rhine wine "from the cask." I can see the genial Herr, his heavy face wreathed in what he would call a smile, his small eyes glistening as he raised his glass and said, "Now ve vill trink der boar dead."

The Rektor's suggestion led to our removal to Braunschweig (Brunswick), the fine garrison town not far from Hanover. There we lived with an old tutor named Beinhorn in the Neuerweg, who informed us at the outset that English would not be permitted in his presence. We realised this at dinner on the second day of our arrival. Beef was being served in the usual lumps, and, on being offered a second helping, we replied, very naturally, "*Danke*" (Thank you). To our astonishment our plates were removed, and we learnt later that the proper expression signifying acceptance was "*Bitte*" (Please).

After this practical lesson we made steady progress, which was materially assisted by the grammatical knowledge of the language obtained at school in England.

Everything, of course, was "verboten" in Germany. I remember how we nearly found ourselves marched off to the police office. One day we were destroying some letters, which we tore up into little bits and threw out of the window; in an incredibly short time, a heavy-footed "schutzmann" * was at the Professor's door, demanding to see the "offenders." It cost the bewildered tutor a small fortune in beer to placate the law. Incidentally, sometimes the law is useful, since in some parts of Germany it forbids piano-playing after eleven o'clock at night.

Our evenings were spent either in boating on the river or attending the summer theatre.

Apropos the river, I like to think of a boyish freak we perpetrated on Sedan Day (September 1). When we went boating that day we took with us a Union Jack as well as a German flag, and, with the presumption of youth, hoisted these on a pole fixed in the stern of the boat, with the Union Jack uppermost! Needless to say, our triumph was short-lived, for we were immediately

* Policeman.

challenged by a number of German students in other boats and pitched into the river to cool our patriotic ardour. Later on, however, we had our revenge when we marooned two of our assailants on an unfrequented islet in the middle of the river and made off with their boat.

We soon realised that Britishers were not loved in Germany even in those days, and we had to put up with much offensiveness from the *Freiwillige* or volunteer class—young men who, by providing their own quarters and uniforms, were let off with only one year's conscripted service. They were very bombastic and referred continually and derisively to what they called the "insignificance" of the British Army; a general German view, adhered to with great persistence until some time later.

German schoolboys used to yell at us as we walked along the streets, but it was noticeable that these offensive demonstrations were generally carried out from behind the comparative protection of their school gates. On the other hand, we made several friendships which lasted for many years.

With reference to our visits to the municipal theatre, or Volk Theater, I might mention here the immense variety and extent of German entertainments for the people. Braunschweig, like every other important town in Germany, had its municipal theatre, where, on different nights, might be heard a play by Shakespeare or Goethe, a popular drama, e.g., "Round the World in Eighty Days"; light opera, e.g., Millöcker's "Beggar Student"; grand opera, or high-class concerts. At any of these a good seat could be obtained for the equivalent of 1s. 6d.

Since then I have spoken and written frequently on this subject, and I fervently hope that the time will soon come when we shall see similar enterprise in our own land. There are signs of an awakening to a deeper appreciation of the value of good music in this country, and the time may come when municipal theatres and orchestras will play a prominent part in our national life.

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Upon my return from Germany in 1884 the question of my profession had to be decided. My inclination was towards analytical chemistry, but, as I have already hinted, my business instinct asserted itself and made me take up music because it offered better prospects.

As all the musical members of our family had been educated at the Royal Academy of Music, my father thought it would be

better if I went to the Royal College of Music, which had recently received a Royal charter after having been founded some years previously as the National Training School of Music, with Sir A. Sullivan as director. The director of my time was Sir George Grove, the builder of lighthouses and the eminent musical historian whose dictionary contains such a wealth of reference, though I am glad to learn it is being further revised and brought up to date by Mr. H. C. Colles.

I entered the Royal College of Music at the beginning of 1885. Up to this time my musical ability was confined to an acquaintance with the piano, therefore the violin was chosen as my first instrument for study under Henry Holmes. The piano was to be my second study, under Frederick Sharpe, the father of Cedric Sharpe, the 'cellist. I was also a member of the sight-singing class under Dr. Eaton Faning; and learnt harmony under Alfred J. Caldicott, whose humorous glees and other tuneful compositions will be remembered.

It was also considered advisable, in view of the probability of my taking up a military career, that I should learn the clarinet, my first tutor being J. Spencer of the Grenadier Guards.

Other private studies included lessons in the cornet and trombone in preparation for the L.R.A.M.

Whether it was that I had no aptitude for the violin, or was tired of being kept for three months on the open strings, I cannot say, but I soon gave it up, and the clarinet became my principal study at the Royal College of Music. My professor was Mr. Henry Lazarus, the distinguished player of that instrument, who had been soloist in the Coldstreams under my grandfather.

My progress was so rapid that I was soon playing second clarinet to Mr. F. Bulkeley-Byng in the College orchestra, and my name was entered for a scholarship which he was about to relinquish. There were only two candidates, a Yorkshireman, whose brother was a candidate for a bassoon scholarship, and myself. In the examiners' list I was placed "Proxime Accessit!"

On my return to the college after hearing this result, I was astonished to find that I was requested to play principal clarinet in the orchestra, while the winner of the scholarship was to be second. This naturally surprised my father, who wrote to Sir George Grove, asking for an explanation, and suggesting that the college authorities had awarded the scholarship to the winner on account of his financial position!

Sir George replied that the reason for the award was that the winner showed "greater musical promise."

I recall how I accompanied the R.C.M. orchestra to Windsor Castle to play before Queen Victoria under Sir Charles Stanford, and remember vividly our nervousness, as it was impossible to do the usual tuning, Court etiquette forbidding jarring discords which are the preliminary to every orchestral performance.

The orchestral practices at the Royal College in my day were conducted by Sir Charles Stanford and Mr. Henry Holmes. To Sir Charles I take this opportunity of paying grateful tribute for his encouragement during those early days and, in fact, throughout the whole of my career.

As a teacher he was a severe critic, often very satirical in his remarks. One day, after a rather biting comment from him, I made up my mind to pay him back in his own coin. The opportunity came when we were trying over the proofs of the orchestral parts of " The Revenge." On reaching a certain place he noticed I was rubbing my chin and smiling, whereupon he called out sharply : " What are you grinning at ? Why don't you play ? " In my gravest tones I quietly pointed out to him that he had written a shake which in those days was practically impossible to play on the clarinet. This was *my* " Revenge."

My glee at being able to catch the great man napping amply compensated for many of his scathing remarks. Some years after I reminded him of the incident. He made no comment, but simply looked at me in that delightfully whimsical manner which used to make us forget his harsh though just criticisms and made us all love him for the fine gentleman that he is.

I obtained additional excellent experience in orchestral work as a clarinet player at the rehearsals and concerts of the Clapham Orchestra Society in 1886. These were directed by Mr. Ammon Winterbottom, a member of the well-known musical family of that name. On one occasion the best part of the evening was devoted to a rehearsal for strings, and I thought I would try the violin. But I soon found that I was much more at home with my favourite instrument, the clarinet.

I stayed for nine terms at the Royal College of Music and left in 1887. In addition to the studies already mentioned I received instruction in counterpoint—always a bugbear to me—under Sir Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, and had one term at the organ under the late Sir George Martin, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.

My public appearances were not numerous, though one at

least was a " qualified " success. I was taking part in Weber's Concerto for Clarinet at one of the College concerts, when I inadvertently emitted a most appalling " squawk," to the intense amusement of the students and the utter discomfiture of myself. I also played in the orchestra when it visited Cambridge, and earned my first fee at the laying of the Foundation Stone of the Colonial Institute in 1887, on which occasion Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted.

An occasional pleasant interlude to my studies was helping the Guards' Nigger Troupe at Chelsea Barracks. This was organised by Lieutenant (now General) Nugent and the late Sir Augustus Webster, the distinguished Freemason, both of whom were officers of the regiment.

Among my contemporaries at the Royal College of Music from 1884 to 1887 were Dr. Arthur Somervell, Government Inspector of Music in Training Colleges ; W. H. Squire, the well-known 'cellist ; the late Hamish MacCunn, the famous Scotch composer ; Dan Price, the Welsh bass ; Haydn Inwards and Arthur Dent, violinists ; and S. P. Waddington, who became Chorus Master to the Royal Italian Opera, and is now a well-known member of the Professorial staff at the College.

Whenever possible I spent my Saturday afternoons and evenings with the Volunteers, and in due course reached the rank of lance-corporal. As I also became a fully-fledged ambulance man, I was able to be of assistance to several fainting women during the gruelling heat on the day of the celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887.

Later I transferred to the London Rifle Brigade and spent two Easter week-ends at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, where, among other duties, I did my share of nocturnal sentry-go. How we fellows fancied ourselves in those days, strutting along the sea-front with our shakos and waving cocks' feathers, the most picturesque volunteer uniform of that time !

We were known as " Saturday night soldiers," and had to bear a good deal of that good-humoured chaff which was then the lot of the volunteer. Later events have proved that the enthusiasm of the volunteer was not misplaced, since, by the turn of events, the British Army at one period of the Great War was made up almost entirely of volunteers.

About this time the question of my future cropped up again, and, with the hope of obtaining an army appointment and eventually succeeding my father, I studied band instrumentation under John Hartmann, who was a well-known arranger.

This work so gripped my attention that before long I prepared

selections from Wagner's "Lohengrin" and Delibes' "Coppelia" Ballet and was very proud when my father allowed me to try them over with the Grenadiers Band at practice. In addition to the above I also arranged Sullivan's "In Memoriam" and "Di Ballo" Overtures for Messrs. Chappell & Co., with whom I have always had very happy associations, especially through the manager, Mr. E. Goodman.

For experimental purposes, I also tried my hand at composition, and perpetrated a number of waltzes, some of which achieved a fair measure of popularity.

In 1889 I succeeded Charles Godfrey, Jun. (the eldest son of my uncle, Charles Godfrey, bandmaster of the Royal Horse Guards), as bandmaster of the Corps of Commissionaires, the weekly practice of which provided excellent experience in conducting. The following year I passed the examination of Licentiate in Bandmastership and Arrangement for Military Bands at the Royal Academy of Music, and was nominated by the Prince of Wales (the late King Edward VII.) to the bandmastership of the 2nd Life Guards on the death of Carl Zoeller. This appointment I could not take up, however, owing to the regulations necessitating residence at Kneller Hall. The argument of the Commandant was that the routine of military discipline was equally essential to the training of a military bandmaster as the musical side.

One of my most pleasant recollections of this period is my election in 1889 to the membership of the Savage Club. This was made possible owing to the increase in the number of members decided on when the Club removed to Adelphi Terrace. I was only twenty-one at the time, and thus to-day can claim to be the youngest "senior" member.

About this time an order was issued from the War Office prohibiting military bands from performing in places outside their own regimental districts. This meant that the Guards' bands would be unable to fulfil their provincial engagements.

To remedy this loss to the music-loving public, a number of prominent orchestral musicians in London met to discuss a proposal to establish a Civilian Military Band. A committee was formed, including J. H. Guilmartin, the well-known tuba player, as chairman; W. Benton (oboe); R. H. Booth (trombone); E. F. James (bassoon); Frank James (cornet); W. Short (trumpet); and R. W. Strachan (drums), all of whom occupied prominent positions in the orchestral world.

It was decided to form a first-class band of fifty performers, to be run on co-operative lines. The support of the public was invited as it was claimed that this organisation would also supply the long-felt want of a municipal band in London. Sir Arthur Sullivan consented to act as President, and among the Vice-Presidents were such well-known men as Sir George Grove, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Herbert Oakeley, Sir John Stainer and Sir Charles Hallé.

Mr. John Hill was the first conductor, but on his acceptance of an engagement in America the committee of the band, believing that the name of Godfrey would act as a magnet for engagements, offered me the appointment, which I accepted simultaneously with that of the bandmastership of the Corps of Commissionaires.

It was a source of great satisfaction to me that Sullivan approved of the committee's choice, and I made his personal acquaintance shortly after taking up my duties with the band. This was during an interview with reference to a brass band arrangement of a selection from " The Gondoliers " which I had been commissioned to make. I remember he pointed out that I had made a mistake in the " Gavotte," and his interesting correction, made on the back of an envelope, I still have.

A most successful first concert was given in the Princes Hall (now a restaurant), and engagements began to flow in. A tour was also arranged, and we visited many provincial towns, two noteworthy engagements being at the Edinburgh and Glasgow Exhibitions. At both of these we were fêted right royally, and I was the recipient of a gold medal, a silver inkstand, and a silver cigarette-case. As an example of our work I quote one, a Wagner, programme.

1. Festival March from " Tannhäuser."
2. Overture, " Die Meistersinger."
3. " Isolde's Liebestod " (" Tristan and Isolde ").
4. Introduction to Act III. and Bridal Chorus " Lohengrin."
5. " Invocation to Battle " (" Rienzi ").

One Saturday evening our programme included a selection from " The Mikado." However, I thought something Scottish would be more popular, so I changed this item to Foster's popular " Rob Roy " overture. An old lady was heard to remark after the programme : " It was gae bonny, I dinna ken ' The Mikado ' was Scottish music."

Naturally I was much elated at the success of the venture.

I recall with pride one engagement, when we gave, among other items, a selection from Sullivan's " Golden Legend " (arranged by Charles Godfrey, Jun.), and the celebrated Huddersfield Choir joined in " O Gladsome Light " and " The Epilogue " with thrilling effect. Thirty-five years later I again visited the town, at the invitation of Dr. Coward, and once again heard this wonderful choir. Their magnificent attack and brilliance in the " Messiah " was ample compensation for the fatigue of the long railway journey.

Another important event in connection with this band was at the National Liberal Club on the occasion which afterwards proved to be Mr. Gladstone's last visit. This engagement gave rise to possibly the only reference to myself ever made in Parliament when a member asked the Secretary of State whether the band employed was one of the Brigade of Guards and whether it had leave from the military authorities to play at political demonstrations. Naturally the answer was in the negative.

Having little opportunity for athletics, I took a course of lessons in physical culture with Attila, who had, a year or two before this, become famous as the trainer of Eugene Sandow. The result was a marked improvement in my physique and general health. Later, I was to reap the benefit of this training during a very unpleasant incident in South Africa.

One day Attila told me he was going to give an exhibition of weight-lifting, etc., at the old Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. This was also to be the occasion of a boxing match between Frank Slavin (Australian) and Charlie Mitchell (English), both celebrated pugilists of the day. He suggested that I should compose a special waltz for the occasion, and that the London Military Band should be engaged for the evening.

This was arranged, and is the only occasion I know of a band ever playing *during* a boxing bout. My instructions were that, when a good staggering blow was got home, the bass drum was to be brought into prominence, so, when Slavin sent Mitchell through the ropes, the full force was turned on.

As the ring was on the stage and the orchestra in the well in front, it was unfortunate for my decorum and personal comfort as conductor that I happened to be a little too near to escape some of the consequences of Slavin's mighty blow.

In addition to my duties with the London Military Band and Corps of Commissionaires, I had now taken over my father's

private orchestral work. This included conducting at fashionable balls, for some of which I composed special waltzes.

Some of the jolliest evenings I spent with this band were at Cambridge during " May Week " of the years 1889-90. The work was hard : dancing was quite as strenuous in those days as now. We commenced about 9 p.m. and, with one short interval, the dance went on till 5 a.m. the next morning. Even then the undergraduates were not tired and wanted to borrow the musicians' instruments, which request was, of course, politely but firmly refused.

This would be followed by a row on " The Backs." On more than one occasion I was invited to join in these early-morning boating adventures, and once made the acquaintance of cold water in an unexpected manner. However, a champagne breakfast generally followed one of these nights, and as we were all young and vigorous, we were seldom any the worse for our adventures.

Another happy memory of Cambridge was when I conducted the University Dramatic Club in a burlesque entitled " Ivanhoe à la Carte." The music was composed and arranged by Charles Hoby, who later accompanied me to South Africa, and is now Director of Music to the Royal Marines at Chatham, also Mus. Doc. Oxon. The Hon. Ivor Guest (now Lord Wimborne) sang in the chorus on this occasion.

Other engagements included the PrimroseLeague Fête at Covent Garden in 1890, for which my father composed a special song to the poem of Capt. Clarke-Kennedy entitled " Rouse Ye Ulster."

In addition to his private orchestral work, my father opened a musical instrument shop in the Strand—mainly for my brother Harry, who had received practical training in Paris in the work-- concerning which the following story is told.

The window contained an assortment of cornets, flutes, and other kinds of musical instruments, with a silver hunting horn as the centrepiece. One morning, the door had scarcely been open an hour when a well-dressed lady flounced into the shop with every sign of indignation on her countenance. The urbane manager stepped forward to ascertain her wishes, and was greeted with the exclamation : " The bugle didn't play." Rather astounded, he replied : " I think, madam, there must be some mistake. We have never supplied you with a bugle." " Of course you haven't," was the answer, " but I put a penny in the slot and there was no music."

An explanation ensued, and it turned out that, whilst the good

lady was flattening her nose on the window in ecstatic admiration of the silver horn, a ragged urchin whispered in her ear: "If you put a penny in here"—pointing to the hole in which the catch of the iron shutter fitted—"it'll play." No little argument was needed to convince the disappointed lady that she was the victim, not of a fraud, but of a hoax.

CHAPTER III

SOUTH AFRICA

Alfred Moul—Voyage to the Cape—Durban—Opera in the Rand—The Company and Orchestra—Johannesburg—The Standard Theatre—"H.M.S. Pinafore" in *Three Acts*—South African Journalism—The Riots—Collapse of Standard Opera Company—The "Zarps"—Life in Johannesburg—The Globe Burlesque Company—Its Brief Career—My Return to England.

I HELD the appointments of conductor of the London Military Band and bandmaster of the Corps of Commissionaires from 1889 to 1891, when I made a change, the drastic nature of which was to have a profound effect on my career.

One early summer day in 1891, Mr. Alfred Moul, for so long the well-known managing director of the Alhambra (who died recently), walked into the office of Dan Godfrey Sons, and asked me if I would care to go to South Africa as musical director of an opera company.

The suggestion startled me, because I had had no experience in this kind of work and therefore was dubious about my suitability. Mr. Moul, however, was confident that my record and, once again, the influence of my family name, would prove a sufficient guarantee of success. Accordingly I was introduced to Mr. A. Bonamici, who had been commissioned by a syndicate in Johannesburg to engage an opera company from England to open the Standard Theatre, then approaching completion in that newly-founded gold-mining centre. The result of the negotiations was that I signed a contract for a six months' season, and also engaged Charles Hoby, to whom I have previously alluded, as pianist and assistant musical director.

In addition we took with us Harry Garvin, a talented violinist from the Guildhall School of Music, and James Saunders, one of the principal 'cellists of the Philharmonic Society's orchestra. These were to form the nucleus of an orchestra, the other members of which were to be recruited on the spot.

The Coach in which we Travelled from Charlestown to Johannesburg, 1891.

Interior of Standard Theatre, Johannesburg.

p. 50.

Included in the company engaged in England were Agnes Delaporte (prima donna), Mr. and Mrs. Grant Fellowes (tenor and soprano), Walter Browne (an old Savoyard baritone), George Temple and Rowe Guy (comedians), and Rosina Lupino as principal dancer. Our scenic artist was Edward T. Ryan, now one of the foremost scene painters in London.

We set sail on the Union liner *Moor* on August 8th, 1891, the commander being Captain Griffin, and the first officer, Mr. Strong, now Commander of the *Armadale Castle.* After a very pleasant voyage of three weeks' duration, with a call at Madeira, where we indulged in the descent of the well-known cobble-path in a little car, we arrived at Capetown. During the voyage we took part in the ceremonies—religiously observed in those days—attendant on crossing the line, and made the acquaintance of Father Neptune and the members of his " court." After a stay of three days in Capetown we proceeded to Durban.

As we had held frequent rehearsals on board ship, it was not long before we were able to start a short season at the Natal port. During our stay there we made several delightful trips into the surrounding district. One of the most interesting was a visit to Umgeni, with its fine waterfall, where, for the first time, we saw Zulus in their native kraals. Of all the South African tribes I saw during my stay in the country, these stand out in my memory as being the finest in appearance and physique. Later I was told that this was due to the existence of a tribal law which ordained that deformed and sickly children should not be allowed to grow up.

On the last night of our successful three weeks' season at Durban, where we gave " La Cigale," " The Old Guard," " Rip van Winkle," and " Paul Jones," I was presented with a handsome gold-mounted baton made of umzimbete wood. It had three mounts of native gold and the butt end was set with a large crocidolite. We had every reason to be gratified with our reception in the town, and at the close of the last performance the whole audience joined in singing " Auld Lang Syne " and " God Save the Queen."

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Our main objective, of course, was Johannesburg. As the railway at that time reached only to Charlestown on the Transvaal border, we had to complete the remainder of the journey by coach drawn by mules. This mode of transit was more picturesque than comfortable, owing to the state of the track and the

multiplicity of ruts, for road there was none. However, nothing very exciting happened, and after two days' purgatory, passing on the way Majuba Hill of tragic fame, we reached our destination.

Johannesburg—the wonder town of the Rand—was then only in its infancy, but, in spite of the fact that it had only been in existence five years, presented a striking example of that rapid development which followed the advance of the pioneers into Rhodesia and the discovery of gold on the Witwatersrand.

At that date it already possessed several substantial buildings, though many of them had only corrugated iron roofs. On one of the horse-drawn trams I met a man, the son of a colonel of a Hussar Regiment, who, I was surprised to find, was working for £3 a week. Later I was to learn not to be surprised at anything, for at that time Johannesburg was a dumping-ground for thousands of men of all types, from the crook to the " down and out."

Previous to our advent theatrical performances had been given, with various combinations of local talent, under the direction of Mr. Luscombe Searelle in a corrugated iron shanty boasting the proud name of " Theatre Royal." Ours, however, was the first complete company from England—complete, I should say, except for part of the chorus which was recruited from members of other companies and local singers. They were certainly harder workers than some of our own ladies from England, who were spoiled by the flattering attentions of the " beaux " of the town and were sometimes not too fit for strenuous rehearsals after a series of late nights.

One difficulty with the Colonial choristers arose from the fact that they had been trained wrongly by Madame Mendelssohn, the wife of the chairman of the syndicate. This caused considerable friction soon after our arrival, and the situation became so strained that, if the company would have paid my return passage, I should have left South Africa then and there.

On October 13th we commenced our season at the Standard Theatre, and at half-past eight I raised my baton for the " Volkslied," the Transvaal National Air. Then, after a few brief and appropriate remarks from Capt. von Brandis, the senior Boer Magistrate, to whom the opening function had been assigned, the whole audience joined in singing " God Save the Queen " and then settled down to the enjoyment of Audran's " La Cigale."

A most distinguished first-night audience was present, and included such well-known men as Otto Beit, Abe Bailey, Robert Stroyan, S. B. Joel, Bettelheim, and Eckstein.

The performance was a great success and the opera ran for

three weeks. Incidentally, this was the first occasion upon which a conductor in South Africa had used a baton exclusively instead of playing the piano with one hand and conducting with the other.

My orchestra consisted of sixteen members, and among them, in addition to those we brought from England, were several ex-cavalry men from Kimberley who had been lured across the border by the prospect of earning £6 a week as civilian musicians instead of their scant army pay. A notable exception was the bass player, who was remarkable for the resplendent diamond ring which he wore on his right hand and flashed vividly every time he moved his bow.

The theatre, which was designed on the lines of the Haymarket and Opera Comique Theatres in London, had seating capacity for 800 people which, by the introduction of extra seats, could be increased to 1,000. The chief fault of the structure was the smallness of the auditorium. It may be interesting to note that the upholstery in the principal parts of the house was originally designed for the old Her Majesty's Theatre, London, and there were many on the opening night who questioned whether it was adapted to the wholly different climate of the Rand, not a few declaring loudly their preference for the plainer and cooler leather. An annoying feature was the snorting of the engine driving the electric dynamo, which quite spoilt the effect of some of the best numbers of " La Cigale."

This opera was our outstanding triumph at the Standard. It was so well received that, after several more or less successful performances of Planquette's " Captain Therèse," " Rip van Winkle," and " Paul Jones," we decided to revive it.

Our next success was Jakobowski's " Erminie." For this production we secured an addition to our company in the person of Mr. George Verdi, a singer with a g eat local reputation and the possessor of a very fine baritone voice, whose real name was Bill Green.

He was the most casual customer I have ever met. Twenty years after, he strolled up to me on Bournemouth Pier and said : " Good-morning, Mr. Godfrey, can my wife have a spot to exhibit her tame canaries at the Winter Gardens ? " " I'm afraid not," I replied. " Well, then," he continued, " can I produce an opera for you ? "—all this without the slightest reference to the past.

Having now exhausted the productions brought out from England, we were requested to give " Maritana " on Boxing Day. As no band parts were available, Hoby and I had to sit down and

write out the wind-instrument parts, relying on marked vocal scores for the strings. The time was short, so a rehearsal was called for Christmas Day, but on arriving at the theatre I found the members of the orchestra in their places, but not one of them had his instrument! It needed only a glance to see that they had been celebrating Christmas in good old English style. There was nothing to do but accept the situation, and as it was a gorgeous summer's day I chartered a conveyance and took them for a drive. It is not difficult to imagine, therefore, that the opening performance was far from perfect.

About this time Walter Browne, our principal baritone, who later was to win fame as the author of "Everywoman," left the company to take up a commercial appointment, and Mr. Verdi became our leading baritone.

"Madame Favart," "La Pèrichole," "Pepita," "Faust," "The Old Guard," "Maid Marian," "Fatiniza," "The Beggar Student" and other works were put on with scant preparation. As a matter of fact, we tried our hand at *sixteen operas* in *twenty-four weeks!*

We also produced "H.M.S. Pinafore," which contained several innovations by Mr. Searelle, who was by way of being a composer. These are best explained by the following extracts from the posters, which I give *literatim et verbatim:*

> "N.B. To add to the verisimilitude and realistic exactness of Life on Board a British Man-o'-War, the opera will be divided in THREE ACTS. The Second Act will consist of a Realistic Sailors' Entertainment on Board Ship, comprising introduced Songs, Duets, Dances, etc., etc."

> "Some purists may cavil at the introduction of extraneous elements into a Comic Opera, as well known as the above, but as PINAFORE is always played both in America and Australia, and *as Sir Arthur Sullivan looks with favor on these innovations*, the Management has no fear of the result."

The italics are mine. Personally, I have never quite believed the assertion relative to the composer's opinion.

Comments in the local Press were somewhat scathing, as the following examples show:

> "Concerning the crime of mutilating an opera like *Pinafore* by unwarranted interpolations in the worst taste,

destroying the continuity and general harmony of the proceedings, there can be no two opinions. It is bad, utterly bad."

"*Pinafore* was going swimmingly—when Mr. Searelle, with his usual notions of the propriety and fitness of things, saw fit to introduce a variety show of the commonest and most vulgar type. Mr. Searelle expects gentlemen to bring their wives and daughters to his production. I doubt, though, if any man not possessed with too rigid notions of propriety would care to bring either one or the other to hear 'A pity to waste it,' or to witness the latest refinements in the way of skirt dancing.

"As Mr. Searelle evidently possesses a partiality for music hall entertainments, might we suggest that he form a company especially for that purpose? It would be far more satisfactory. We should know what to avoid."

The season concluded with Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," which had just been produced for the first time in England by Signor Lago at the Shaftesbury Theatre on October 19, 1891. The next day I met Henry Hess, a well-known journalist, who commented unfavourably on the performance and, in answer to my query whether he had seen it played in England, replied that he had not but that he had *had the vocal score for twenty minutes.* This roused my ire and I said: "I always thought there were idiots in Johannesburg—now I know."

This is how he printed the interview in his paper:

"Overheard in Commissioner Street last Tuesday:

"Conductor of late Standard Company to Editor of weekly journal, 'I hear that you did not like our performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Is that so?'

"Editor: 'Yes.'

"Conductor: 'Why?'

"Editor: 'Because the orchestra was bad, the chorus worse and the principals weren't much better.'

"Conductor: 'Well, I always thought there were blamed idiots in Johannesburg and now I know it.'

"Editor: 'Good Lord! Do you mean to tell me that you've only found that out now? Why, I knew that there were idiots about here directly the overture to "La Cigale" was commenced on the opening night of the Standard.'"

The journalist always has the last word !

Another interlude I recall was more exciting.

One night a writ was served on Mr. Verdi during the performance of " Rip van Winkle," which was being given for his " benefit " night. The " messenger " who served the summons attended the theatre in evening dress in order to disarm suspicion, walked into the box office and demanded all the takings up to the amount of the debt. Mr. Bonamici refused to comply with the request, used pretty strong language, and threatened to shoot him. But the " messenger " was not to be put off by the mere threat of shooting, and things looked very black, until Harry Day (now a prominent employée of the drapery firm of Cook,St. Paul's Churchyard), who was in charge of the box office, handed him the whole of the evening's takings, which amounted to £30. Then, much to the disgust of the management, he coolly resumed his seat in the stalls.

In the meantime the performance had stopped because Mr. Verdi refused to appear, and the audience, ignorant of what had transpired, was in a state of clamorous impatience. Ultimately Mr. Bonamici guaranteed Mr. Verdi against sustaining any loss and the opera proceeded without further interruption.

My benefit on February 10th drew the largest audience seen at the Standard since the opening night. The programme, which was a long and varied one, included the second act of " La Cigale," a miscellaneous concert, and the last act of " Erminie." Several presentations were made at the close ,and one of my earliest attempts at speech-making ended disastrously. The local Press reported it thus :

" I am naturally a shy young shrimp, but I must say that for all the lady members of the company I have nothing but feelings of—er—er—— "

" Love," shouted one of the " gods "—and then Hoby played the piano.

Talking about the Press reminds me that on January 14th, 1892, the date of the benefit of the prima donna, Miss Agnes Delaporte, the Johannesburg *Star* published an article which was considered to be a satirical reference to H.R.H. The Duke of Clarence, then lying dangerously ill. During the afternoon, news was received of his death, but it was obviously impossible to postpone the benefit at that late hour. The same evening the editor of the *Star*, Francis J. Dormer, was the object of a hostile demonstration in the refreshment bar of the theatre, with the result that, before he could adequately protect himself, his clothes were practically

torn off his back. It was then amusing to discover that his always immaculate shirt was only a dickey, hence the soubriquet "Dickey" Dormer by which he was known for years afterwards. He was smuggled out through the stage door and reached his residence under police protection.

But the indignation did not subside, and on the following Saturday afternoon several thousand persons assembled in the Market Square to protest against the publication of the article. Most inflammatory speeches were delivered, and resolutions were passed condemning the article and demanding that Mr. Dormer should leave the town immediately. When the feelings of the mob were thoroughly roused, one speaker hinted that if Mr. Dormer remained in the town he should be tarred and feathered.

Cries were then raised to proceed to the *Star* office, and the whole assembly, with someone bearing an effigy of Dormer at the head, surged along the streets to the building of the Argus Company, the publishers of the *Star*.

Up to this stage the meeting had been fairly tame in comparison with what was to follow, for the crowd, reinforced by the riff-raff of the town, was now out for blood. The effigy was set alight and attempts were made to fling it into the porch of the building. Time after time the burning mass was pitched over the heads of the crowd, only to be returned in the same manner. Stones were thrown freely, and before long there was not a whole window in the place. Then the mob attempted to rush the building, and most of the newspaper staff, including the stalwart Zulus employed on the premises, and who used their knobkerries with effect, were injured in their attempts to resist the onset. For some inexplicable reason, police protection was totally inadequate, and the fire brigade had been warned by the rioters not to interfere.

Several of the more influential citizens endeavoured to pacify the crowd, but it was not until Capt. von Brandis, "the grand old man of Johannesburg," appeared on the scene that it would disperse. Fortunately, too, the timely arrival of a rainstorm prevented the disorder from going any further.

During the riot Dormer stayed at his house under police protection. The same evening a letter appeared in the *Star*, signed by the assistant editor of that paper, who had left the town, declaring that he was the author of the offending article and thus clearing Dormer.

The whole affair was typical of the vigorous and often lawless life of the mining-field, and an example of the spirit that prevailed

before law and order became the ruling factors in the community. It is not for me to express an opinion on the article, but the journalistic methods of those pioneer days were hardly those of modern Fleet Street, and editors and reporters wrote with a virility and candour which was often startling in its frankness.

The season ended somewhat abruptly soon afterwards because salaries were not forthcoming. No more funds were available, so our contracts were terminated a week or two before the proper date of expiration. I remember I took possession of the harmonium as part of my claim.

A Johannesburg paper voiced the popular feeling in the affair in its Diary, as follows :

> " Attend the Landrost Court where Dan the Younger is suing Agent van Diggelen, Architect Houge and Natal Bank Collins, Standard Mendelssohn and Mr. Leslie for unpaid salary and duly gets judgment on the spot. The defendants do not appear, but intend not to pay, so I am told, because they belong to a limited *lie*-ability syndicate, or the syndicate belongs to them (it's really all the same) and have spent all its capital. It's *capital* fun for them, no doubt, but poor Dan thinks hard words and says that *they* have not conducted themselves as well as they expected *him* to conduct the orchestra. In fact, they won't face the music and *stave* off the evil day when they will have to hand over their *notes* to the successful litigant. All of which is *not* nice and I shall be glad to hear that these gentlemen have, after all, met their obligations."

It is more than probable that after the collapse of the Standard Opera Company I should have returned to England, as I had been approached *re* the bandmastership of the Royal Marine Artillery in England,had I not met the lady who afterwards became my wife. This made me decide not to hurry away immediately, and gave me the opportunity for studying life in Johannesburg, the most extraordinary city that ever sprang up on a goldfield.

Briefly it could be summed up as speculation largely tinged with roguery, fast living and a hectic existence from day to day, often characterised by incidents of the most alarming nature. It must not be forgotten that any mining boom attracts the worst elements of humanity, therefore, although many prominent members of the Jewish fraternity became my friends, the lower classes of this people were the scum of the earth.

Hidden away in the most indescribable parts of the town were the lowest of low gambling hells.

Entertaining took place on a generous scale, and invitations were showered on me, many—at least so I thought at the time—in the hope that I might induce some of the ladies of the company to accept this hospitality.

One house I remember well was that of Mr. Bettelheim, who, unless rumour lied, had entertained Lord Randolph Churchill and initiated him into the intricacies of high-card playing. To the facetiously inclined, this house was known as " The Harem," not, probably, for the reason usually associated with Eastern establishments of that name, but because he had imported workmen from Turkey to build it in the style of his own country.

Bettelheim was a remarkable man, who, I believe, had risen, from quite humble associations with a Cairo hotel, to be a wealthy and prominent citizen of Johannesburg. He gave sumptuous supper-parties at which the finest delicacies were served, notably fish which was brought alive in tanks from Capetown, 1,000 miles away. The railway had just been completed about this time, and I recall the gala day when the first train from Capetown puffed into the Park Station, Johannesburg.

This was in 1891, and the town was then teeming with men who, owing to the fluctuations of the speculation markets, were millionaires one day and, as often as not, practically paupers the next. There were many conjectures about the foundations of the fortunes of the magnates, and rumour was sometimes not very kind to them, but many of them had undoubtedly " made good " on the diamond fields at Kimberley long before the gold boom on the Rand.

Anyhow, they were very generous to us, and if there was anything good at the theatre they supported it handsomely ; on a benefit night it was no uncommon occurrence for a box to fetch £15.

I often wonder whether Sir Otto Beit, Sir Abe Bailey and others of those wealthy men remember me and their generous support of the Standard Opera Company. I have never had the opportunity of meeting any of them since, except Mr. Robert Stroyan, whom I encountered on Bournemouth Pier fifteen years ago.

The town was policed by an insignificant body of armed Boers, known colloquially as " Zarps "—Zuid Afrika Republik Polizei —which was singularly inefficient but very aggressive. These policemen always exhibited bad feeling towards Britishers and,

as no civilians were allowed to carry arms, it was extremely dangerous to offend them.

They did not hesitate to use their revolvers on the slightest provocation, and in more than one case inoffensive citizens were killed. One night I was leaving a restaurant in the company of a young journalist who was somewhat excited. On our way out he accidentally brushed against one of these policemen, who immediately snarled at him " Verdamde Roinek "—the usual offensive epithet for a Britisher.

My friend raised his arm to retort with a blow, but fortunately I pulled him away in time, for I had noticed the Zarp reach for his revolver, and I knew only too well what would be the consequences for my friend or even myself.

Woe betide the native prisoner who attempted to escape from these Zarps ! I have seen a poor devil handcuffed to the stirrup of a mounted policeman and dragged along at the gallop. Further, any who tried to escape from a gang of prisoners were swiftly brought down by the swinging assegai of one of the native guards.

Naturally, under such conditions in the town, no respectable white woman went out unattended after dusk. With the exception of the main thoroughfares, the streets were so badly lighted that it was positively dangerous to walk out alone at night. I recall with horror, on going to visit a member of the company at an hotel, that when the door was opened the light disclosed the dead body of a white man, his skull split open, evidently with an axe.

One night my clarinet player suddenly woke up and was terrified to see a black arm come through the window, which had been left open on account of the heat, and grope for his little girl. For nights afterwards the poor fellow kept seeing a huge black arm reaching for his child, and eventually he went mad.

In Johannesburg the natives had greater freedom than in Natal, where they were compelled to walk in the road. But in Jo'burg it was no uncommon sight to see them sauntering along the pavements clad in bright blazers and " plus fours " of the period.

They presented a very different picture when on tramp to their native kraals. Then they plodded along barefoot, each one with two pairs of boots slung on a stick over his shoulder and the remainder of his prized possessions in a vivid blue-painted tin box on his head.

Sentimentalists have often pleaded the cause of the native, but there was hardly a man who lived in South Africa at that time who did not consider that the work of the missionaries,

CARTOON OF DAN GODFREY.
DURING SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR.

p. 60.

though well-meant and, in some circumstances, effective, was, generally speaking, more harmful than good. The Christianised Kaffir was certainly less moral than his so-called heathen brother in his native village, where the tribal law punished offences against women with the utmost severity.

One of my intimate friends was Dave Hurrell, a well-known Mashonaland pioneer, who had taken up farming at Jeppestown, and who later distinguished himself as a Scout in the Boer War. He had married the sister of a lady who at one time was governess to my sisters in London. Many an enjoyable visit I paid to Jeppestown, which was then separated about two miles from Johannesburg.

Hurrell once told me an experience of his, a striking instance of the danger to which people were exposed from the lawlessness of the natives. One dark night, when he and his wife were walking home from Johannesburg after an evening at the theatre, they heard a number of drunken Kaffirs approaching. Nobody except the police was allowed to have revolvers, but the natives always carried murderous-looking sticks called knobkerries, consequently it was not safe to encounter any marauding bands of them, especially after dark.

Realising the peril that awaited him and his wife if they came to close quarters with these drunken blacks, Mr. Hurrell had the presence of mind to shout out orders as if he were leading a party of men to attack. Fortunately this ruse succeeded, and the now thoroughly alarmed natives took to their heels.

Race meetings were also held in Johannesburg, to the accompaniment of the inevitable bookies, chief of whom was Mr. J. Phillips, who always seemed to take elaborate means for his own protection. Other amusements included the Wanderers' Hall, which was a favourite concert resort. Here, excellent programmes were given on Sunday evenings by a civilian military band under the direction of James Hyde. Provision for sport was made in the grounds adjoining, where football matches took place weekly.

Johannesburg, the wild wonder of the Rand ! Shall I ever see its modern counterpart with all the wonderful developments of the last thirty years ?

One day, shortly after the untimely demise of the Standard Opera Company, I met Mr. Solly Joel, who informed me that he was helping to finance a burlesque company about to be brought from England by J. L. Goodman, and offered me the position of

musical director. This I accepted, and signed a contract for a four months' season.

Accordingly I met the members of the company on their arrival at Durban, where we gave a week's performance of "Little Jack Sheppard," commencing on May 14th, 1892.

Included in the cast were Miss Jennie Dawson—mother of Miss Marie Dainton, the well-known mimic—chief comedienne; Messrs. Windham Guise and Mark Kinghorne, chief comedians; Miss Minnie Abbey, Messrs. Arthur Nelstone, Charles Leverton, Wilfred Roe and others.

The dances were arranged by E. W. Royce, Jun., premier dancer, who afterwards became the leading ballet expert at the Gaiety in London. Mr. Maltby of Natal was the scenic artist, and it is interesting to note that the wigs were supplied by Clarkson of Covent Garden.

On May 20th we opened our Johannesburg season at the newly-built Globe Theatre, which had been erected on the site of the old Globe, destroyed by fire in 1889. Architecturally, the building was voted a credit to the town, while the interior arrangements as far as accommodation for the public was concerned, were infinitely better than those of the Standard.

Our initial performance of "Little Jack Sheppard," an old Gaiety success of 1885—music by Meyer Lutz—was cordially received. The company was a good one and the orchestra, though small, was, according to the Press notices, one of the most successful features of the evening. This was a source of great satisfaction to me, for during the whole season, with the exception of "Little Jack Sheppard," all the band parts had to be arranged by myself and Alois Volkmer, a Dutchman, who had become my assistant in place of Hoby, who had moved to Durban to take up an appointment.

Unfortunately, we never repeated the outstanding success of our first production, though we put on in due course "Carmen Up to Date," "Cinderellen (Up too late)," "Ruy Blas" and others.

One night, while standing at the stage door of the theatre, I saw the young journalist whom I have previously mentioned in connection with the Zarp incident, hurrying towards me. Breathlessly he told me that he had given offence by exposing some of the gambling hells and had been spotted by a gang of roughs who were after him.

Fortunately I was able to pass him through the theatre and out another way. Thus he avoided his pursuers.

Later in the evening, during the second interval, I went up to the bar and heard the incident being discussed somewhat heatedly. Rather unwisely, perhaps, I took part in the discussion, and, in my resentment at the injustice, rashly made some disparaging remarks about the journalist's persecutors. Immediately there was an uproar, and a hefty individual, whom I knew by sight as one of the leading pugilists of the town, dared me to repeat my statement and challenged me to fight.

I had another act to conduct, and certainly the place was hardly suitable for such an encounter, so my friend Bennie Lazarus suggested that the matter should be settled outside. Naturally, it can be imagined that the remainder of the performance was not a particularly happy time for me. When the sturdy ex-cavalry men of my band heard of the affair they said : " All right, guv'nor, we'll come with you. Give us the word and we'll smash them up."

As a matter of fact, I could have avoided the encounter, but the odds were that I should be waylaid the next night and my dead body found the following day.

When the show was over, a large crowd gathered in front of the theatre, and, on my appearance, the pugilist repeated his challenge. While I realised that my previous training with Attila was an advantage, I knew that my defective eyesight was a serious handicap. Therefore I suggested to my adversary that we should wrestle. A foul, contemptuous epithet was his answer, but as the onlookers thought it a fair offer, he eventually agreed. There was not much difference between us in fitness, perhaps I was a trifle lighter, and thus we struggled together until both of us were exhausted, neither gaining any advantage.

Then one or two well-intentioned friends suggested that it would be far more satisfactory if I stood drinks all round instead of wasting time fighting. Thus about a hundred of them, including my opponent and myself, adjourned to the more friendly environment of the bar of the opposite hotel. Taking it all round I think I got off fairly cheaply.

Only two months of our season had elapsed when the company sustained a severe loss in the death, from pneumonia, of Linda Verner. She had had a successful career in London at the Gaiety and the Opera Comique and her untimely decease cast a gloom over the whole company with whom she had been extremely popular.

After this things went from bad to worse. Joel tired of the continual calls on his pocket for assistance and decided to sever

his connection with the undertaking. Matters came to a climax on the evening of September 1st, 1892, when the orchestra informed me that they would not play because the balance of their salaries had not been paid. I went to W. E. Hollarde, the managing director, who had just returned from England, and informed him of the state of affairs, suggesting at the same time that he should guarantee to pay the salaries for that evening out of the receipts. He was furious; interviewed the orchestra, would hear no discussion and would guarantee no money.

Goodman then went in front of the curtain and informed the audience that there had been a rupture in the company and that the orchestra refused to play. I was fairly popular at that time and decided, foolishly perhaps, to make a personal explanation to the audience. While they were listening sympathetically to my remarks, Hollarde suddenly gripped me from behind and, swinging me to the rear of the curtain, shouted to the stagehands to put me out of the theatre.

The next morning, when I turned up as usual for rehearsal, I was refused admittance. Later, I heard that the company had been re-organised, the orchestra re-engaged—including Volkmer, who probably congratulated himself on the fact that the orchestration for the next two pieces was practically complete—and *I* was summarily dismissed.

Most of the newspapers expressed their regret that I was made the scapegoat of this unfortunate incident and particularly anathematised the musicians for not standing by me.

Later, the members of the orchestra published a letter in the Press exonerating me from blame, pointing out that I had not influenced them in their decision not to play.

Having made arrangements to get married, I did not leave Johannesburg immediately, and shortly after the termination of my engagement at the Globe an extraordinary incident occurred.

It was the custom of a paper called the *Critic*, from time to time, to " award a cake," as they termed it, to any person who had met with their disapprobation. On this occasion a well-known millionaire was the recipient of the " honour." The next evening the wife of Barney Barnato occupied a box at the Globe in the company of Solly Joel, against whom an action was pending by Jennie Dawson for arrears of salary.

In the course of her performance that evening, Jennie Dawson made a distinctly vulgar demonstration against the occupants of this box. The whole audience was transfixed with astonishment at the exhibition—which was anything but lady-like—and the

general impression was that Miss Dawson had been instigated to play an unpleasant part by somebody who had an object to gain in creating a scene.

Having heard of this incident, I thought there would be developments and accordingly went to the theatre the next evening. There I found the dress-circle packed with unsavoury individuals who endeavoured to prevent Miss Dawson from performing her part. Quite unperturbed, she sent for a chair, and seated herself on the stage, but eventually the curtain had to be lowered.

In the meantime some of *her* friends had sent to the nearest mine, and it was not long before thirty or forty burly Cornish " Jackies " took up their positions behind the hostile demonstrators, and with threats, which were certainly not veiled, informed them what would happen if they did not desist. Needless to say the performance was concluded without any further interruption.

While the newspapers deplored Jennie Dawson's indiscretion, they were unanimous in their approval of the service she rendered to the South African Stage by her test-case and by " bringing to book alleged millionaires who appear in stage-boxes night after night without paying for them and run theatrical shows—or try to run them—and then endeavour to shuffle out of the pecuniary obligations."

I was married on Monday, September 19th, 1892, to Jessie, second daughter of James Townson Stuart, a civil servant under the Natal Government.

There were two ceremonies, first a civil one before the Landrost, and later a religious service at St. Mary's Church, conducted by the Reverend C. Baumgarten, while Harold Stidolph, who later became the organist of Capetown Cathedral, presided at the harmonium. My best man was Marquardt, who was the only survivor when the *Drummond Castle* was wrecked off Ushant.

The rain fell in torrents the whole day, but in spite of the disappointing weather we had a cheery time at an informal " reception," where, with typical Colonial *bonhomie*, the health of the bride and bridegroom was drunk in champagne, then, as now, a pound a bottle.

We sailed home on the *Mexican* on October 1st. The voyage was most enjoyable, and the weather excellent. Among the passengers were Barney Barnato and his wife (a charming lady). Barnato was a born humorist and took part in private theatricals and played all sorts of pranks after dinner.

What affected me most was his remarkable luck in the auction of numbers on the daily run of the ship. *He* was able to pay the whole of his wine bill with his winnings, while I was five pounds out of pocket.

It was a very foggy day when we arrived in London, but the warmth of our welcome compensated for the transition from sunshine to gloom.

I had only been in London a week when, through my father's influence, I obtained an engagement with Mr.—later Sir—Joseph Lyons and Montague Gluckstein, to conduct a band at Olympia.

The London Military Band welcomed me back again, and we spent a jolly New Year at the East End Exhibition at Glasgow, which we had previously visited in '89 and '90. There were the usual hilarious " first foot " proceedings, a custom hitherto unknown to me but which I have kept up ever since in my own home. Other engagements followed, and I also obtained several commissions for band arrangements.

During my stay in Glasgow I received a letter from the Llandudno Pier Company, asking me to interview them with reference to the post of Musical Director in succession to M. Rivière, who had resigned and was about to open a pavilion of his own. I could not go, and Gwilym Crowe was appointed, mainly because he was the composer of the " See-Saw " Waltz, which was all the rage at the time. However, his engagement was a failure, and the following year he was succeeded by Arthur Payne, who still holds the position.

It is interesting to record that Rivière's separate enterprise did not succeed at Llandudno. Many people will, however, recall his long association with the pier there. He was a quaint character, and one of his extraordinary fads was to conduct *facing* the audience seated in a gilded armchair.

He received so many floral offerings from his fair admirers that he had a special collar made to his coat for the purpose of holding at least twenty buttonholes. The only parallel I can think of was Julian Clifford, at Harrogate, who, however, wore only one buttonhole at a time.

Nowadays, musical conditions in South Africa have improved enormously. The chief towns and cities are visited by first-class opera companies, and all the best plays are given by touring companies from England and elsewhere.

In the matter of more serious music the institution of the Cape Town Municipal Orchestra in 1914 was an important step and

under the direction of Theo Wendt, has exercised very considerable influence; and the various tours to different parts of the Union have had an excellent effect. The programmes have been drawn from the very best music, carefully chosen so as to meet all tastes. Wendt has had his difficulties—always on the financial side—and it took seven years to induce the Municipality to increase the orchestra from thirty to thirty-nine players; but the work, I am glad to say, goes on and wins ready appreciation. There was some prospect of the orchestra being heard in England in connection with the Empire Exhibition, but I fear the project has been abandoned.

At Durban, too, the Corporation has instituted its own orchestra directed by Lyell-Tayler, formerly of Brighton. This orchestra also tours, which is an excellent way of displaying the talent that South Africa is fortunate in possessing, and has taken part in performances of oratorio and concert-versions of opera under Lyell-Tayler, in which enormous enthusiasm has been displayed by every member of the choir, some of whom have journeyed five hundred miles at their own expense in order to assist.

CHAPTER IV

BOURNEMOUTH

Brief Historical Note—The Genesis of Municipal Music—Personnel of the Orchestra—Royal Visits—Development of Municipal Music—Early Festivals—Bournemouth Centenary, 1910—Festival of Empire at Crystal Palace—Shackleton and the *Nimrod*—"Coming of Age" of the Orchestra—Bournemouth in War-Time—My Silver Wedding—Orchestra's 25th Anniversary—First Municipal Festival of British Music at Bournemouth, 1922—Second Ditto in 1923—Municipal Choir—Berlin Visit—Covent Garden Balls—On Tour.

THIS is not the place to enter into a detailed account of the history of Bournemouth—those of my readers who are interested are referred to the excellent book, "Bournemouth, 1810-1910," written by Alderman C. H. Mate, J.P., for many years editor of the *Bournemouth Directory*, and the esteemed chairman of the Education Committee; and Mr. Charles Riddle, the Borough Librarian. It contains a full account of the development of our town.

Nevertheless, a short description of the condition of the place prior to my arrival may be informing as an illustration of how, in spite of natural advantages, a seaside resort must cater for the amusement of the public.

Bournemouth dates back to 1810, when a Dorset squire named Tregonwell erected there "a mansion for his own occupation," and "was the first to bring Bournemouth to notice as a watering-place." From that modest beginning—the erection of a seaside villa—has evolved the Bournemouth of to-day, now of world-wide renown and known as "A Garden City," "A Paradise of Pines," "A Stately Pleasure Dome," and "A Temple of Hygeia." Later, as we shall see, it was to become "The Temple of the Musæ."

At first it was noted as a resort for the ailing; a "sea-nook" for the real invalid; where what was once a forest of pines cleared Canadian fashion, a town had sprung up. But pines still remain, on the hills, along the roads and between the houses. For many

BOURNEMOUTH, FROM THE OLD PIER, 1860.

p. 68.

years it was regarded solely as a place where "hollow-cheeked men" and "drooping women" could come to find health and breathe the life-giving breath of these pines.

Small wonder, then, in spite of its beauty, Bournemouth was very dull. It was eminently respectable; and there was nothing for its inhabitants to do except bask in the sunshine or lounge under the pines.

It was not to be expected that these conditions would last any time, especially in such a growing place as Bournemouth soon became. Its beauty, its climate and its popularity as a health resort already referred to, caused an influx of residents and visitors, and with them came the demand for some kind of amusement other than the contemplation of the beauties of Nature. Thus, as far back as 1849, a regatta was held here, when "the place was much enlivened by the event." This was followed by a Regatta Ball at Matcham's Belle Vue Hotel, the origin of the popular house on that site to-day, and where the new pavilion will be erected.

Fortunately the "City fathers," even in those days, while realising the necessity for new houses and buildings, did not overlook the fact that the watering-place depended primarily on its natural qualifications, and therefore no over-crowding was permitted. The result to-day, I am told, is that Bournemouth occupies an area as large as Birmingham, although its population is, naturally, considerably smaller.

As early as 1847 the inhabitants began to take an interest in the development of the place, and a number of them voiced, at a public meeting, the need for a pier or jetty. This was erected in 1857, and remained in use till 1860, when it was superseded by a longer wooden pier, and finally in 1880 by the present construction.

Powers were sought to enable the local authority to construct roads, sewers and drains, to arrange for the supply of gas and water, and to embark on those schemes of public works which are necessary to the development of a growing town.

As far back as 1856 the *Poole Herald*, probably the first local paper, stated that although Bournemouth had ceased to be "so emphatically retired," it was still intensely dull, and the time had come when it should no longer be considered simply as a place for invalids and convalescents.

Negotiations were entered into with the respective owners to purchase or lease land for public recreation grounds. Thus the Pleasure Gardens—Upper and Lower—and the Westover Gardens eventually became the property of the town.

The first proposals for the establishment of the Winter Gardens and Pavilion were put forward in 1877, when a well-known local physician named Dr. Burslem endeavoured to form a company to lease the present site of the Westover Gardens and erect thereon a Public Reading Room and Winter Garden. But the local Commissioners found that they had no powers to allow such a project to proceed, and it was dropped.

But it was not allowed to rest there. One writer of the time had the following pungent remarks to make about the people and conditions of the town as he saw them: "At Bournemouth a man has no amusement of any kind; what is stranger still, when men and women meet at this watering-place there is no association, no promenade. . . . Nature has been very prodigal in her gifts to this secluded spot, but its inhabitants are too decorous and unsocial." He goes on to complain that the place is too quiet—even the nearest railway station was then five miles away, at Christchurch.

Probably this "grouser" would open his eyes to-day, if he could see our promenades, our pier, our Winter Gardens, our golf-courses and pleasure-grounds, and later on we shall have an even greater surprise in store for him when our new concert-hall theatre is built.

But to return to the history of the Winter Gardens itself. Squire Tregonwell had developed his estate, which was known as the Cranbourne Gardens, and subsequently these became the site of the Winter Gardens. In 1862 these were first used by the public for an archery meeting. But little more was done until the formation of the Winter Gardens Company in 1875.

The following year the Pavilion was completed. This was erected at a cost of £12,000. "The principal entrance consists of a flat glazed roof over the carriage way, projecting from the vestibule. The edifice comprises a quadrangle one hundred feet square with inner galleries approached by staircases, these galleries running round four sides (at first only two); an upper structure or dome, forty-two feet square with external balcony; the vestibule within the main entrance and the two wings, each five hundred and eight feet long by seven hundred and eight wide and twenty-seven feet high. The roofs are curvilinear and are constructed with patent tubular ribs and supported by four main and twelve smaller cast-iron columns. The height from the floor to the centre of the roof is about seventy feet, and there is a floor surface of two thousand square feet, with seating accommodation for eight hundred people, excluding the annexes.

THE OLD WINTER GARDENS, 1875.

INTERIOR OF WINTER GARDENS, 1893.

p. 70.

one of which is now used as a refreshment room. The extreme length of the building is two hundred and twenty feet, and at the widest part it is one hundred and twenty-six feet."

It is interesting to note that the galleries were first intended to be used on the lines of those in the Crystal Palace, for stalls, fancy wares, etc., while part of the ground floor was to be a picture-gallery later on. But the Pavilion Company never succeeded in making the project pay, and the building was closed in 1877. Another attempt to make it a popular rendezvous was made in 1884, when it was used as a circus, but this met with a similar fate owing to lack of support. The building then remained closed until 1893, when the Corporation of Bournemouth leased and opened it as a " temple of music."

From time to time, many alterations have been made in the building, mostly in order to endeavour to avoid draughts. Inner corridors have been made and the roof covered with felting. In fact, many thousands of pounds have been spent on its improvement and upkeep. Placing the platform at one side of the pavilion instead of the end was a great mistake, and just before the war I suggested that it should be erected in a more suitable position. However, owing to the prohibitive cost, and the necessity of closing down for six months, and later the appearance of the new scheme on the tapis, the idea was abandoned.

But we have succeeded in improving the acoustics to the satisfaction of even such a fastidious artist as Paderewski, and the music may now be heard quite satisfactorily even in the annexe. Another improvement has been the addition of a proscenium ; and the orchestra now plays in a scene set.

The musical needs of Bournemouth were first catered for as early as 1876 by an Italian band of sixteen performers, all of whom had been in the Italian Army and wore the uniform. The expenses of this band were defrayed by public subscription. In 1892, Signor Bertini formed the first Corporation Military Band, which continued in existence until May of the following year. It consisted of twenty-one performers, most of whom had played in the Royal Italian Band. The appreciation of the efforts of these bands demonstrated the extent of the demand for good music in the town, and led to the Corporation taking over the lease of the Winter Gardens—which had hitherto been under private ownership—in 1893.

My appointment to Bournemouth was the result of one of those curious little strokes of fate which so often decide our destiny. It was a frequent habit of mine to rummage among

my father's unanswered letters, which were usually numerous, for one of his pet theories was to keep people waiting. He said they thought more of you if you did.

In one of these searches, in January, 1893, shortly after my return from South Africa, I came across a letter from Mr. James Druitt, Jun., Town Clerk to the Corporation of Bournemouth, asking for terms to supply a small band for the Winter Gardens. My father was unable to undertake the commission, and suggested that I should write offering my services.

As a result I was invited to meet the committee dealing with the proposal. On arriving at the Municipal Offices the first person I met was Mr. Henry Newlyn, whom I had previously known as the proprietor of the Royal Exeter Hotel. After the usual greetings I asked him if he were a member of the committee. He replied: "I am on all committees. I am the Mayor of Bournemouth." This was good news for me, for I realised that in him I had a powerful friend at "court." Later, I was told that the letter to my father had been sent on his recommendation. Before coming to Bournemouth, Mr. Newlyn had been secretary to the Guards Club.

The meeting was most satisfactory. Terms were discussed, and I finally signed a contract to provide a band to commence on the following Whit-Monday.

We lunched at the Royal Exeter Hotel—so called, by the way, because it was once the residence of the late Empress of Austria—and I shall never forget the gorgeous Christchurch salmon, a dish fit for the "gods." It was fresh from the River Avon, crimped and served in a manner that would have satisfied the most fastidious epicure.

My band consisted of thirty performers, and included enough "double-handed" players to furnish a small string section to play in the Winter Gardens Pavilion, while the remainder was employed on the pier as a military (wind) band. Such was the humble beginning of the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra. I still continued my London engagements, conducting at Bournemouth once or twice a week.

We made our debut at the Winter Gardens on the afternoon of May 22nd, and up to half-past five the turnstiles recorded that five thousand people had paid for admission. Expressions of approval were heard on all sides and as one local paper stated, the new band seemed to have "caught on." It is interesting to recall that at this period the band wore a uniform consisting of discarded "artillery cadet" uniforms. Later, the Corporation

provided a uniform, to which was applied the appropriate description of " glorified smoking jackets." These have long been discarded, but some of the original wearers are still with us.

The first programme was as follows :

March	" The Standard Bearer " ..	*Fahrbach*
Overture	" Raymond " ..	*Thomas*
Valse	" Je t'aime " ..	*Waldteufel*
Ballet Music.. ..	" Rosamunde " ..	*Schubert*
Russian Mazurka ..	" La Czarine " ..	*Ganne*
Entr'acte	" La Colombe " ..	*Gounod*
Selection	" The Gondoliers " ..	*Sullivan*

In September, 1893, the Band of H. M. Grenadier Guards, under the conductorship of my father, Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, was engaged for a visit and gave two concerts at the Winter Gardens. Afterwards my father stayed to hear the performance of my own band, and I can remember with what trepidation I awaited his opinion.

For the winter season a small " double-handed " orchestra of twenty-four was retained, several members of which had been in the military band. This combination was principally for indoor performances.

The following summer (1894), I relinquished my various London engagements and became resident Musical Director to the Bournemouth Corporation, and, incidentally, of the first actual *permanent* municipal orchestra formed in the United Kingdom.

One appointment, however, which I was kindly allowed to retain, was the position of Musical Adviser to " Constantinople in London " at Olympia. For this purpose I paid weekly visits to town to see that all was in order. My duties consisted of various interviews and enquiries and pleasant luncheons with Montague Gluckstein. I have very happy recollections of these days, and certainly never wish to serve more just employers than Messrs. Lyons and Gluckstein and their associates.

During the winter season of 1894, the experiment of utilising a *military band* of eighteen players only, for both indoor and outdoor duty, was tried without success, consequently the *orchestra* of the previous winter was restored and " Classical " concerts were given every Tuesday afternoon.

In the summer of 1895, the band was increased to thirty-three performers, and it was decided to retain the same throughout the following winter. This served to strengthen the indoor section and paved the way for the establishment of the now well-known

series of Symphony Concerts. These are now (1923-24) in their twenty-ninth season and have been given throughout the whole period without a break, the total up to date being one thousand six hundred and thirty-five.

The first forty concerts were so splendidly supported by the public that a supplementary series of twenty was added, and the sixty concerts served to cover the complete season from October to May.

In 1896, I was appointed General Manager of the Winter Gardens, which duty I carried out, concurrently with my work of Musical Director, until May, 1923, when, at my request, a Business Manager was appointed to relieve me of part of the responsibilities.*

In January, 1897, by rare good fortune, Mr. August Manns paid a visit to the town and very kindly consented to conduct performances of two symphonies, which were great favourites of his—Schubert's C Major and Schumann's D Minor.

In order to get the best out of the orchestra, he asked me to send to his hotel the band parts of the symphonies. These he marked with his directions—a task which must have taken hours.

The veteran musician, who afterwards became Sir August Manns, was knighted in 1904 in recognition of his splendid work as conductor of the Crystal Palace Orchestra. After his visit he wrote me a very encouraging letter, congratulating me on the efficiency of the orchestra, and suggesting the addition of another viola and double bass, which were, in response to this recommendation, provided by the Corporation.

On March 1st, 1897, the one hundredth Symphony Concert was given, when Tchaikovski's " Symphonie Pathetique " was played for the first time in Bournemouth. This event marked the close of the first epoch in the development of municipal music in the town.

The question of adopting the so-called low pitch (which approximates to the French standard) was considered for a long time. This useful reform had already been accomplished by Henry Wood, at the Queen's Hall, and Granville Bantock, at Birmingham. Fortunately in May, 1909, I was able to persuade the Corporation to advance the money for the new instruments necessary, this being repaid—less one-third as bonus—in instalments by the musicians. The orchestra was thus brought into line with the prevailing standard and uniformity secured. This was a great advantage, because the employment of high pitch was a continual source of

* I have resumed the control as from March 31, 1924, at the request of the Council.

A Jovial Municipal Band Outing, 1896.

p. 74.

trouble and inconvenience, and adversely affected the performance of concerted and vocal music.

Another important development occurred in May, 1912, when a separate military band was established on my recommendation. This relieved the double-handed members of the orchestra from the strain of having to play during the summer season in the dual capacity on the pier and at the Winter Gardens—always an unsatisfactory arrangement. The old inefficient system of " double-handed " players was thus done away with, and the complete orchestra is now available for the pier performance on each morning (except Wednesday) during the summer season. The efficiency of the orchestral performances has consequently increased, and in addition there is more time for rehearsal—as the military band performs the pier duties during the winter—which is all to the good.

This military band, which, with one or two intervals, has continued ever since, was first conducted by Mr. P. Dardani, an original member of the orchestra, and afterwards by Mr. Douglas Gordon. To-day it plays under the able direction of Captain W. A. Featherstone, formerly bandmaster of the Irish Rifles.

The regular series of orchestral concerts carried on without a break from 1895 during the winter season, has practically remained unchanged as far as the Symphony Concert is concerned.

Since the winter season of 1912, the character of the Monday afternoon classical concerts has been subjected to some variation, and the term " Popular " substituted for that of " Classical."

The distinguished feature of the present day Thursday afternoon Symphony Concert is the performance of a symphony, a concerto, and an overture, together with a novelty item, the programme lasting an hour and a half (in my opinion quite long enough to sustain close interest). At the Monday concert, music of a lighter kind is given. In this way the distinction between the two is maintained and the prestige of the long-established Thursday Symphony Concerts as premier event of the week is preserved.

Nor have the needs of the ever-increasing band of music students been neglected. Time after time programmes are given to illustrate the " Operatic Overture," the " Concert Overture," " Evolution of the Ballet," the " Dance," and the " Symphony."

National music has not been overlooked in programmes of " British," " German," " Scandinavian," " Russian," " Italian," and " French " examples.

Vocal numbers are introduced into most of the programmes

except during the Symphony Concerts; while various entertainers, actors, and actresses have from time to time given special performances, or have appeared on " Popular " occasions.

Concerts are now given daily on the pier in the summer, and in the Pavilion of the Winter Gardens, and these activities, together with those of the military band, provide regular employment for between sixty and seventy musicians.

After much discussion and overcoming local prejudices, Sunday Concerts were instituted in 1921. These are now given during ten months of the year (July to May), and fulfil a much-needed popular want.

Of the more important works performed a summary will be found in the appendix. Our repertoire is an extensive one. Last season, 1922-23, for example, we not only gave such standard works as the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Ninth Symphonies of Beethoven (the last without the choral finale); the four of Brahms; three of Mozart; two of Dvorak; one of Schumann, and two of Tchaikovski, but also modern works such as: the " Colour Symphony " (Bliss); Bantock's " Hebredean " Symphony; MacEwen's " Solway Symphony "; " Prelude to Philip II." (Goossens); and " The Lark Ascending " (Vaughan Williams).

As examples of educative programmes, we have given: " The Evolution of the Overture, from Glück to Humperdinck "; " The Evolution of the Ballet, from Beethoven (' Prometheus ') to Borodine (' Prince Igor ') "; Musical Portraits of Famous Characters, e.g., Berlioz's " Rob Roy "; Litolff's " Robespierre "; William Wallace's " Villon "; and " Shakespearian Characters."

In order to forge a link in the development of musical appreciation between these high-class Symphony Concerts and those at which the lightest of popular music is given, it has been our custom at the Monday " Popular " Concerts to offer schemes of the following type:

Finale of a Haydn Symphony.
The Slow Movement from Mozart's E Flat Symphony.
The Allegretto from Beethoven's Seventh.
One Movement of Schubert's " Unfinished."
Scherzo from Mendelssohn's " Scotch."
Largo from Dvorak's " New World " Symphony.
The last movement of Brahm's Symphony in D.

Critics may call this a series of " snippets," but I have found

that these concerts have always been well attended by those people who have felt the complete Symphony Concerts were a trifle too heavy for them.

Some of the members of the first band were Walter J. Evans, leader ; A. S. Lewis, bassoon ; and P. Bottiglieri, who only recently retired from the orchestra and is now a member of the military band. Lewis still remains in the orchestra. Walter Evans continued to be principal violin until July, 1896 (when he was succeeded by Frederick King-Hall), having worked up an excellent connection as a teacher of the violin, which was more remunerative than his municipal position. Later he became a member of the Town Council for a short time. During the war he served in India with the 7th Hants as bandmaster. To-day he is the popular proprietor of Durley Dean Hydro. Associated with him in the early days of the orchestra was F. D. Byng to whom I have already referred in the account of my student days at the R.C M. P. Dardani was also an early member and remained with us for twenty-five years.

A. Buckingham, E. C. Winslade, H. Fawcett and A. Trevisone joined in 1895, when the band was increased, and are still members.

One of the best-known members of the orchestra was W. Byrne, who retired in 1921, and who for twenty-eight years gave immense pleasure to thousands with his xylophone solos, and his extraordinary mastery of the percussion instruments. On his farewell appearance he presented me with a neat baton, part of a flagstaff which my father had given him many years before during the American Tour to make into drum sticks. This flagstaff had been presented to my father during his visit to Boston in 1898. It bore a device consisting of the combined flag of Great Britain and the United States and was supposed to be a complimentary reference to the discussion of an alliance between the two countries.

In his short valedictory speech to the audience Byrne paid me a spontaneous compliment which I deeply appreciated, when in his bluff and hearty way he gave his opinion of me in the following manner : " He's hot stuff, but he's *just !* "

Several players who have left the orchestra have obtained important positions as the result of their experience in Bournemouth. Jacques Renard joined the Crystal Palace Orchestra, and later succeeded W. H. Squire as principal cellist at the Queen's Hall ; he is now in New York. J. Zeelander joined the Hammerstein Opera Company as principal cello ; P. Gerhardt (oboe),

and U. Savolini (bassoon) went to the New York Symphony Orchestra ; T. W. Petre became one of the original members of the London String Quartet ; E. S. Redfern was appointed principal flute at the Royal Italian Opera, while Arthur H. Wood (flute) is to-day conductor of the Daly's Theatre Orchestra and is regarded as one of the most capable musical directors in London. He is also the composer of some excellent light music.

Of those who remain, I should like to mention Bertram Lewis who succeeded King-Hall in 1919; N. Morrell (principal second violin) ; Theo de la Riviere (principal viola) ; H. Wolters and Mozart Allan (principal cellos) ; A. E. Twinn (principal double bass) ; Jean and Pierre Gennin (flautists) ; J. Craen (oboe) ; F. W. Egerton, (cor anglais) ; L. Chapman (first bassoon) ; L. Van Ingh (first clarinet) ; A. Trevisone (first horn), our oldest member, who has never missed a Symphony Concert ; W. M. Pearce, who enjoys well-deserved popularity because of his cornet solos ; W. de Coninck (principal trombone), late of the Scottish Orchestra ; E. King (bass drum and cymbals) ; and W. Bennett, Jun., who succeeded W. Byrne and bids fair to emulate his predecessor's great success with the tympani and xylophone.

On several occasions we have been favoured with visits from Royalty.

On January 17th, 1903, H.R.H. the Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyle), accompanied by the Duke of Argyle and the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, attended a special concert at the Winter Gardens. Her Royal Highness was received by the Mayor (Alderman J. Elmes Beale), and a special programme, which included several items at the request of the Princess, was rendered by the orchestra. She graciously expressed her delight with the performance and requested the repetition of two numbers.

The programme consisted of the " Pomp and Circumstance " March in D, and " Salut d'Amour " (Elgar) ; Tchaikovski's " 1812 " Overture ; " Reminiscences of Scotland " (F. Godfrey) ; " Songs Without Words " (Mendelssohn), and " Whistling Rufus " (Mills). The two last items were played by special desire of the Princess. On this occasion also, the Countess of Malmesbury played a violin solo.

H.S.H. Princess Henry of Pless appeared as vocalist at Mr. Charles Fletcher's benefit concert in March of the same year.

In December, 1905, the Landgrave of Hesse visited Bournemouth and attended five concerts at the Winter Gardens. He expressed his great pleasure in hearing works which had not been performed elsewhere, and announced his intention to visit us again

the following spring. This visit occurred in February, when a special Orchestral Concert was given under His Serene Highness's patronage. A "Marche Triomphale" and an orchestral version of Beethoven's Quartet in F by the Landgrave were included in the programme.

In December, 1907, the German Emperor's yacht *Hohenzollern* anchored off Netley during his temporary residence at Highcliffe Castle, six miles from Bournemouth. He offered the services of his band to play at the Winter Gardens on condition that the proceeds were devoted to German hospitals. I was invited to go on board the yacht to make the necessary arrangements for this visit and even to-day I can recall the trying journey in a closed pinnace tossed about by a choppy sea. Of an officer the following tale was told recently.

During one of the Emperor's visits to Norway, his officers were forbidden to cycle on board the *Hohenzollern*. This order was disobeyed, and the offender was reprimanded by the Kaiser in such an insulting manner that the indignant officer struck him. For this impetuous action he was condemned to death, a sentence which was, however, not carried out. But later he was taken to a precipice and *allowed* to ride over and the news was circulated that he had committed suicide. A monument has since been erected on the spot where the ill-fated officer went to his death.

During his stay at Highcliffe the Emperor paid a visit to Christchurch Priory where his name may be seen in the visitors' book. He only came to Bournemouth on one occasion when his motor was guided down to the Undercliffe Drive. This drive was then only a quarter of a mile in length, and when he found that his car had to turn and return the same way, this offence to his Imperial dignity so enraged him that he did not spare either his chauffeur or the other occupants in his outburst of vituperation.

The Mayor of Bournemouth (Alderman Bridge) called on him at Highcliffe in order to offer the services of the Municipal Orchestra. But he was most unceremoniously treated, and was not granted the courtesy of an interview.

I remember, however, the friendliness and geniality of Herr Franz Pollinger, the bandmaster. He was a good fellow, and I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with him when I was at Bergen in 1911, on the *Midnight Sun*, spending one of my holidays. I recall the impression made on my shipmates when, in response to my message, and resplendent in his gorgeous uniform, he paid me a call.

Bournemouth's first musical festival, under the auspices of a private committee, took place in May, 1897 and was conducted by Mr. August Manns and myself. Included in the programme were Gounod's "Redemption" and "The Ode to St. Cecilia's Day" by Hubert Parry. The honorary secretary was Mr. John B. M. Camm, whose acquaintance I first made about this time. He was a man of independent means, whose career had been very romantic. Starting as Cornet of Horse in the Lancers, he left the service to join the Church of England and became Rector of Cerne Abbas in Dorset. Afterwards he went over to the Church of Rome, and, on his retirement, settled down in Bournemouth.

He had previously been a regular visitor to the celebrated Crystal Palace Concerts, which, except for those of the Philharmonic Society, the Ganz and the Richter, were, at that time, the only orchestral concerts where really good music could be heard in London.

When he came to live in Bournemouth he transferred his enthusiasm to the Winter Gardens, and it is undoubtedly due to his influence with the Town Council that I was able to build up the reputation of the Municipal Orchestra. From time to time his strong advocacy overcame difficulties, and I am glad to have the opportunity of placing on record my sincere gratitude for the great interest he took in my work, right down to the time of his death in 1915. He had been in the habit of wintering in Monte Carlo, but the lure of our Symphony Concerts eventually kept him here where the sun is not always so consistent in its behaviour.

The appreciation of Brahms' Symphonies in Bournemouth is largely due to the enthusiasm of Mr. Camm, who regarded the great master as his favourite composer. I shall never forget the look of amazement on his face when Mr. T. W. Surette, in a lecture on these works, related a story of a lady who, when asked if she liked Brahms, replied, "What *are* Brahms?"

For several years it has been our custom to give the four Brahms Symphonies at least once in each season, and they all possess the same magnetic attraction as Beethoven's C Minor and Tchaikovski's "Pathetique." During one of these performances a lady in the audience who had not looked at her programme asked if the composer were conducting. "No," was the reply, "he is *decomposing*."

Mr. Camm possessed a wonderful library of orchestral scores which he placed at my disposal and later, through me, presented to the town where it is now housed in the Public Library at the Lansdowne. With the exception of the Watson Library in

Manchester it is probably the finest collection of its kind in the country. I should like also to express my appreciation of the interest the Chief Librarian, Mr. Charles Riddle, has shown in the arrangement of the collection, but it is a matter for regret that the Libraries' Committee has not been able to devote part of its funds to keeping the list of scores up to date by the inclusion of the best modern works.

The programme of the second musical festival, which was held in April 1898, again under private auspices, included the "Fifth Suite" of Edward German—conducted by the composer, Sullivan's "Golden Legend," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Handel's "Messiah," and Schubert's "Song of Miriam." Another interesting performance of the same year was that of Tchaikovski's "Manfred" Symphony, which was given in December by an orchestra of sixty-three performers in celebration of the two-hundredth Symphony Concert.

Annual festival concerts of this kind were held until 1910. In July of that year the orchestra was called upon to take part in the celebration of Bournemouth's centenary. The first concert was attended by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London in full state, the Mayor and Mayoress of Bournemouth, and several provincial mayors with their retinues. The programme was unique in the history of British music and representative works were conducted by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Edward Elgar, and Mr. Edward German. As the prologue, Sullivan's "Macbeth" overture was played under my direction.

Other concerts followed at which appeared Melba, Agnes Nicholls, Pachmann, the Royal Welsh Male Voice Choir and others. The outdoor music was supplied by the band of the Coldstream Guards conducted by Dr. (later Lieut.-Col.) Mackenzie Rogan.

A souvenir list of works compiled by the late James Lewis and issued in connection with the centenary, disclosed the fact that no less than 910 concerts had been given and 1,263 works performed up to that date. In these, 308 composers of various nationalities were represented, including 129 British; 47 German, Bavarian and Austrian; 30 French, Belgian and Dutch; 17 Russian; 17 Bohemian, Polish and Hungarian; 12 Norwegian, Swedish, Danish and Finnish, and 11 Italian.

Miss Margaret Cooper also appeared at the British Music Concert, and Sir Hubert Parry asked me why on earth I had included her. I replied: "To give more variety." But this

was not the whole truth. I wanted to make sure of a good audience, for I knew that British music even in 1910 was not a sure magnet, and that Margaret Cooper's well-merited popularity would guarantee a " full house " and welcome for our leading composers.

The Bournemouth Centenary was not a financial success, and heavy calls were made on the guarantors, mainly owing to the expenses incurred at the aviation display during which the Hon. C. S. Rolls was killed. It is gratifying to record, however, that the concerts given at the Winter Gardens and the Fêtes in Meyrick Park returned good profits.

On the afternoon of May 15th, 1911, the Municipal Orchestra gave a concert at the Crystal Palace, in connection with the Festival of Empire. A thoroughly representative programme of British Music was presented, which included :

" Imperial " March	*Elgar*
" Macbeth Overture "	*Sullivan*
" The Wand of Youth " (Second Suite)	*Elgar*
Symphonic Variations	*Parry*
" Cushendall " Song Cycle, Conducted by the Composer, with Mr. Plunket Greene as Soloist	*Stanford*
" Welsh Rhapsody "	*German*
Scherzo from " Scandinavian " Symphony	*Cowen*
" Yellow Jasmine " from " Language of Flowers " Suite ..	*Cowen*
(*a*) " Hampstead Heath "	
(*b*) Air de Ballet, " La Savannah "	*Mackenzie*

An interesting event took place on May 15, 1911, when I was invited to a dinner held at the Criterion Restaurant, London. The signatories to the invitation comprised practically all the leaders and rank and file of British composers, and the occasion was unique in the annals of British Music. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Frederick Cowen, and Mr. Edward German with Mr. William Wallace as honorary secretary, undertook the arrangements. Among the guests were the Mayor of Bournemouth—Alderman C. Hunt, and the Chairman of the Winter Gardens Committee —Alderman J. C. Webber.

The Bournemouth *Echo* reported the proceedings as follows :

> " The toast of the Guest of the Evening was proposed by Sir Alexander Mackenzie—who presided—and was spoken to by Sir Hubert Parry and Sir Charles Stanford. Apart

GROUP OF CONDUCTORS AT THE BOURNEMOUTH CENTENARY, 1910.

Front Row (left to right): Sir Edward Elgar, Dan Godfrey, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Charles Stanford. *Back Row*: Edward German, Sir C. Hubert Parry.

p. 82.

from the references of a personal nature, testimony was given as to the status and efficiency of the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra and with this came an endorsement of the spirited policy so long and consistently pursued by the Municipality. This occasion was a memorable one, and in the words of Sir Charles Stanford : ' Mr. Dan Godfrey had proved himself to be the greatest friend of the British composer since the days of the late dear Manns, and no greater compliment could be paid to him than this.' "

In August, 1912, Lieut. (later Sir Ernest) Shackleton's ship, the *Nimrod,* put into Bournemouth on its return from the Antarctic. I was invited to meet the intrepid explorer, who gave permission for the people of Bournemouth to visit the ship, and in the course of a most interesting conversation, characteristic of the man, he asked Alderman Webber, our Chairman, how he could best get to his home at Devizes. Time-tables were looked up, but the trains were found to be unsuitable, so I offered to take him in my motor-car (at that time I could afford the luxury) ; so in company with my wife and daughter we set off. During the journey Shackleton gave us the benefit of many experiences, making comparisons of the comfort he was enjoying with his conditions of twelve months before 'midst the ice and snow. On the way back I took a wrong turning in the dark at Shrewton, and suddenly found myself within three feet of the gate of a farm, and only the prompt putting on of powerful brakes saved us from what might have been disaster.

On May 21st, 1914, the " Coming of Age " of the orchestra was celebrated at the Winter Gardens. The proceedings opened with a luncheon at which the following musicians were present : Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Hubert Parry, Dr. Vaughan Williams, Mr. Edward German, Dr. Maclean, Mr. George Riseley, and Signor Bertini, who, it will be remembered, was the conductor of the first Corporation Band in Bournemouth. The Mayor was in the chair, supported by the Winter Gardens Committee and other members of the Council.

Sir Hubert Parry, in the course of his reply to the toast of " Our Guests," said that Bournemouth had done more for music, particularly British music, than any other place in the country ; and Mr. Edward German, in proposing my health, made several kind references.

At the concert in the afternoon, the following programme was given :

" Song of Thanksgiving " .. .. *Mackenzie*
" The Little Pigs " Overture and Minuet from the " Archanians of Aristophanes " .. .. .. *Parry*
" Valse Gracieuse " from Symphonic Suite .. .. *German*
" Norfolk Rhapsody " (First Performance of Revised Version) *Vaughan Williams*

(Conducted by the respective composers.)

Academic Festival Overture .. .. *Brahms*
Prelude " L'Après-midi d'un Faune " .. .. .. *Debussy*
Fantasia " Fireworks " .. .. *Stravinsky*

(Conducted by myself.)

At the close of the concert gold medals were presented to the distinguished conductors in commemoration of the occasion.

Then the Mayor—Dr. McCalmont Hill—presented me with an illuminated address, a silver salver, and a cheque, on behalf of many patrons and friends, and a handsome gold medallion from the members of the orchestra and the staff of the Winter Gardens. A gold and platinum wristlet watch was presented to my wife.

Medals were also presented to the members of the orchestra : gold ones to those who had served twenty years. An interesting personal interlude was a similar presentation to my son, Dan Godfrey, Jun., who, by a happy coincidence, was also celebrating his " coming of age " that day.

The honorary secretaries of the presentation committee were Mr. Arthur Bernard Curtis and Mr. S. Hyla Greaves, with Mr. John B. M. Camm as Honorary Treasurer.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in the course of his remarks at this meeting, commented on the fact that other towns had followed largely in the wake of Bournemouth owing to the progress in musical education and the consequent demand for high-class orchestras.

" To you, at least," he added, " this fact in itself is an achievement for most sincere congratulations. The extraordinary catalogue of music which has been performed under Mr. Godfrey's direction is something to be proud of.

" It is a matter of common knowledge that he has done more, much more, than his mere duty to his colleagues, the British composers, and once more we desire to acknowledge our most heartfelt thanks for it."

Congratulatory telegrams were received from Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Edward Elgar, and others.

At a special meeting of the Council on July 7th, 1914, the Right Worshipful the Mayor (Dr. McCalmont Hill) in the chair, the following minute of the Pier, Winter Gardens and Band Committee of June 16th, was unanimously approved and adopted by the Council :

(*Copy.*)

"THE MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA.

"The Committee desire to record their high appreciation of the celebrations which took place recently commemorating the completion of the twenty-first year of the work of the Municipal Orchestra under the very able leadership of Mr. Dan Godfrey.

"They feel that the celebrations fitly expressed the regard and esteem in which the Musical Director and Orchestra are held, not only in Bournemouth, but in the musical world generally, and congratulate Mr. Godfrey on the deservedly high encomiums expressed by eminent English composers on the success which has marked his work and that of the orchestra from its inception—a success which, apart from his qualifications and ability as a musician, has to a large extent been due to his efficient administration.

(Signed) "HERBERT ASHLING,
"Town Clerk."

One of the most lovable personalities in the municipal life of Bournemouth was the late Dr. H. S. McCalmont Hill. He became mayor at the end of 1911, and shared with Alderman J. Elmes Beale and Alderman G. E. Bridge the distinction of serving in the office of chief citizen for three consecutive years. These years covered a period when Bournemouth was thrusting itself ahead with marked rapidity as a health and pleasure resort. Improvement was following upon improvement in quick succession, and although credit for this progress was not wholly Dr. Hill's, since schemes which materialised during his mayoralty had been maturing for years past, his share of the credit was a very considerable one. Several important events in the history of our town occurred during his term of office ; the opening of the extension of the Undercliff Drive ; the opening of the Municipal College and Central Public Library adjoining, and, thirdly, the opening of the Law Courts in Stafford Road.

If his mayoralty gave cause for any disappointment to him

at all, it was probably that the new Pavilion scheme had not arrived at a more mature stage during the latter part of his term as mayor. But, of course, the historic happenings of August, 1914, dispelled any further hopes in this connection. With the exception of Alderman Cartwright at a later date, the Pavilion has had no more devout sympathiser than Dr. Hill during the long period which has elapsed since it was first discussed.

I have already referred to his genial personality. This characteristic he displayed in all his dealings with his fellow-men, both in public and private life, and his sympathy and support for any scheme which aimed at the development of municipal music was always a source of great satisfaction to me. For several years after his mayoralty he continued to serve the town in many ways, and it was with the universal regret of his fellow-citizens that he left it in 1918. His name will always remain an honoured one in the civic and other circles of Bournemouth where, for all too brief a period, he was such a beloved figure.

We little thought in those happy days that the great shadow of war was overhanging. During the terrible period of anxiety in the years that followed, our music was continued without interruption. Of course, every able-bodied man was called up, and when the age-limit was raised in 1917, I submitted myself for examination and was listed Class B. Two of our members were killed : Perkins (a fine double-bass) and Batten (viola), whose jovial personality was much missed by his colleagues. One member, Mouat (violin), gained the D.C.M. The places of the members who were called up were filled with Belgians who were unfit for war service.

On behalf of the Belgian members of the orchestra, and a number of Belgian refugees, M. Craen presented me with a massive silver inkstand with two cut-glass mounted inkwells. Later, a highly eulogistic article appeared in a Belgian paper, complimenting me on my consideration for and help to the Belgian refugees, and in which I was designed : " *Un ami des Belges.*"

There were many thrilling occasions at the Winter Gardens in those days.

Wounded Belgians, who were housed in the town, and our own brave fellows from Cragshead Hospital, had the *entrée* to the Winter Gardens, and it was a great privilege to co-operate with Mr. Arthur T. George in his devoted services in the cause of entertainments for the wounded.

In October, 1914, the First Canadian Brigade arrived on Salisbury Plain. One Saturday evening shortly after, I received a request signed by three Canadian officers, asking if I would play the "Maple Leaf." How to do this puzzled me for a moment, but, remembering that it was in my library as part of a selection rarely performed, I was able to fulfil the request. I gave a few words of explanation to the audience, and the rendering was received with cheers, while the three Canadians stood at the salute.

After the concert they came to my office, and told me that, along with another officer, they formed a vocal quartet, and offered to come over and sing. This I gladly accepted, and on the occasion of their visit they received a tumultuous reception. The quartet consisted of Major Kimmons, who was the first Canadian officer killed in the war; Lieutenant Lodge, who had a beautiful tenor voice; Lieutenant Pequenat, who represented the Canadian Y.M.C.A., and Captain Pembroke.

Several Canadian bands visited us, together with one of their fine male-voice choirs. The New Zealand Engineers also gave entertainments, which included realistic Maori dances.

We made our first acquaintance with "Jazz" when, later, the Americans stayed in the neighbourhood and offered us an entertainment.

As the prospects of a large audience were not great, the Yankees pooh-poohed our methods of advertising and, taking up their stand in the Square, announced their concert to all and sundry by means of a large megaphone.

Some of the first battalions of Kitchener's Army were billeted at Winton, a suburb of Bournemouth, and the Hon. Miss Scott-Murray raised a fund for the supply of drums, fifes and bugles to liven their marches, and asked me to co-operate with her in obtaining the instruments.

Strange to say, the War Office put a veto on this effort, saying that the players could not be allowed time to practice. But three months later Lord Kitchener himself was forced to admit that something more than their own spontaneous whistling was necessary to cheer the men. So we went full speed ahead with our scheme, and it was a joy to see the way in which they marched through the town, heralded by their bands.

As is well-known, music—bands and entertainments—became a great factor in keeping up the *morale* of the troops, and thus played its part in the Great War.

An interesting comment on the war conditions in our town,

which afterwards appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, may be interesting :

> " Most wonderful, however, is Bournemouth's splendid detachment from war panic, when it is remembered how many of the great provincial festivals have been cancelled and how few independent recitals and concerts have been given in London. Bournemouth has quietly and without fuss provided its own quota of eligible fighting men in the nation's crisis. But that epic motto ' Business as usual ' means to Bournemouth also music as usual, and the work done in that direction since the war began is unparalleled in the United Kingdom."

Because of its position, Bournemouth was regarded as being immune from the menace of the air-raids. Nevertheless we had one or two " scares." At one evening concert I was informed by the police to be ready to warn the audience to leave the building quietly, because information had been received from Portsmouth that a German airship was heading for *Swanage*, and might visit Bournemouth *en route*. Nothing happened, however, and it transpired later that " Swanage " should have read " *Swanick*," which is between Portsmouth and Southampton.

On another occasion, during the playing of a soft piece at an afternoon concert, a terrific explosion was heard. This made everyone jump, because it was thought that a bomb had been dropped. However, it turned out to have been the explosion of a mine which had been washed up on the beach.

These are practically the only war happenings we had here, apart from those of sentiment connected with the visits of the Australian, New Zealand and American bands, other incidents that have been related, and matters connected with charitable concerts, etc.

One of the finest personalities ever known in Bournemouth was that splendid specimen of militant Christianity, the late Rev. E. J. Kennedy, Vicar at St. John's, whose work will never be forgotten. His untimely death during the war was universally mourned, whilst on a short leave from his duties as Chaplain to the 7th Division he gave a thrilling lecture to a large audience at the Winter Gardens on the events of the war in its initial stages.

In a position such as mine one has to expect many surprising incidents of various kinds, but one of the most pleasing and affecting was on the occasion of my Silver Wedding, of which I had no

idea that anyone outside my own family circle was aware. It, however, appeared that my secretary, Mr. F. L. Parsons, had (by means of his own) become cognisant of the fact, and imparted the knowledge to one of the leading Symphony Concert supporters, who approached other patrons with a view to the occasion being recognised in a practical manner. The anniversary happened on a Thursday (Symphony Concert day), and immediately after the concert, before I had left the artists' room, Parsons approached me, saying he wished to speak to me privately, and ushered me into the Winter Gardens annexe, where, to my astonishment, were seated a number of subscribers, with Mr. Walter Child-Clark as chairman, who, making a hearty speech of congratulation, handed me the following letter :

Copy.

" Winter Gardens,
" Bournemouth.
" *September 19th*, 1917.

" Dan Godfrey, Esq., Hon. R.A.M.

" DEAR MR. GODFREY,

" To-day is the anniversary of your wedding, and I have been requested by the below-mentioned subscribers to the Bournemouth Symphony Concerts to convey to Mrs. Godfrey and yourself their hearty congratulations and sincere good wishes.

" At the same time, I am to ask you to accept the accompanying Silver Inkstand and Photograph-frames as a small token of their great appreciation of your magnificent work as Director of Music to the Corporation of Bournemouth. Under your able training and conducting the Municipal Orchestra has attained a world-wide reputation and has been a great source of pleasure and enjoyment to many during the past years.

" Will you also kindly accept, on behalf of Mrs. Godfrey, the accompanying silver purse, with their best wishes, hoping that the future may deal with you kindly and you may both be spared to celebrate many anniversaries in the coming years.

" Believe me,
" Yours sincerely,
(Signed) " WALTER CHILD-CLARK.

" On behalf of the Bournemouth Symphony Subscribers."

Here followed a list of the subscribers.

Mr. Walter Child-Clark is a great philanthropist who will always be remembered for his generosity in endowing wards at Boscombe Hospital, etc., to the extent of £20,000. It is interesting

to recall that he commissioned Sir Alexander Mackenzie to write the " Dream of Jubal " for the Liverpool Philharmonic Society.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra occurred during the war, and was celebrated on May 22, 1918. The concert opened with Sullivan's " Overture di Ballo." Then Sir Charles Stanford conducted his own composition, March Funébre and Epilogue, " Verdun," in which the solemn themes and phrases of the Marseillaise were brought out in all their beauty. The vocalist, Miss Carrie Tubb, sang Coleridge-Taylor's " Waiting," " In My Garden," " It was a Lover and His Lass " (Eric Coates), " Who is Sylvia ? " and " I Know Where I Am Going." Mr Edward German conducted his own works, " Valse Gracieuse " and " The Merrymakers' Dance."

Mr. Granville Bantock had promised to conduct his own compositions, but he was prevented by illness. I had to fill his place, and direct his " Coronach " (" Pro Patria Mori "), composed in memory of Lieutenant John E. Kennedy (Seaforths), who died at Loos in 1915 ; and the delightful overture " The Pierrot of the Minute." The programme concluded with Percy Grainger's popular " Shepherd's Hey."

At the close of the concert I was presented by the mayor (Alderman E. E. Bishop) with War Bonds to the value of four hundred pounds in recognition of my quarter of a century's association with Bournemouth.

Congratulatory letters and telegrams were received from, among others, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Frederick Cowen, Sir Henry J. Wood, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr.—now Sir—Landon Ronald, Mr. Granville Bantock and Captain A. Williams, Director of Music of the Grenadier Guards.

After the presentation, Sir Charles Stanford made some very kind remarks about my work and congratulated me on my record of twenty-five years. In the course of his speech he said " that Mr. Edward German would agree with him when he said that he (Mr. Godfrey) was the natural successor of the first man who gave a really useful, patriotic helping hand to English music in this country, viz. Sir August Manns. This he had done by according British music its proper place among other great music, and by not squeezing it out in favour of foreign music."

He also congratulated the committee on having accomplished the very difficult task of keeping the orchestra going in the very trying times of the past four years, and concluded by wishing that the work such as they had done would not only be accomplished in London and other great cities, but all over the country.

GROUP AT 25TH ANNIVERSARY, MAY 22ND, 1918.

Front Row: Mrs. Henry Newlyn, Myself and Wife. Alderman Bishop (Mayor) and Mayoress, Sir Charles Stanford, Alderman and Mrs. Webber.

Standing: Miss Newlyn, Rev. G. A. Johnstone, my daughter Phyllis, Mrs. Henry Robson, Mrs. Johnstone Mr. Hamilton Law, my son Geoffrey.

Back Row: My sons Frank and Dan, and my daughter Joyce.

In the following month, at the June meeting of the Council, I was presented with a handsomely framed and illuminated address as follows :

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BOURNEMOUTH.
At the Quarterly Meeting of the Council held on Tuesday, the 7th day of May, 1918.
Present : The Right Worshipful the Mayor (Alderman Bishop) in the Chair.

It was unanimously resolved :
That the Council tender to
MR. DAN GODFREY, Hon. R.A.M., the Director of Music of the Council and General Manager of the Winter Gardens, their sincere congratulations on the completion by him of twenty-five years' service under the Corporation of Bournemouth as DIRECTOR OF MUSIC and Entertainments, and also an expression of their cordial appreciation of the efficiency and ability with which the duties of an exceptionally difficult position have been uniformly discharged. The Council feel that throughout this period—now a quarter-of-a-century—Mr. Godfrey has invariably subordinated purely personal considerations to the interests of the Music and Entertainments division of the Council's work, and that the gratitude of the Council and Borough is due to him for the eminent position which Bournemouth has attained among these Municipalities of the Kingdom who have fostered Music and a love of Music in the Country. This position may, it is felt, be looked upon as unprecedented in the records of Municipal work, and could not have been reached without such enthusiastic devotion to his art as Mr. Godfrey has always shown—a devotion which has resulted in the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra having earned not only a British but a European reputation as an exponent of the highest expression of Music.

The dual position occupied by Mr. Godfrey as Director of Music and General Director of Entertainments is probably unique in municipal undertakings, and it is the sincere wish of the Council that Mr. Godfrey may have before him many more years which he may devote to the service of the Borough.

Given under the Common Seal this Seventh day of May, Nineteen hundred and Eighteen.

(Signed) ED. E. BISHOP, Mayor.
(Signed) HERBERT ASHLING, Town Clerk.

Our Easter Festival in 1922 was a unique event in the history of British Music as the first organised by a municipality. On this occasion over a dozen British composers conducted their own works, and fourteen British artists contributed to the programmes.

The festival during the first week consisted of :

Two Symphony Concerts. Five Special Concerts.

Two Concerts—Good Friday. Soloist : John Coates.

One Concert—Easter Sunday.

Two Concerts of English Music—Easter Monday—when Dorothy Silk sang songs by Bruch, Holbrooke, Martin Shaw, Purcell, Armstrong Gibbs, C. V. Stanford, etc.

Two " Popular " Concerts, at which such items as the following were given :

Stanford's " Sea Songs " ; Overture " 1812 " ; Percy Grainger's " Shepherd's Hey " ; Eric Coates's suite, " Joyous Youth " ; and " Capriccio Espagnol," by Rimsky-Korsakov.

A Pianoforte Recital by Harold Samuel.

Cinema Travel Talk—" Our Empire "—by Arthur Malden.

A Concert of Light Music—Margaret Cooper and a small orchestra.

And a Fancy Dress Carnival.

The following week the English Ballet appeared ; and on the Wednesday afternoon a concert was held in aid of the Gervase Elwes Memorial Fund, at which the Earl of Shaftesbury and Lady Maud Warrender sang. On the following Saturday afternoon, Albert Coates conducted, and Guilhermina Suggia played the Saint-Säens' Cello Concerto in A Minor, and a suite of Bach.

The conductors during the festival included : Dame Ethel Smyth, D.B.E. ; Sir Edward Elgar, O.M. ; Albert Coates ; Edward German, who conducted a complete evening programme of his works ; Granville Bantock ; Vaughan Williams ; Gustav Holst and Eugene Goossens.

Artists : Carrie Tubb ; Dorothy Silk ; Kirkby Lunn ; John Coates ; Gilbert Bailey ; Edward Dykes ; Marie Hall, solo violin ; Margaret Cooper ; Arnold Trowell, solo cello ; Winifred Christie, Harold Samuel, Stanley Kaye, solo piano ; Selwyn Driver and Foden Williams, entertainers.

The success of the venture was so gratifying that the following year (1923) it was decided to present an enlarged scheme, commencing March 24th and extending until April 28th. This five-weeks' festival was a financial success. Special and other

GROUP OF CONDUCTORS AT FESTIVAL, 1922.

p. 92.

events were given twice each day and on Sunday evenings; at which 157 different works were performed, 93 being British, representing 55 composers, 21 of whom conducted their own works. Twenty-eight vocalists and 23 solo instrumentalists, all of whom —except three—were of British nationality.

Naturally, the first object of our festival was to induce visitors to make a prolonged stay in Bournemouth at Easter, and this was accomplished most successfully, but from an art point of view it has been generally acknowledged that a valuable service has been done to British music by the performance of so many works of importance.

Interesting features were :

Concerts of Old Madrigals, Canzonets and Ballets by The English Singers.

Concert of British Music, including compositions by " The Old Guard of British Music,"—Parry, Mackenzie, Stanford and Cowen.

An Operatic Programme including overture " Mignon " (Thomas) ; " Dance of the Hours " (Ponchielli) ; selection, " La Bohème " (Puccini), etc.

Concert of Light British Music : " A Children's Overture " (Roger Quilter); valsette, " Wood Nymphs " (Eric Coates) ; suite, " Summer Days " (Eric Coates). Conducted by the Composers. St. Paul's Suite for Strings (Gustav Holst).

A Wagner Concert given by the orchestra, which was augmented for the occasion.

Special Concert at which Dame Ethel Smyth and Ethel Scarborough conducted their own compositions.

A Gilbert and Sullivan Concert.

Concert of Works by Bach, Parry and Vaughan Williams given by the Municipal Choir and Orchestra—two hundred performers—and conducted by Sir Hugh Allen.

Sir Henry J. Wood conducted a special programme; and Sir Edward Elgar, Mr. Edward German, Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Sir Frederic Cowen directed their own compositions.

During the past forty years there were several attempts made by Signor La Camera, Dr. Lemare, Mr. E. Howard May (a well-known amateur enthusiast), and others to form choirs to give oratorio in connection with orchestra. From time to time good work was done, notably at the early festivals, but it was not until

the late Madame Cecil Newling formed her choir that anything like a permanent choral society came into existence.

Madame Newling's enthusiasm for choral music deserves the most appreciative remembrance. After her death in April, 1911, the Municipal Choir of 250 voices was formed for the purpose of rendering masterpieces of choral music in conjunction with the Municipal Orchestra.

During the period 1911 to 1920 the duties of chorus-master were shared by Dr. Holloway (1911 to May, 1914, and part of 1917 ; all 1918, and part of 1919) and Mr. T. J. Crawford, Mus. Bac. (from 1914 until he joined up in 1917 ; part of 1919, and the whole of 1920). The Hon. Sec. from 1911 to 1916 was Mr. H. Arthur Kettle, who was succeeded by Mr. A. Cherrett, who still holds the office.

At one time the financial responsibility rested on the Corporation, but, owing to lack of interest among the members, it was found advisable that the management should be in the hands of a committee elected by the choir (chairman, Mr. W. Cooper), and the Municipal Orchestra and the Pavilion should be loaned to the society on advantageous terms. Mr. W. Woodward was the first chorus-master under this new arrangement and held the office from 1921 to 1923, in which year the Choral Society, which had retained the name of Municipal Choir throughout, invited me to take a more active part in its work with Mr. Hadley Watkins as chorus-master and Austin Dewdney as accompanist.

The choir has always had for its ideal the maintenance and improvement of choral music in the borough. Its performances have afforded valuable opportunities to young people to become familiar with, and to cultivate an appreciation of the choral works of the great masters of music ; and the standard of its concerts has contributed to the musical reputation of the town.

The programmes during the last few years have included such well-known works as " The Sleeping Beauty " (Cowen), " The Golden Legend " (Sullivan), " Elijah " (Mendelssohn), " Merrie England " (Edward German), " Towards the Unknown Regions " (Vaughan Williams), " Tom Jones " (Edward German), " A Tale of Old Japan " (Coleridge-Taylor), " Hiawatha " (Coleridge-Taylor), " The Hymn of Praise " (Mendelssohn), " Dream of Gerontius " (Elgar), " Coronation Ode " (Elgar), " John Gilpin " (Cowen), " The Jackdaw of Rheims " (W. H. Speer), " The Redemption " (Charles Gounod), " Samson " (Handel), " The Creation " (Haydn), " The Revenge " (Stanford), " Stabat Mater " (Rossini), " Faust " (Gounod), " The Banner

BOURNEMOUTH MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA, 1924.

of St. George " (Elgar), " North-East Wind " (Cliffe), " Flag of England " (J. F. Bridge), " The Song of Destiny " (Brahms), " Shon Maclean " (H. Bath), " The Challenge " (H. Holloway).

In April last, the choir held a special concert at the Winter Gardens under the conductorship of Sir Hugh Allen in conjunction with the Musical Festival. The performance, also, of Handel's " Messiah " has been a popular feature of the seasonal programmes for many years past.

At the present time it has a membership of 239, comprising 102 sopranos, 74 contraltos, 25 tenors, and 38 basses. Every candidate for membership is subjected to a suitable test.

The programme for 1923-24 consists of:

November 6th: " Faust " (Berlioz).
January 9th: " The Messiah " (Handel).
March 5th: Various smaller Choral works (conducted by Hadley Watkins).
April 30th: " Judith " (Hubert Parry).

The latter work will conclude our third Municipal Festival which will commence on April 17th.

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In October 1903, I visited Berlin to conduct at an International concert in conjunction with the Wagner Festival. Really I went instead of Sir Alexander Mackenzie who had been invited to be the British representative conductor, but who had declined to go because he resented the suggestion that he should shorten his pianoforte concerto for the occasion.

The chief organiser of this festival was Herr Leichner, a wealthy manufacturer and vendor of theatrical cosmetics, who had contributed £5,000 (*then* 100,000 marks) towards the total of £7,500 required for a memorial which had been erected to the great composer.

Unfortunately Leichner and his friends gave great offence to the musical world because they took it upon themselves to issue the invitations and draw up the programmes. Consequently the best German musical authorities withheld their support, because they would not allow dilettantism or the spirit of self advertisement to enter the sacred domain of their art. The Press also was hostile, and the Kaiser declined to unveil the memorial in person but sent his second son, Prince Eitel Fritz, instead. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra also refused to take part.

However, all this did not prevent admirers of Wagner's music in all parts of the world from coming to pay tribute to his memory.

The International concert lasted four-and-a-half hours, so it can be imagined how long and protracted were the rehearsals. I had to hang about for hours before my turn came, and when it did the musicians were too tired to give me adequate response. Four different orchestras took part, each consisting of from ninety to one hundred performers.

Mine was the Berlin "Ton-Künstler Verlein" Orchestra—a scratch combination; and as Elgar's "Cockaigne" Overture, which I conducted, was the trickiest of all works performed, the rendering suffered from insufficient rehearsal.

In spite of this and the fact that there was no description of the piece in the programme for the guidance of the audience, it was well received and I had a double recall.

Eight foreign conductors were present at this concert, and included besides myself: Chevillard (France), Halvorsen (Scandinavia), Vigna (Italy), Wienogradski and Wladimiroff (Russia), and Pohlig (Germany). Moskowski was to have represented Spain, and Stillman Kelly, America, but both withdrew, owing to unsatisfactory rehearsals of their works.

I remember how screamingly funny it was to see the foreign conductors alternately embracing each other in the artists' room after their performances. Thank Heaven I was spared that compliment.

One outstanding incident during the festival was the remarkable performance of "Die Meistersinger" conducted by Richard Strauss at the Opera, in which he was assisted by the splendid Philharmonic Choir. This was given without the usual cuts and lasted no less than three hours and twenty minutes.

Equally prolonged was the banquet at the close of the festival. It was held in the Wintergarten and lasted *five hours!* This was because long speeches were interspersed between the courses instead of, as is the rule in England, eating first and talking afterwards.

Gold medals to commemorate the occasion were presented to us all.

At the subsequent reception in the Thier Garten—the magnificent Hyde Park of Berlin—I was introduced to Prince Eitel Fritz, who asked me if I was fond of Wagner's music and if I played it often.

On the morning of the last day of the celebrations an historical concert of sacred music was given by the choir of the Cathedral

at the Sing Akademie, and in the evening a Wagner Concert at the Royal Opera House conducted by Such.

. . . . . .

The association of my father and myself with the Fancy Dress Balls at Covent Garden lasted from 1894 to 1914. During this unbroken period of twenty years the orchestra of some sixty to eighty performers was a curious combination, especially adapted for sonorous effect. There were : 12 1st violins; 4 C clarinets playing violin parts; 4 2nd violins; 4 violas; 2 cellos; 2 bassoons playing cello parts; 4 double basses; 2 tubas playing bass parts; 1 flute; 3 piccolos; no oboes; 4 clarinets; 2 bassoons; 6 cornets; 5 trombones; 2 horns; 2 pianos; 2 harps; 4 drums.

It was the invariable practice of my father, and later of myself, to employ only Britishers in this band. When his health began to fail in 1902, I was permitted to act as his deputy on several occasions; and when he died the following year, the Corporation of Bournemouth kindly granted me permission to accept the engagement as his successor, and so another feature was added to my already busy life.

Usually I would travel up to London on the Friday afternoon, spend a quiet evening at the Savage Club, or attend a concert or theatre, conduct the orchestra at the ball from midnight till 4 a.m., catch the 5.50 from Waterloo, and arrive at Bournemouth 9 a.m. Then I would attend a rehearsal and conduct the afternoon and evening concerts at the Winter Gardens. I need hardly say I got very little sleep, and such a strain nowadays would be impossible.

Many interesting incidents occurred at these balls which were given under the able management of Frank Rendle (the well-known manufacturer of glass roofing), whose partner in these affairs, until his untimely death by drowning, was Neil Forsyth, the general manager of the Grand Opera Syndicate.

I received many kindnesses from them and from Percy Eales, now the Opera Syndicate's general manager, with whom I often had a quiet supper. How gorgeous were the processions prior to the adjudications of the fancy dresses which were a feature of the assembly ! I met many well-known men there, including Colonel Samson Fox of Salvage Corps fame; and Willie Clarkson who was always prominent amongst the most enthusiastic dancers.

At that time the Covent Garden Balls were much favoured by the gilded youth of town, and more than once were the scene of

good-humoured "rags." One night, however, the eve of the departure of a battalion of the Guards for Egypt, some young officers ran riot and there were some nasty tussles with the police. Fortunately there was a hidden exit towards which the unruly ones were unceremoniously hustled.

The usual thing after the ball was to adjourn to Hummum's for breakfast, until the licensing laws, which forbade the opening of a restaurant before 8 a.m. prevented it.

The war put an end to this great feature of social life in London.

. . . . . .

My musical activities outside Bournemouth have naturally been somewhat restricted, but I have happy recollections of professional visits, notably to Birmingham and South Wales.

In January, 1904, I received an invitation to conduct for Mr. George Halford at his orchestral concerts in Birmingham, and on two occasions I have adjudicated at the great Midland Competitive Festival held in that town on the invitation of Granville Bantock.

Some years later I again visited Birmingham when I lectured to the Civic Society on "Music as an Essential Part of Education."

In 1908 I was honoured by being asked to accept the position of President of the Bournemouth Art and Literary Society and for my presidential address gave a lecture on "The Orchestra" with illustrations by members of the Municipal Orchestra.

. . . . . .

The question of allowing the orchestra to tour the country has frequently been discussed at Council Meetings, but, in spite of the fact that this would be a splendid advertisement for Bournemouth, permission has only been granted once—in 1919—when we spent ten days touring South Wales and the West of England. Our first engagement was at Pontypridd, where we stayed a week performing in the Town Hall which was leased by Mr. E. Rogers.

Owing to the railway strike we travelled by motor char-a-banc, leaving Bournemouth at 10 a.m. The journey was quite an adventure. We had several breakdowns and the driver lost his way in a fog, so we did not reach our destination until 2.30 the following morning, when our tired spirits were cheered by the rousing welcome of an enthusiastic band of Welshmen. We played to 24,000 people in eight days, giving concerts twice

nightly. We gave a Symphony Concert on the Thursday afternoon. A different programme was given every evening and we were assisted by Marie Novello and Ivor Foster—both Welsh—and Charles Tree. It was a time of prosperity at the collieries and the miners came from miles around to hear us.

I nearly missed one performance. On our way back from Cardiff where Mr. Rogers and I had spent the day, our car broke down. There was nothing else to do but trudge to the nearest station—one-and-a-half miles away—only to miss the train by a few minutes. It was then half-past six and we were still about six miles from Pontypridd. Fortunately a passing motorist kindly gave us a lift and we arrived, tired and hungry, but in time for the opening.

Some of the heartiest applause we received at the Symphony Concert came from the police-sergeant on duty in the hall—a unique instance of the unbending of the majesty of the law from its proverbial dignity. He met me the next day and told me how much he had enjoyed the " Unfinished Symphony " of Schubert.

This was one of the most appreciative audiences to which I have ever played.

During our daily walks we were greeted by all sorts of people, especially the " working " classes, who frequently made very enlightening remarks on our performances.

I thought I was doing the right thing by giving as the opening performance a programme of old Welsh music. But probably owing to the familiarity of the items it was not too well received. In fact, the only Welsh features which appealed to the audience were the singing of " Land of My Fathers " and the rendering of Edward German's virile treatment of " Men of Harlech " in his " Welsh Rhapsody."

The Welsh are undoubtedly very clannish, and are, by nature, fonder of music than any other section of people in the British Isles. But it is such a pity that, with very few exceptions, only the old programmes are given, and no attempt is made to break into new ground. A noteworthy exception, I remember, was the performance of the Pontypridd choir under Mr. Walter Evans, who is a promising composer and who infused a charming and virile personality into his choir.

There is no novelty in giving the same thing over and over again, and audiences will not be attracted unless the programmes are more varied. As a rule there is intense enthusiasm, good voice production, and beautiful *mezzo-voce* singing, but at times, however, there is a distinct muddiness in the basses.

Wales's calamity is the lack of instrumental music, which perhaps accounted for our visit being so popular.

An attempt to improve this state of affairs has been made by the inclusion, through the generosity of Lord Howard de Walden, of the London Symphony Orchestra at the Eisteddfod. But this is not sufficient, and I only wish the Bournemouth authorities would allow our orchestra to make periodical seven-day tours through the chief towns of Wales. In this way, two objects would be achieved—one, the love for orchestral music would be greatly increased; and secondly, it would add to the number of visitors to Bournemouth.

To the Welsh music-loving public, with its taste formulated almost exclusively in choral music, the playing of the orchestra came as a vitalising influence which was almost in the nature of a revelation. No community can afford to neglect or remain ignorant of the great masterpieces of orchestral literature. These works are the most perfect demonstration of that principle which finds expression in beauty of form, in symmetrical ordering of parts, and logical sequence.

Music is a many-sided art and one which demands all-round knowledge for its due appreciation. It is gratifying to know that Sir Walford Davies, by the establishing of orchestras and the performance of orchestral music, is affording a practical and much-needed demonstration of the fact that facility in choral music, which hitherto has been the distinctive feature of Welsh musical activity, is not, by itself, sufficient.

Wales will only come into her own, musically, when she realises that there is a far wider outlook than that which finds its expression in the stereotyped form of the old oratorios.

I have often been asked how I account for the facility which seems to be the special characteristic of choralism in Wales.

In conversation with an experienced choir conductor I elicited the interesting fact that the Welshman's gift for singing is far more a matter of temperament than of physique. To this characteristic quality, which is always in the ascendant, may be attributed the magnetic inspiration which has been traditionally associated with Welsh song. Enthusiasm, which is a spiritual force, is one of the characteristic traits of Celtic temperament. This racial endowment, however, brings danger in its train, and many a premier Welsh Choir has suffered defeat in the competitive arena from sheer inability to control its superabundance of emotional expression.

In the South of England such a danger does not exist, because

the pendulum swings to the extreme opposite direction. Enthusiasm there is most conspicuous by its absence. With a temperament which is distinctly of a less responsive kind, enthusiasm is a sensitive plant possessing the nature of an exotic, and as such has to be carefully tended and nursed in order to make it effective. We have a Municipal Choir with a singing membership of about 250 voices, and have been making a determined effort to secure efficient representation of municipal choral music of progressive lines. This, it is hoped, will raise the ideas of choralism to the same standard of efficiency which characterises the playing of the Municipal Orchestra.

The increase of knowledge and appreciation of the highest class of music, whether it be instrumental or choral, is an evidence of culture. There is no quicker or surer way of getting to the heart of a composition than by performing it. Likewise, since participation in choral singing is, of necessity, unselfish and creative of sympathy, there is no better medium of musical culture, or one which is more readily available to the community at large, than membership in a well-established choir.

Schumann's advice to all students of music was: "Sing diligently in choirs, especially the middle voices; this will make you musical."

Our final concert at Pontypridd on the Sunday evening was a fitting climax to a happy week, and early on the Monday we left for Cheltenham where, in the afternoon, we gave a concert in conjunction with Miss Marie Hall and Mr. Ben Davies. I was told afterwards that the audience was the largest they had had there for a long time and that seven hundred people had been turned away.

The boys of Cheltenham School were present, having, for the first time on record, been given a half-holiday to hear a concert. Among the many distinguished visitors were Miss Mary Anderson, the famous actress, and Dr. Brewer, of Gloucester Cathedral.

After the concert we packed up and rushed off to catch the train for Weston-super-Mare, changing into evening-dress *en route*. The train was late, so it was 9.15 instead of 8.15, before we were able to open the proceedings. Again the audience was very large, and, under the circumstances, very patient.

The most acceptable items at this concert were Sibelius's "Valse Triste," the "Oberon" Overture, Liszt's "Rhapsody," and selections from the "Symphonie Pathetique" of Tchaikovski.

Much amusement was caused during our first item when the

frail platform on which I stood gave way, but it did not interfere with the continuity of the piece. We returned to Bournemouth the next day.

The Press comments were exceedingly generous, and our visit was the means of bringing many from South Wales and the West of England to Bournemouth. Several of these visitors have expressed the hope that we would go there again, but I am afraid present conditions will not permit it, however much we should like to do so.

In 1919 I conducted at one of the Royal Albert Hall Sunday concerts. The programme consisted of :

" Shepherd Fennel's Dance "	*Balfour Gardner*
Overture, " The Merry Wives of Windsor " ..	.. *Nicolai*
Theme and Six Diversions	*Edward German*
Suite, " Scheherazade "	*Rimski-Korsakov*
Suite, " Three Heroes "	*Howard Carr*
" Hungarian Rhapsody " No. 4	.. *Liszt*

With the exception of two occasions, each holiday during the past twenty years has been spent at Harrogate, where I have frequently conducted at the Royal Hall (formerly called the Kursaal) : so far the finest Municipal Concert Hall in the Kingdom. My visits there have been made particularly pleasurable owing to the kindness of Mr. W. H. Breare, who I consider to be one of the finest " voice builders " in the country ; his books on vocal technique are most valuable, and have gone far and wide. If he were only younger, and had not been so busy with his journalistic work (he was editor of the *Harrogate Herald*, etc.), he could have rendered distinguished service at one of our chief Musical Institutions in which conditions are far from satisfactory.

I shall be always grateful for the warm welcome he and Mrs. Breare invariably gave me.

I was privileged to take part in the first meeting in England of the International Musical Society in 1911, when an orchestral concert was given in the Queen's Hall. The programme included two novelties—an excerpt from an unperformed opera entitled " Ossian " by Mr. Frederick Corder and a " Humoresque " (Op. 74) by Sir Alexander Mackenzie. The opera had been commissioned fifteen years before by the Carl Rosa Company, but was not produced owing to the death of Mr. Rosa. Mackenzie's " Humoresque" has for its basis Burns's " Tam o'Shanter " and illustrates that worthy's adventure with the witches, and his subsequent salvation by the fleetness of his steed. This work is really the

THREE GENERATIONS OF DAN GODFREYS.
(1898).

p. 102.

composer's third Scotch rhapsody, and its principal theme is the tune allied to Burns's anacreonic ode : " Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut." Both works were conducted by the respective composers.

The programme included :

Norfolk Rhapsody No. 1	*Vaughan Williams*
Prelude to " Stabat Mater," Op. 96	.. *C. Stanford*
Symphonic Variations	.. *Hubert Parry*
Symphonic Poem : " In a Balcony "	*A. von Ahn Carse*
Tone Poem : " Byron "	.. *Holbrooke*
(Conducted by D.G.)	
Five Songs from " The Long Journey "	*Walford Davies*
(Sung by Plunket Greene)	

The hon. secretary of the International Music Society was Dr. Charles Maclean, whose friendship I enjoyed for many years. He had a most extraordinary career. At first he was music master at Eton ; then he went to India in the Civil Service, and when he returned on leave became organist at the Crystal Palace for a time. On relinquishing this appointment he returned to India to complete his service there, returning to England and music again.

He was a typical specimen of the Anglo-Indian autocrat and was a great stickler for etiquette. Many a time he used to talk about the " mile-long camp " which accompanied him *wherever* he went in India. I remember dining with him often at the United University Club in Suffolk Street. He was very particular about the service, and resented the war-time substitute of a waitress instead of the more dignified male waiter. His protest to the head-waiter, however, drew from that harassed individual the reply that if he insisted on having a waiter, his meal would be delayed an hour.

As may be seen from the list of works in the appendix he conducted frequently at Bournemouth. He had a quaint personality, and I shall never forget the amusement of the audience when his cuffs flew off during a somewhat vigorous spell of conducting.

He spent many a Christmas at my house and frolicked with my children. On one occasion they dressed him up in a skirt and hat, and he took it quite good-humouredly.

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Reminiscences of music in Bournemouth would be incomplete without mention of the name of the late Charles Fletcher, the

doyen of resident professors, whose violin playing, coupled with a great charm of manner, made him universally beloved. I believe it is a fact that he was absolutely self-taught. His talented daughters, Polyxena (piano) and Maud ('cello), were contemporaries of mine at the Royal College of Music, and later frequently played at our Symphony Concerts at Bournemouth.

The town is rich in church music. Dr. Holloway, organist at St. Stephen's (whose recitals are quite an " event ") ; Mr. J. D. Chandler, at St. Peter's ; Mr. A. W. Russe, at St. Michael's ; Mr. Arthur T. George, at St. John's, Boscombe ; Mr. Enos Watkins, at Richmond Hill ; Mr. Lush, at St. John's, Surrey Road ; Dr. Pearce, at East Cliff ; and Mr. Herbert J. Nash, at Holy Trinity, carry out their responsibilities with distinction.

In the matter of musical tuition, the Conservatoire of Music, of which Mr. Hamilton Law (formerly a pupil of Sir Charles Stanford at the Royal College of Music), is the Principal, has a comprehensive curriculum exceedingly well administrated ; with periodical lectures, concerts and operatic performances. The School of Music, under the direction of Mrs. Farnell Watson and Mr. Bertram Lewis, likewise provides really good opportunities for developing talent. In their private capacity, Miss Craigie Ross, Miss Edith Leah, Mademoiselle Juliette Folville, Signor Bertoncini, Miss Nora Read, Mr. Gerald Lee, Mr. Perrott and others give private tuition in various capacities.

PART II

MUSIC

CHAPTER I

THE ART OF CONDUCTING

The Conductor's Status—Qualifications—Rehearsals: their Importance—"Looking" at the Conductor—Wagner and Conducting—The Harpsichordist—The Violinist Conductor—Conducting from the Piano—The Interpretative Conductor—Foreign Conductors—British Conductors.

To the average person, and sometimes even to those who think they are musical, the conductor of an orchestra is a rather superfluous individual who stands in a prominent position and waves a stick. In fact, in the vividly descriptive phraseology of modern journalism, he is a "stick-wagger." They assume that he "holds" the members of his orchestra "with his glittering eye" and compels them to play according to the impulses which are uppermost in his mind at the moment.

All this, of course, is based on the supposition that the conductor's work is done at the performance. Many people, too, question the necessity for long rehearsals and argue that because each member of the orchestra is a trained musician, such preparation is hardly essential and in any case must only be a matter of form.

I wish some of these "critics" could be present during the nine hours which the orchestra at the Winter Gardens spends every week during the winter months in strenuous rehearsing. Arduous work it is, for rehearsals are even more tiring to the performer and conductor than the concert itself, because continuous practising needs much more mental concentration than the playing of familiar matter. Moreover, there is little or no time for intervals during a rehearsal, and the effect of such close attention to work is so fatiguing that in some cases where it has been overdone the subsequent performances have suffered.

In this chapter, therefore, I shall endeavour to show that the conductor is something more than an ornamental, gesticulating figure, and that his services, instead of being superfluous, are a

vital necessity to the correct presentation of any piece of music. What appears simple to the uninitiated is really the result of hard and continuous training. A good conductor must possess much more than mere musical technique. His scholarship should be wide and his knowledge of orchestration profound ; but, unless he can combine with these the spirit of the interpretative artist, all his efforts will be futile. A conductor of cold temperament will never give highly-coloured readings, neither will he arouse enthusiasm in his orchestra. But the man with the soul of a poet will conduct poetically and make his orchestra play like a body inspired.

However, this is not accomplished suddenly and spontaneously at a performance, though there have been instances of such a famous man as Nikisch rousing his orchestra to such a frenzy of enthusiasm that they have done wonders with little or no previous preparation. But, generally speaking, all that a conductor does at a performance is to remind his players of what he has told them at the rehearsal. It could not be otherwise, for the beat of the baton and the utterance of the sound by the instruments is almost simultaneous. These remarks apply chiefly to performances of great works. For popular music, which time does not permit to be rehearsed, the conductor has to endeavour to anticipate somewhat the intentions of the players and assist them.

To remind the musicians of what he has already instructed them to do, the conductor employs certain pantomimic motions and facial expressions. Some of these are so generally used that they have become conventional ; others, of course, are peculiar to the individual. For example : Hans von Bülow was fond of conducting with an eye to the effect upon the audience. The result was that, at times, his pantomime was ludicrous. In a *diminuendo* he used to stoop lower and lower till he was almost hidden behind the music stand ; then at a sudden *forte* he would spring up again like a Jack-in-the-box.

Those who heard the New York Symphony Orchestra in London will recall how Damrosch, with spasmodic but tremendously eloquent jerks of his long-bearded chin, indicated to his men where a *staccato* was to be played ; while the eloquent hand of Nikisch, and Richter's confusion of hair and beard, are little peculiarities of personality which are known to all music lovers.

Besides the conventional signs, conductors have their own habits in the use of the baton, and orchestras must, of necessity, become accustomed to them in order that they may not be misled at critical moments. Sometimes, of course, things go wrong and then

the conductor should contrive to set them right. This he should do entirely by his pantomime, for the privilege of the rehearsal—the right to stop the orchestra—is no longer his. At the rehearsal he can tell the players what he wants, but at the public performance he can only help them to remember, and must never stop the performance. There are exceptions to this rule, but they are accidental. My readers will recall how Debussy, when he made his appearance at Queen's Hall to conduct the first performance of his " Images," stopped the orchestra, and there have been other notable " incidents."

The real work, therefore, of a conductor, takes place during rehearsal. At the performance he must confine himself to beating time ; indicating, to those players who have rests, when to begin again ; giving a warning look and a motion of the hand if a part is being played too loudly, or an encouraging nod where one is not being played loudly enough, and generally stimulating the whole rendering. (I am told I have a habit of touching my left ear when intonation is doubtful.)

People not unfamiliar with concerts have been known to declare that a conductor was of no use because the players never looked at him. This is a rather tall statement. The players do not look at the conductor all the time because they are obliged to occupy themselves chiefly with reading the music. Nevertheless, they look at him frequently, and invariably do so at essential places. Furthermore they always see him out of the corner of their eye while they are reading the parts before them—" one eye for the music and one eye for the conductor."

The function of a conductor as it stands to-day can best be understood by comparing him to a musician playing on an instrument—in his case the orchestra. Hector Berlioz once said that the only instrument upon which *he* could play *was* the orchestra.

A conductor plays upon the orchestra not merely by waving a baton and magnetising his men, but by carefully explaining at rehearsal what he desires them to do and by going over the work again and again until the execution of his design is perfected. He must play through each movement of a symphony, for example, piecemeal, for technical purposes ; later he will endeavour to add the poetic touch to the interpretation which will naturally be the reflex of his own personality. The total result at the performance will be the combination of technique plus imagination.

Richard Wagner, who was nothing if not polemic, wrote a book on conducting, in which, as in all his writings, there are some

dogmatic assertions. He says, " The whole duty of a conductor is comprised in his ability to indicate the right *tempo*. His choice of *tempi* will show whether he understands the piece or not. With good players again, the true *tempo* induces correct phrasing and expression, and conversely, with a conductor, the idea of appropriate phrasing and expression will induce the conception of the true *tempo*."

These words of Wagner's are excellent, but, to the amateur, they may convey an exaggerated conception of the case. No doubt if the *tempo* is wrong, the performance must inevitably be weak or utterly bad, but it does not follow that when the *tempo* is right all will be satisfactory. Nevertheless it is true that the first and most important duty of the conductor is to interpret the composer's indication of *tempi*. At the same time the conditions of performance may often call for modifications of the intentions of the composer, an important consideration being the size of the combination, be it orchestral, choral, or both, and the acoustics of the hall.

In music written since Beethoven's day, the conductor, as I shall presently show, has something to guide him in the matter of *tempo*, but in earlier compositions he will find only such general terms as *allegro*, *adagio*, or *andante;* more specific terms, such as *andante con moto*, *allegro pesante*, or *presto ma non troppo* being omitted altogether.

These directions are not sufficiently precise. Wagner himself tells how he wrote " Massig "—moderate—in the score of " Das Rheingold," with the result that the drama took three hours under the opera conductor. " To match this," he adds, " I have been informed that the Overture to ' Tannhäuser ' which, when I conducted it at Dresden, used to last twelve minutes, now takes twenty minutes to perform." Wagner wrote that Sebastian Bach usually did not indicate the *tempo* at all, " which in a truly musical sense is perhaps best." But to leave all movements without *tempo* marks would be to assume that all conductors were similarly gifted. Therefore since the later days of Beethoven it has been the custom of composers to indicate the correct *tempo*, but it is to be plainly remembered that many eminent composers when conducting their own works often diverge widely from their own metronomic markings.

However, this must not be misunderstood as requiring rigid adherence in every bar of a movement. It is simply a method of expressing the general rate of progress. A conductor could not count every bar by the metronome without abandoning all

attempts at *accelerandi* or *ritardandi*, and generally reducing his performance to a mathematical state of rectangularity. All flexibility, elegance and *nuance* would disappear from such a performance.

For dance music at a ball, strict adherence to the metronome mark throughout a composition would be admissible, and it would be really desirable in the case of a military march in which the " tactics " prescribe the cadence as one hundred and twenty steps a minute. It is not to be tolerated in concert music. The metronome mark establishes the general movement and that is all.

Any music-lover who desires to find out the right *tempo* of a metronomed composition can do so by the aid of a watch with a second hand. If he counts the number of measures played in five or ten seconds, he can get at the *tempo*. Similarly he can " hold the watch " on the conductor in the performance of any piece with an established *tempo*, but here again he must beware of exaggerated accuracy.

If the metronome mark, for example, is a dotted crotchet equal to 104, as in the *Allegro* of the first movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and the conductor takes the *tempo* at 108 or 109, there is no ground for serious complaint. But if he should take it at 134—as I am told an eminent conductor did some time ago—the music-lover has ground for a vigorous protest. It is possible to get an immense amount of suggestive information by playing some well-known composition at exaggerated *tempo*. In this way the lover of music would soon be convinced that Wagner was right in believing that the chief duty of the conductor was to ascertain, and maintain, the correct pace.

But the great master was not explicit enough when he said that this was the conductor's whole duty. The work of a conductor is to regulate *every* part of the orchestral performance. It must be given according to his design. This need not prevent individual enthusiasm on the part of the players. The conductor is the stage manager ; the instrumentalists are the actors who play their parts according to his instructions ; but this need not prevent them from entering fully into the spirit of the work.

A conductor's conception of a composition is revealed in the performance by his distribution of light and shade, by the relative importance he gives to the outer and inner parts of the score, by the placing of the climaxes of force and speed, and by the detailed accentuation of every phrase.

He must see that significant passages allotted to instruments not playing the leading melody are brought out. Many of the

most beautiful effects of orchestral compositions are contrapuntal and are lost if the score is not subjected to close and sympathetic study.

Finally the conductor is responsible for the general excellence of the work of his orchestra in its fundamental qualities. He must see, by preventing one group from playing too loudly to the detriment of another, that the balance of tone is preserved. He must insist upon proper bowing by the strings and equally proper phrasing by the wind. Above all he must persistently drill his orchestra in precision and unanimity until these things become as automatic as the attack of a good singer.

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It is impossible to tell when the conductor made his appearance in music at performances for there seems to have been the widest diversity in the customs of different places and different times. In modern music, which dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, the time when vocal and instrumental composition started upon lines of independent development, the conductor was at first nothing more than a leader. He was one of the performers whom the rest followed.

Yet, long before the year 1600, there certainly were conductors who used the baton. An old manuscript in a Parisian library contains an illustration showing Heinrich von Meissen, a minnesinger who died in 1318, conducting a choir of singers and players. He is seated on a raised platform and is conducting by means of a long baton in his left hand and one extended finger of his right. His attitude and facial expression clearly indicate his intention to guide those below him or correct someone who is going astray. Two or three of the figures in the choir seem to be repeating his beat.

What became of conductors of this kind between 1318 and 1600 I have been unable to discover. The early operatic performances in Italy, however, were conducted by the harpsichordist who played the chords sustaining the *recitativo secco* and led the rest of the performers in the orchestral passages. This method of conducting followed Italian opera into Germany and France. Lully's works were conducted in this manner and when young Pelham Humphreys, one of the gentlemen of the King's Chapel, returned from France in 1667—" young monsieur " as Pepys notes—and made fun of the performances of his former companions because they could not keep time, he must have shown them how his master, Lully, conducted.

At any rate, the conducting of operatic performances at the harpsichord was common in the time of Purcell, and when Handel, who had been writing Italian opera for the Germans, went to London, he, too, conducted his own works seated at that instrument. Heinrich Schütz must certainly have learned this method when he went down to Italy to get the score of Peri's "Dafne," and this would account for the introduction into Germany of the Italian method of operatic conducting. This was continued at Hamburg under Reinhard Kaiser, and afterwards, as contemporary pen-pictures illustrate, under Handel.

How did these harpsichordists conduct? It is evident from records and engravings that three methods were used. Sometimes they conducted with a nod of the head, sometimes with a wave of the hand, and occasionally, perhaps, with a most emphatic stamp of the foot.

But, generally speaking, the style of conducting at the harpsichord was quiet and decorous, and as such commended itself to the German church musicians, for after 1730 the conductors of sacred music ceased to stand and beat time continually. This custom spread to all kinds of musical performances. Sometimes the time was indicated by motions of the head, at others by the sound of the instrument. Thus in Germany undemonstrative harpsichord conducting became popular, while in ever-theatrical France, where the eye must always be fed, the practice of conducting with the baton became general. This led to the scathing remark of Rousseau: "The Opera in Paris is the only theatre in Europe where they beat the time without keeping it; in all other places they keep time without beating it."

Gradually, however, as the wind choir of the modern orchestra increased in power, the harpsichord was unable to make itself heard, therefore it had to give way to a method of conducting that appealed wholly to the eye. For a time, and doubtless owing to the continued existence of old musicians trained in the early school, both harpsichord and baton conducting were used simultaneously. It was not at all unlikely that in some instances a distinguished composer, whose work was undergoing the ordeal of a first hearing, was invited to sit at the harpsichord, where he pretended much and did little, while his presence added to the interest of the public, and someone else really conducted the performance with a baton. The first violin, too, played an important part in the conducting of an orchestra, so much so that to this day he is known either as the concert-master or the leader, although his functions have wholly changed.

At one time he was the only conductor that some orchestras had. Part of the time he played and led the others by the motions of his bow or by raising and lowering the neck of his violin on the beats. At other times he would cease to play and conduct with the violin bow. He was known as the Leader of the Orchestra, and his descendant exists in the restaurant, where the first violinist of the little orchestra, of eight or perhaps ten, is the leader. Some concert-goers will no doubt recall the fact that both Johann and Edouard Strauss conducted their dance music in this manner.

The practice of conducting from the piano, even without the time-beater, clung tenaciously to life, for it is on record that Mendelssohn, at a concert of the London Philharmonic Society in the Argyle Rooms on May 25th, 1829, conducted his Symphony in C Minor in this way.

Before leaving the time-beater and discussing the next phase in the art of conducting, that of the interpretative conductor, I should like to remind you that the function of the time-beater is by no means to be despised. In some respects, and especially in the case of some suave and gentle classical works, it would be well if he presided to-day over the performances of some of our present orchestras, for the exaggerations which are introduced, for example, into the Beethoven Symphonies by some conductors of the day, are open to serious criticism. Surely in the interpretation of the great classical symphonies due regard should be paid to tradition. The freedom of treatment which is permissible in dealing with modern works is not applicable to the Old Masters.

It is sufficient to say here that the old-fashioned time-beater's work was complete when he indicated the correct *tempo* and plainly marked the beginning and necessary subdivisions of each bar.

The modern manner of conducting was introduced into England in 1820 by the eminent composer Ludwig Spohr, when he stood at a desk in front of the stage and directed his orchestra with a baton.

From then onwards the time-beater gave way to the interpretative conductor, the director who invites you to consider his own 'reading' of the work in hand. Of course, when the composer conducted his own works, as was so often the case in the earlier days of symphonic music, there was no need of such a conductor. But when he had long passed from the land of the living and the traditions of his readings had become obscured, or when his works

were introduced into a foreign country, as in the case of Beethoven's Symphonies in France, the interpretative conductor became a necessity.

Furthermore, when the art of conducting began to be recognised as a speciality, it was conceded that composers were generally poor conductors of their own works, and the orchestral director became a distinct entity. Hector Berlioz, for example, was not a proficient performer on any instrument except the guitar, and Richard Wagner was only a very poor pianist; yet both were excellent conductors.

The interpretative conductor came into existence in the early part of the present century. It cannot be said that any one man was the first representative of the order, but rather that his advent was one of the first fruits of the romantic movement, that healthy renaissance of musical emotion. Both German *kapellmeisters* and French *directeurs* had occupied themselves wholly with the regulation of the technique of the orchestra, and if the *tempo* was about right, the instruments kept well together and the broader effects of light and shade were given, they were satisfied. But two or three progressive conductors insisted upon a further refinement of orchestral performance.

Johann Karl Stamitz (1717-1757), Director of the Mannheim Orchestra, and François Joseph Gossec (1734-1829), founder of the Concert des Amateurs in Paris in 1770, were the two conductors who carried orchestral technique up to the point at which genuine interpretative work became possible by reason of the refinement of the means of expression. It was in studying the means of orchestral expression that these conductors gradually approached the question of interpretation. As they polished the phrasing of their orchestras, they began to enquire whether they were applying their *nuances* in the proper places. Thus they advanced to the point at which the interpreter-conductor sits down before a score to work out a complete plan of performance which he has formed from his conception of the intentions of the composer.

One of the most conspicuous figures among the early *interpretative* conductors was François Antoine Habeneck (1781-1849). He was a conductor pure and simple who had no gospel of his own to preach, but who aimed at making the Symphonies of Beethoven known in France. Thus he was forced to become an interpreter of the mighty Ludwig's thought. Not only did he bring the Conservatoire Orchestra to a remarkably high pitch of technical ability, but he conducted Beethoven's music with such a force, a sentiment, and true nobility of style that carried

complete conviction and compelled Paris to acknowledge the genius of the German master.

A glance at the list of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts shows conclusively that, so far as they were concerned, interpretative conducting began with Mendelssohn. His predecessors were merely good leaders. His successors, Ferdinand Hiller, Julius Rietz, Niels Gade, and Carl Reinecke, have all been men of talent.

In France it is easy to follow the succession of great interpretative conductors: Habeneck conducted the concerts of the Conservatoire from 1828 until 1848; Jules Etienne Pasdeloup, in 1851, founded and conducted the first concert of the Société des Jeunes Élèves du Conservatoire; Colonne began his noted "Concerts du Châtelet" in 1874; and Lamoureux, who made a name for himself with the famous "Concerts Lamoureux," started in 1881. These men are admirable representatives of the genus conductor as known in the later part of the last century.

There is no doubt that the art of interpretative conducting received a strong impulse in Germany from the work of Richard Wagner, who began his career as a director of the Magdeburg Theatre in the autumn of 1834, that is at the age of twenty-one. This was derived not so much from his individual labours as a conductor, as from his fiery castigation of the mechanical and slovenly work of careless *kapellmeisters*, also by his luminous words on the right method of directing orchestral performances.

He was helped magnificently in the preaching of these doctrines first, by the admirable conducting of Liszt, and afterwards by that of Hans von Bulow, who was one of the best conductors who ever set foot on a platform. The latter's readings of Wagner were, of course, authoritative, and his interpretations of Beethoven carried so much conviction that they were regarded as equally of the true faith.

Dr. Hans Richter, who came into prominence in 1875, carried the work forward, and Germany has since produced a number of most eminent interpreter-conductors. In fact, the best representatives of the class in the passing generation have been either German or Austrian—including Hungarian—such men as Mottl, Levi, Weingartner, Seidl, Hallé, Mahler, and Nikisch—the last universally acknowledged the greatest interpreter of romantic music in the world—will ever be honoured for their work. Hans Richter, who was so well known in this country, will always be respected for his profound readings of Brahms and Beethoven. His intimate friendship with Wagner made him an undisputed authority in the interpretations of the latter's operatic works.

Among other celebrated foreign conductors may be mentioned Damrosch, of the New York Symphony Orchestra, who is renowned for his dignity and discipline rather than temperamental readings ; Chevillard—Colonne Orchestra—who is a great interpreter of French music ; Toscanini, the Italian, who has been designated a " superman " ; and Mengelberg, of the celebrated Amsterdam Orchestra. Another interesting personality was Wassili Safonoff, the Russian, who was the first conductor to discard the baton in our day. His extraordinary control over the orchestra will long be remembered.

The tradition of individuality of expression is further represented in his countryman Serge Kussevitzki, who, as far as this country is concerned, may be said to have moved from the back of the orchestra to the front, since he was first known as a wonderful performer on the double-bass.

Other famous foreign " wielders of the baton " whom I may mention as being known in this country include Sir Michael Costa, martinet but musician ; Sir Julius Benedict, whom Albert Smith christened " the amiable "—a German who wrote one of the best Irish operas until " Shamus O'Brien " ; Arditi, the real Italian whom unkind fate compelled to conduct some of the first performances of Wagner's operas in England ; Bevignani, most admirable of orchestral " accompanists " ; Mancinelli, one of the first to introduce " bite " into the playing of the Opera orchestra ; August Manns, who in reality deserves a chapter to himself ; Carl Rosa, whose work for Opera in English, survives ; Campanini, born operatic conductor ; Wilhelm Ganz, whose orchestral concerts in the Eighties did much to widen knowledge ; George Henschel, singer and conductor, who accomplished good pioneer work ; Bruno Walter, and Mlynarski, who made known many Russian works.

The British conductor deserves a section to himself. He is, comparatively speaking, a new factor in our musical life. He, that is the interpreter-conductor, is largely a product of the twentieth century and our own time.

There have, of course, been British conductors in the past, but they were mostly composer-conductors, or musicians who took up the baton for the purpose of directing their own works.

Balfe, we know, conducted his own operas at Drury Lane, and Alfred Mellon (1821-1867) did the same thing for his one opera and for the Pyne Harrison Company, Covent Garden Promenade Concerts and the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, and there were, of course, the Barnetts, who came in the same

category. Again the composer-conductor appeared at the time of the renaissance of British music, the movement of the Eighties, which resulted from Carl Rosa's encouragement of the British composer and brought into eminence men like Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Sir C. V. Stanford, Sir F. H. Cowen, Frederick Corder and Arthur Goring Thomas. But it is only during the last thirty or thirty-five years that the British conductor *qua* conductor makes his appearance.

I am not forgetting the efficacy of the work of Sir Arthur Sullivan at the Philharmonic Society and Leeds Festival, nor of Sir F. H. Cowen, the ever youthful septuagenarian director of the Handel Festival, who, in Australia, Scotland, and at the Philharmonic has made due contribution. Much less do I ignore the efforts of Sir A. C. Mackenzie at the Philharmonic and elsewhere. All these, however, came with reputations as composers. Nowadays we find British musicians making their bid through the medium of the conducting stick and nothing else.

It is this modern phase which is particularly welcome to me, for it is well that the ability of the British musician in the department of interpretative music should be as readily recognised as it is in that of creative music.

To-day the British conductor is a familiar figure in our musical life. Certain names come quickly to the mind when the words are mentioned. The average person, asked to name a British conductor, will reply at once "Sir Henry Wood." He would be right, and would be still right in naming him first.

Circumstances have done much for my old and valued friend Henry Joseph Wood. Robert Newman's perception in engaging the young man, and his persistence in keeping the Queen's Hall undertakings going (thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. Chappell & Co.), have given this clever musician opportunities he might otherwise have lacked. But there is this about Sir Henry—he never failed to recognise the fact and has always met his opportunity as well and fully equipped as possible. This is an age of alliterative terms, and I would like to apply one in this instance to Sir Henry, and to call him "Wood the Worker." All his gifts, all his knowledge and all his chances would have gone for nothing but for the fact that Sir Henry Wood has the gift of application. Unlike many present-day conductors he goes on to the platform to conduct an entirely new work with a knowledge of it which is well nigh as intimate as that of the composer himself.

This is one of his characteristics; another is the meticulous

care applied to the preparation of the work. Every gradation is carefully marked on the orchestral parts of the score, and every *nuance* indicated with the minuteness of a legal document. Then there is the technical foundation of perfect rhythm—the *real* rhythm that is preserved through every stage of the performance. Love of movement has, I think, something to do with the fact that Sir Henry has a tendency to quicken the classics and thus to impart to his Beethoven an acceleration that is not always in keeping with the spirit of the music. The same love of movement may, too, be at the bottom of the fearful and wonderful version of Handel's " Messiah " he was wont to offer in pre-war days. Possibly the advent of " Jazz " has made clear the weakness of this " hurrying-up."

But these minor points of difference in no way detract from the very real value of Sir Henry's work. He is a British conductor, the first of our craft to strike out on a line for himself, and I think that it may be said that the era of the British interpreter-conductor dates from his appearance.

He has made his position by his fine work, and has created a public for good music. If some lost soul who used to attend the old Covent Garden Concerts of forty years ago were to materialise suddenly at the Queen's Hall some evening in August or September he would hardly believe his senses. A *whole* symphony to a Promenade audience and one of Elgarian length into the bargain ? Unbelievable ! Yet this is what Sir Henry Wood has done. He has educated the public and, moreover, he has educated it well. *Si monumentum requiris*—then go to the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts.

I once had an interesting discussion with Sir Henry Wood on an article by Vaughan Williams in the later edition of Grove's Dictionary, which quoted Sir Henry's view on the conducting of the Prelude to Parsifal.

He maintained that in order to beat eight beats in a bar the six-four rhythm in the wood wind ought to be altered. In my opinion the mystic effect intended by Wagner is lost by doing this, and Sir Henry has not convinced me that it is impossible to conduct it in a slow four ; when the second beat would coincide with the second quaver following the triplet of the six-four rhythm. His editing of the " Forest Murmurs," on the other hand, is very necessary and justified.

For his Metropolitan compeer one must turn to the other London Hall—the Royal Albert—where another British conductor spends a great deal of his time. I refer to Sir Landon

Ronald. Here is altogether another type of British conductor. By very force of his race and ancestry Landon Ronald is a poet, and his interpretative work reveals his predilections. Ronald has constituted himself the champion of Elgar, and that championship has been of immense value in bringing to the surface the inner ' mens ' of Elgar's great symphonies.

Both these conductors are definite musical institutions, and are to be included among the sights and sounds of the Metropolis. In a measure the way has been prepared for them by the spade-work of musicians like Cowen and Mackenzie. There is a good deal of the poet in Cowen and, poet-like, he is inclined to linger on the beautiful while everyone waits. Mackenzie is one of those who bore the brunt of the fight in days when it was generally said —if anything was said about him at all—that the British conductor was " no good." He brought the valuable technique of the orchestral player—he was one at ten—to bear upon his work.

Then within the last fifteen years there has burst upon the astonished public a temperamental artist in the person of Thomas Beecham. He was no novice at holding the baton when he began his operatic and concert enterprises, for experience with a travelling opera company had been his. It is difficult to speak of his achievements as a conductor, since they were nearly always combined with the production of something so gorgeous or so banal as to cause the looker-on to forget to watch the beat equally as the conductor sometimes forgot to give it.

Beecham attempted too much at once to enable one to form a real estimate of his worth as an interpretative conductor, and there never seemed to be time to get at the real expression of his undoubted instincts. There were plenty of well-paid rehearsals but the result did not always justify the means.

In recent days Sir Thomas has emerged again from his retirement and appeared in the character of interpreter-conductor so that, ere long, it may be possible to form a definite estimate of his powers as a musician as distinct from his ability to startle the world.

The only time I ever met Beecham was when he visited Bournemouth some years ago. I found him in the artists' room looking very pleased with himself. He informed me with great glee that he had made substantial cuts in the Elgar Symphony, which he was going to conduct. My musical friends will realise the enormity of the " offence."

Of Sir Charles Villers Stanford as a conductor it is, in view of our academic association, difficult for me to speak. But no one

who is as good a musician as he is could fail to create a definite impression. Apart from those occasions when he appeared as composer-conductor, there stands his work at the Leeds Festivals, where his musicianship never failed to tell, and it may safely be said that he distinguished everything he attempted. He has all the gifts requisite for an ideal conductor. Had he been in his prime in these days, when there is a readier recognition for native talent in this direction, I think that there would have been even less opening for the foreigner than there is.

Percy Pitt has rendered distinguished service to Opera in England. Associated for so long with the Grand Opera Syndicate, his knowledge of foreign languages has been most helpful in dealing with the various artists of other countries whose temperaments have from time to time created exceedingly difficult situations. Undoubtedly, owing to the perversity of the artists many performances would have had to be cancelled but for Percy Pitt's tact. The British National Opera Company are indeed fortunate in having the great benefit of his experienced help.

Next I am confronted with a whole row of eager young hands armed with batons.

Among them I see Albert Coates, who won experience as well as a brilliant reputation in Russia in the old days. Here is an illustrative conductor who has not yet, in my opinion, shown outside the opera house, or in spectacular music, what he can do in the way of taking us into the mind of the composer. His readings of the classics savour too much of the " body " only, but he provides yet another type of the species " British Conductor " and enjoys a great public popularity.

Then, with his father and grandfather behind him, stands " young " Eugene Goossens. He is an example of heredity ; it is in the family—a fact which I can appreciate as well as anyone. Goossens has not yet made it quite clear, apart from his performances of Stravinski and similar " modern " music, where he stands. He has recently gained wide approval in America, which is all to the good as showing recognition of the fact that there are such things as British conductors. He is probably at his best in operatic conducting when associated with a Mozart opera, of which he has given delightful performances. Otherwise he has yet to win his spurs in the character of the interpreter of something that requires and deserves interpretation. He is so gifted that he has great possibilities.

I find next a British conductor who has probably the most perfect command of the technique of the art of any present-day

exponent. I refer to Adrian Boult. He is a musician of very great capabilities, whose artistic light will not, I trust, be hidden under the academic bushel of which I already see some signs.

Another conductor with natural ability, well-cultivated and wisely nurtured, is Julius Harrison, who possesses the important gift of personality. From Maurice Besly we may well anticipate much, and he will soon be numbered amongst our ablest conductors.

If only for his technique and his knowledge of the means by which he can gain effects, Granville Bantock is certainly one of the conductors who is missed, for since his appointment to the Birmingham (Peyton) Professorship (founded for the benefit of Elgar) the world has seen little of him at the conductor's desk. Yet for some years I always found a sympathetic echo to my own efforts coming from the New Brighton Tower, where Bantock conducted and taught to such good purpose. He is one of the few composer-conductors who could get exact expression of his ideas from an orchestra. But the younger generation no doubt is benefiting by his work as its pastor and master, although the world cannot but deplore the disappearance of so great a creative mind behind academic walls.

Between the Oxford Professorship and the Directorship of the Royal College, Sir Hugh Allen has passed somewhat from the realms of the conductor's desk, but I cannot overlook the good work he did as conductor of the Bach Choir. Under his guidance that wholly admirable but wrongly constituted organisation improved out of all knowledge. He has the ability to impart a quality to his forces which is best described by the word "enthuse." He put rhythm into his amateur singers and got them to see and to appreciate Bach, not only from the outside, but also from the inside.

Like his famous predecessor, the ever-remembered Hubert Hastings Parry (commemorated at his birthplace, Bournemouth, I am glad to say), he is popular with his executants, even though he in no way seeks such popularity, as the following true incident will show :

At a choir practice he noticed some ladies in the balcony who were not members, and demanded who they were and why they were there. After some hesitation a lady member said : " I am the guilty person, Doctor. It was at my invitation that they came." The intruders then interjected " we will go if you wish ! "

Allen looked up. " Oh ! no," he said, in his own sardonic way, " I like to make people feel uncomfortable."

" I know that, Doctor," retorted the lady. " *I warned them to be prepared.*"

His vigorous methods at the Royal College are already bearing fruit, and there is a certain appropriateness in the undergraduates' translation of his initials, " H. P.," as meaning " High Pressure."

Of the ability of Hamilton Harty, the Irish boy brought into notice through the valuable competitive movement, there can be no question, and his work with the Hallé Orchestra is of a kind that is winning fresh renown for that undertaking and for the British interpretative musicians. He has a pleasing style as a composer and the rare gift of being able to see into the minds of those works he arranges and interprets, as his own edition of the Handel " Water Music " fully illustrates.

Another British conductor who has been coming into the light of late is Frank Bridge—no relation to those over the Thames or Wear (" Westminster " Bridge and his brother the Durham Professor).

Bridge brings sound technical knowledge to his work, for he is a fine player of the viola, and has more than a nodding acquaintance with the other instruments of the orchestra. Much of his work has been restricted to amateur bodies, the Audrey Chapman in particular, but he has done well at it. On one occasion he deputised successfully for Sir Henry Wood at the Queen's Hall, and, later, recognition of his abilities was shown by his engagement to conduct one of the new Saturday " Pops "—the orchestral concerts instituted by Chappell and Company to replace their out-of-date " Ballad " concerts.

In the sphere of light music which, while it gives less openings for interpreter-conductors, does not necessarily demand the denial of sound musicianship, there is good work being done by such men as Alick Maclean, Geoffrey Toye, Howard Carr, Merlin Morgan, John Ansell, Arthur Wood—who was a player in the Bournemouth Orchestra—Herman Finck and others who have attained eminence in positions once held exclusively by foreigners.

I may, I hope, be permitted to allow myself the parent's privilege, and to mention my son, Dan Godfrey the Third, who was educated at Sherborne and the Royal Academy. Afterwards he enlisted in the Coldstream Guards in order to qualify for a military bandmastership. During the war he obtained his captaincy in the Dorset Regiment. With the Army of Occupation he was Amusements Officer to the Thirty-second Division, and gave high-class orchestral concerts for the benefit of the troops. He conducted the celebrated C Minor Symphony within a hundred yards of Beethoven's birthplace at Bonn.

In the summer of 1922 he conducted the outdoor band at Harrogate, and during the following winter he was in charge of a very capable orchestra on the pier at St. Leonard's. Here he was fortunate in being allowed a free hand to get extra musicians, and thus was able to give a complete performance of "The Planets" (Holst).

He is now Director to the British Broadcasting Company at Manchester, where he is gaining excellent experience both as a conductor and business manager. There is in existence a fourth Dan Godfrey!

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It is an open question whether the composer usually makes a good interpreter of his own work, but, whatever the answer may be, the practice of inviting the young author to conduct his own compositions is undoubtedly growing in favour. It is of advantage to the composer in more ways than one: he gets some experience out of it, he is enabled to look on his work from a different point of view, and to appreciate difficulties of interpretation which he might otherwise ignore, and the public sees him in the flesh and is enabled to pester him for his autograph.

Nevertheless I am inclined to think that, as a general rule, it is better for the composer who is without any great experience of conducting to entrust his work to an expert hand. Of late years, since British musicians became popular at Queen's Hall, they are generally invited to direct their own compositions, and as a result there are, among our contemporary composers, many who may be appropriately classed as composer-conductors.

Since ladies should come first, I open with Dame Ethel Smyth, that wonderful genius who rightly ranks in the fore-front of British composers of the day. Although primarily a composer she shows great and increasing facility in the control of the orchestra, and recently, when conducting the various representations of her own opera "The Boatswain's Mate" at the "Old Vic," she displayed uncommon skill in keeping things together as well as in securing satisfactory presentation of her original ideas. Teresa Carreno, the great pianist, was another woman conductor, but to Ethel Smyth belongs the distinction of being, with Marian Arkwright, the first woman to take her place among British conductors.

Some musicians are known only as conductors of their own works. The chief of these is Sir Edward Elgar. For some years now he has made periodic appearances as his own interpreter,

[Photo by Guttenberg.

MR. DAN GODFREY, JUNR., A.R.A.M.
Station Director and Musical Director of "2 Z Y,"
the Manchester Broadcasting Station.

p. 124.

and it is interesting to note his increasing efficiency in purely technical matters. He illustrates, I think, the difference between cause and effect. No living musician has a better knowledge of the orchestra than Sir Edward, as his own works and particularly his instrumentation of the Bach Fugue very well show. Is he —or any other as well equipped—able to apply his knowledge ? He does not always tell the orchestra what it wants to know, though his recognition and appreciation of the response is always very clear. Only on rare occasions does he conduct music other than his own. I remember he acted as general conductor of one of the London Symphony Orchestra's seasons some years ago.

Another who is seen at the conductor's desk only when his own music is to be played, is Edward German. His name is a household word throughout Great Britain. The composer of " Merrie England " and the " Henry VIII " dances is known wherever there is music, and he is well entitled to his fame.

His music is highly charged with a definite idiom, and that idiom is British, or rather Old English. The germ of it is to be found in Elizabethan music, and the old dance-tune " Greensleeves " epitomises Edward German's manner perfectly.

As a conductor he has excellent command of the orchestra, though the effects he secures are not gained without a great deal of trouble. He is meticulous in the work of preparation, and a rehearsal with Edward German is an occasion for the exercise of patience by everyone concerned. He does not issue " cautions " as to coming difficulties as does Sir Henry Wood, for example, but calls for the repetition of a passage that, to his mind, is unsatisfactory until it is given in a way that meets with his approval.

His work as an orchestrator is sound, and is the outcome of a keen knowledge of the instruments and a definite idea of orchestral colour in his own mind. I need only refer to his general music and to his " Valse Gracieuse " in particular, for my point to be understood.

Vaughan Williams is another of our composer-conductors. He graduated to the Bach Choir from the Handel Society, and therefore brings, at least, experience of the difficult work of the choral-orchestral conductor.

I should be inclined to say that Vaughan Williams has too great an inventive mind to be a really good conductor. This may be taken as " giving the show away," but it is difficult for a creator to be a good executant in exactly the same way that a

performer or teacher is rarely a good critic. And, as a creator, Vaughan Williams, in my opinion, stands pre-eminent.

Much of his work may not have enough " of the earth, earthy " for the general public, but he has come nearer to mundane things in his revised version of the " London Symphony," which it has been my privilege to " broadcast " to the world through the universal medium of the gramophone. In a sense he went aloft again in his " Pastoral " symphony—not a happy name but, with reservations, a work of genius. I can well imagine what Macaulay's New Zealander, or the Messenger from Mars, or whoever it is who will sift the ruins of departed England centuries hence, will say when he comes across the Symphonies of Elgar and Vaughan Williams, and doubtless he will do as we do now with regard to Purcell, Byrd, Weelkes, etc., and go into ecstasies over them. Well he may !

Gustav Holst, considered by many to be the most noteworthy of the younger school of British composers, is better known for his creative work than for his interpretations, and, as such, I have given my estimate of him elsewhere. He is, however, by no means negligible as an interpreter of his own works. His conducting is sound and thoroughly practical, and he has a happy knack of seeing things from the point of view of those who are performing under him—the outcome, probably, of his experience as an orchestral player.

Another instance of ability in orchestral direction is found in the young West Country musician, Hubert Bath. His work has been varied though chiefly confined to the theatre. He is one of the " original" conductors of the Beecham operatic enterprises, and did much good work in connection with the ill-fated season of Opera Comique at His Majesty's Theatre.

His experience there and on the world tour with the Quinlan Opera Company were of immense advantage to him, and I should be inclined to style him as one of the most experienced of operatic conductors. He also held the position of Musical Adviser to the London County Council in succession to Carl Armbruster, but has since returned to his first love and is now one of the conductors of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

He has, in addition, done good work as a composer, the most successful of his efforts being a comic cantata " The Wedding of Shon Maclean," which had the distinction of being performed at the Leeds Triennial Festival—a most unusual honour where anything humorous is concerned. With G. H. Clutsam he was responsible for a real English Light Opera " Young England,"

whose young life, begun at Daly's Theatre and continued at Drury Lane, was blighted by a book that was too-closely related to the same author's, "Merrie England." As a conductor Bath has excellent qualifications in a workable technique and his own sense of the beautiful in music.

Another of our composers who conducts is Montague Phillips. He has wooed the muses in various ways, and at Queen's Hall frequently, laying at their feet various offerings in the shape of tone-poems and overtures, all of them indicating his industry and the excellence of his training.

He has recently ventured into the land of light opera with "The Rebel Maid," which contains some good music, though I have heard it questioned whether the style is proper to light or comic opera. As a composer Montague Phillips's fame rests upon his songs, some of which have decided individuality though most of them are too pianistic—which is curious. He has written a Symphony, and two piano concertos, possessing merit.

As a musician of the theatre it is a question if we have ever produced a better man than Norman O'Neill. He has the best sense of the theatre possessed by any British musician since that wonderfully gifted, erratic genius, Hamilton Clarke. O'Neill's incidental music to "The Blue Bird," "Where the Rainbow Ends," and "Mary Rose" is, in every case, a model of what such music should be, with an added amount of originality of melody and harmony that gives it a definite place in British music.

Herman Finck has contributed much that has been very acceptable, and his "Melodious Memories" Fantasia set a new example in potpourri form very suitable for entr'acte purposes.

Percy Fletcher is another conductor-composer with a pretty fancy for light music and a very good knowledge of his work and of the means with which to express his ideas. His muse is slender but distinctive.

"Jimmy" Glover, probably the most famous of the stars in the firmament of theatrical conducting, has been so long in the eye and ear, both as witty and delightful writer, as the successor to Oscar Barrett and Walter Slaughter at Drury Lane, and as the most genial of men, that one could write a whole chapter on him alone. This is impossible, but there is one memory of him that I cannot refrain from mentioning.

In the matter of avoirdupois "Jimmy" is the G.K. Chesterton of the conducting world, and, although in the ordinary way he is a delightful raconteur, he is not at his best after a spell of strenuous conducting. I well remember one occasion when, after

a vigorous time with the baton, he ventured a story, the whole point of which was dissipated in a series of enormous puffs and blows as he tried, almost in vain, to regain his breath.

There is still one other group of conductors of whom I have said nothing, I refer to those who are known entirely, or almost entirely, for their efforts in the choral world.

The place of honour among these must inevitably go to Dr. Henry Coward whose work at Sheffield, Huddersfield, etc., is beyond praise.

With her centuries of reputation as a choral country, it is doubtful whether England has ever produced a better or more gifted choir trainer than Coward. The man who could teach himself to read by spelling out the posters on the walls must be something out of the common, and such a man Coward undoubtedly is. Where choral technique is concerned, indeed, he is something of a superman. He has evolved, formulated, and put into practice a method of choral technique which has had the result of bringing about a revival of singing in chorus which has spread through the whole Empire.

On all sides England is becoming vocal ; choral societies are springing up on every hand, and the interest in choral music is growing with amazing rapidity.

All this is due, primarily, to the example of Henry Coward plus the encouragement offered by the Musical Competitions. His system is a methodical one, and, in its various phases, so well graded in the process of securing efficiency, that it never fails to be effective. His plan of dealing with the somewhat vexed question of " pitch retention," on which—incidentally—I think competition adjudicators are inclined to lay too much stress, is, indeed, so remarkable that I have heard that his Sheffield choir on one occasion ended a Bach motet a semitone higher than it began it. But this is a minor point. As an orchestral, or even as a choral-orchestral conductor, Coward has his limitations, but as a trainer and conductor of choirs he has no rival in the world to-day.

There is a tendency to regard any choral singing which does not come either from the North or from Wales as a second-rate affair, and this, I think, is probably the reason why so little is heard of a very fine conductor who has done wonderful and indeed valuable work in London.

I refer to Allen Gill, who is known to all lovers of choral music in the Metropolis as the conductor of the Alexandra Palace Choral and Orchestral Society. This is a body of amateurs to whom

Gill has imparted such fine discipline and real enthusiasm that it never fails to win praise for work, that, from a purely choral point of view, is the equal of much that is presented by the highly rated Northern choirs.

It is, incidentally, a point of which few people are aware that Gill, who has now conducted the choir for many years, draws no remuneration for this work. But he has, or should have, his recompense.

The direction of choral music seems to be the special gift of Charles Kennedy Scott. Under his inspiring hand the Oriana Madrigal Society has won an acknowledged position, not merely for its presentation of music with which its Elizabethan name is associated, but of choral examples by the younger school of British composers. In fact the Oriana and its conductor is one of the most satisfactory of our musical institutions in the present day. The Philharmonic Choir, more or less of an off-shoot, has achieved much, both being undertakings of a kind that invokes no comparison with our larger organisations, though forming a useful "feeder" for them.

My list must be further increased by some reference, at least, to those gentlemen who make triennial appearances to the conductor's desk. I refer, of course, to the esteemed organists of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford Cathedrals, who, *ex officio*, are called upon to direct the Festivals of the Three Choirs within their churches.

I have a great admiration for their work, since at best it is pursued under trying conditions. Yet the ability of the respective organists—A. Herbert Brewer (Gloucester), Sir Ivor Atkins (Worcester), and Percy Hull (Hereford)—is of such high order that they have been able to keep the two-century old "meetings" in the forefront of things musical, and to avert, I trust for ever, the fate of extinction which after the war was deemed to be theirs.

I must not omit a reference to Walter Hedgecock, who recently completed twenty-five years' splendid service as organist and conductor at the Crystal Palace, and was rewarded by a successful benefit concert and a well-merited testimonial.

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Bülow, in his witty way, divided conductors into two classes—those who had their heads in the score and those who had the score in their heads. I am glad to say that the conductors of to-day are chiefly of the latter class. A distinguishing feature of the younger men is the excellence of their technique.

Save in the—artistically—youngest, this is the outcome of natural ability to acquire proficiency. In days that are now past that efficiency was acquired by a process somewhat akin to that of the breeder of sporting dogs who threw likely puppies into the pond to sink or swim according to the strength of their instinct: it was acquired by "getting a shop" with a touring musical piece and generally "finding out" how to conduct.

It is, as a matter of fact, curious to notice how many eminent conductors have been through this particular mill—Sir Henry Wood, Sir Landon Ronald, and Granville Bantock are all on the list.

The present-day conductor is better off, for at last, after years of advocacy, the "Conductor's Class" has been regularly instituted at the Royal College of Music and the Royal Academy of Music. This is a new thing, but whether the curriculum is exactly ideal has yet to be shown by results.

This brings me to a definite point, which is: "What does a conductor want to know?"

The answer is, "Everything!" But it is sufficient, at present, to suggest that due attention must be paid, not merely to score-reading with the aid of the piano, which is not exactly conductor's work, but to what I call "score checking." It is of more importance that a conductor should be able to check the playing of wrong notes at the first stage than that he should be able to hear whether the tone is loud or soft.

He must acquire the art of reading ahead of the players so as to warn them of pitfalls which are being approached in the path; he must indicate the parts of the bar, in addition to giving, invariably, a good down beat at the beginning, and he must show the end of a phase. Where a note falls after the beat it is the primary beat that should be shown clearly and not the part of the beat on which the note itself comes. How often you see it. Every player should be made to feel the rhythm of the piece, for without it he will never become *au fait* with its spirit.

Interpretation can only come when the technical side has been polished and perfected; but every stage of the preparation should be based on rhythm, since, with an understanding of this principle, the most complicated composition becomes clear.

I would further add, as a first principle, that just as the singer learns, or should learn, how to breathe and control breath and then goes on to the placing of, first, a single note in the middle of the compass and then "deriving" all the others from it, and does all this—or should do it—before attempting to sing a song; so, in

the same way, should a conductor proceed by well-defined stages.

He should, I suggest, begin with the rudimentary two beats to a bar, proceeding from these to three, with the *second* beat to the right, *not* to the left—four in a bar, five—yes, *five*, six, seven, eight, nine, and twelve in a bar, with insistence, all the time, on a clear *first* beat.

After this he should study the correctness of the parts—" score checking "—following this, in turn, with the methods of giving the cue (this should *not* be done at the moment of entry, but previously).

Only when this has been accomplished should the conductor proceed to the considerations of the broad divisions of light and shade, following this with sforzandos, diminuendos and crescendoes.

Finally, when each part of the more mechanical and technical side of the art of the conductor has been successfully tackled, the student can *begin* to think about the attractive mystery of " Interpretation." To commence with it is to court disaster.

CHAPTER II

WHERE BRITISH MUSIC STANDS

British Music in the 'Eighties—The Pioneers—The "Old Guard"—Foreign Competition—New British Recruits—Richter and Elgar—Music and the War—The Modern Composer—The Patron's Fund—The Carnegie Trust—The I.S.M.—Introducing the British Composer to Bournemouth—The New Idiom and the Futurists—Advice to Composers—Choral Music—Women Composers—Various Composers and their Styles—Grand Opera—Light Music—Conclusion.

ALL historians take a particular pleasure in referring to the past days when England was musically great; in other words, in quoting as an example and illustration the state of creative and executive music in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

There is every justice in their claim, for there is no question that at that time the people were extremely musical and the English composers with their vocal madrigals and instrumental fantasies had forged ahead of other nations and set an example to all countries. But they failed to maintain their position in the race and gradually dropped behind. The era of German music came, and though Handel did little more than, like the industrious German that he was, copy what he found already accepted in this country, he managed to over-ride his competitors by the power of the genius he applied to the process. I do not propose to go into the history of the decline and fall of music in England, since it was not altogether his own fault that the British musician failed to keep his place in the forefront.

The point on which I wish to dwell is that the British composer at the present time is undoubtedly coming into his own again. The process has been gradual and I am afraid has been vexatious and trying for those who have helped in it, since they were continually confronted with the work of the foreigner as being superior.

Forty years ago the very merit of their work compelled some attention to their efforts, but at best it was a "lack-lustre eye"

that was turned to them, and they had to put up with the fatal " half attention " while the Continental musician had full measure of the other half, *and all our good will.* I refer of course to the pioneer work done in our own time by men like Stanford, Parry, Mackenzie, Cowen, Corder, Goring Thomas and others, whose efforts, I consider, fully entitle them to the term of " Old Guard " which has been applied to them. It describes their position exactly. They contributed much glorious music—a great deal of it forgotten, I am afraid, but it was a seed that was to bear fruit. It must not be imagined that they were the first labourers in a field that to-day is shown to be so remarkably fruitful. All through the centuries there have been English composers of note, and one of the most satisfactory features of this hurried age is the remembrance of them shown by the various celebrations of tercentenaries of ancient worthies.

But the point to remember is that the good name of British music was well maintained during the period when native effort in this country was somewhat overshadowed by the preponderance of foreign music. The records throughout the Victorian era contain the names of many who made worthy contribution. Much of it, like the very names of its authors, is forgotten now, but while I am dealing with the subject of the re-birth of British music I may as well record some of the creative minds that helped to keep alive a fire that burst into flame afresh in the 'eighties and that to-day is burning with a brilliancy that is shedding light throughout the land, and on countries other than our own.

Let me offer my small tribute by recalling the names of some of those who, during the last fifty years of last century, made contribution to the store of British music. The list includes Algernon Ashton, William Thomas Howell Allchin, George Benjamin Allen, Horton Claridge Allison, Thomas Anderton, Frederic Archer, George Benjamin Arnold, Michael William Balfe, Henry Charles Bannister, David Baptie, Joseph Barnby, John Francis Barnett, William Sterndale Bennett, Henry Rowley Bishop, John Frederick Bridge, Edward Bunnett, Alfred James Caldicott, Alfred Cellier, James Hamilton Clarke, Frederick Clay, George Elvey, Alfred Robert Gaul, Ernest Bennett Gilbert, Stephen Glover, Henry Gadsby, Charles John Hargitt, John Liptrot Hatton, Arthur Hervey, John Pyke Hullah, Malcolm Leonard Lawson, Henry David Leslie, Charles Harford Lloyd, Edward James Loder, Allan Macbeth, George Alexander Macfarren, Herbert Stanley Oakeley, Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley,

Charles Cipriani Hambly Potter, Ebenezer Prout, Henry Russell, Charles Kensington Salaman, Henry Smart, Alice Mary Smith, John Stainer, Charles Edward Stephens, Robert Prescott Stewart, and William Vincent Wallace. All these men did good work—how good very few to-day have opportunity of judging since none of their works is performed, or if by any chance a specimen survives it is probably one of the worst.

The new note in British music was heard in the 'eighties when the gifted minds designated "The Old Guard" made their appearance. Their efforts, received somewhat coldly by the Press of that day, acquired an undoubted stimulus from the operatic commissions of Carl Rosa. The resulting productions: "Colomba," "The Canterbury Pilgrims," "Thorgrim," "Nordisa," and "Esmeralda" helped to widen the appeal of native music since in those days the opera-going people and oratorio-going people were drawn from different phases of society. The musical public was sharply divided forty years ago and, unlike the present-day public which goes everywhere, restricted its attention. There were the supporters of oratorio and of classical concerts such as the old Saturday and Monday "Pops"; another section gloried in the Italian Opera at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre (as it was then); another patronised the lighter forms of music such as the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and the French operas; and there was yet a fourth class which, while it revelled with reason in the delightful old "German Reed Entertainments," went nowhere else, least of all to a theatre.

From the 'eighties dates the gradual *renaissance* of British music. I do not ignore the work done before that day, as I have shown. Its excellence is its own recommendation and its own monument. Naturally I make special reference to Arthur Sullivan, the first really important British composer since Sterndale Bennett and Macfarren. Sullivan's music lives in his operas and will always live, even until the day when the people of the future can understand Gilbert's satire as little as twentieth-century audiences appreciated the political import of Gay's "Polly." He stands alone and always did. He actually created a form, yet no one has consistently followed it. There is the possible exception of Edward German, but of his four excellent light operas, "Merrie England," "Tom Jones," "A Princess of Kensington," and "Fallen Fairies," also his delightful joint work with Sullivan, "The Emerald Isle," not one of them is now to be seen on the stage. Alfred Cellier promised to follow somewhat on the same lines, but his untimely death put an end to his

contributions. The situation is curious, let me remark, for we created a light opera of our own that took the whole field and diminished the French representation, yet no one has continued the succession.

In a sense Sullivan foreshadowed the characteristics that were to make the work of the " Men of the 'Eighties " distinctive. He gave something that no Englishman had given before. The " Old Guard " won closer attention to British music than had been paid before by the national quality they imparted to their efforts. It was a new note, something different from the suavity that was deemed proper to all music, something that for the first time since the days of Purcell had something of a definite national ring. It is of interest to note that the builders of the *renaissance* were respectively a Scotsman, an Irishman, an Englishman, with others who spoke no less authoritatively for having acquired their scholastic knowledge in other countries.

The style of Sir A. C. Mackenzie is based on the music of his own melodious land. He expresses it through the medium of fine scholarship, vivid imagination and ready inspiration. Yet all through the variety of compositions he has given the world in a long and laborious life those that deal with his native land are the happiest. His " Scottish " piano concerto, his " Pibroch " violin concerto and his incidental music to " The Little Minister " are all informed with a national quality.

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford is another whose country is in his heart and whose heart is in his country. His Irish Symphony and his Irish Rhapsodies illustrate my point that when in dealing with his own land he is at his happiest. His opera " Shamus O'Brien " is the one example of truly National Opera we possess, and I cannot but regret that, probably for political reasons, it is not deemed expedient to mount it nowadays. But I question if opera-goers are politicians, and whether, if they are, political differences would not succumb to the charm of Stanford's music.

Sir Hubert Parry's style was essentially English, and thus it is that his setting of an essentially English poem stands to-day as perhaps his best effort. At the moment my wish is to emphasise the fact that the reason why these particular composers gained attention was not merely because they represented a higher degree of creative power than had been represented before, but also because their music had a certain national flavour that had been lacking in our " song " for many years. Apart from the fine musicianship there was a new ring about this music of the 'eighties and a fresh manner of speech which between them held

the ear when once it had been gained. Added to these must be Edward Germain, to whose work I have already alluded. Born on the border of Wales, he has contributed real national music in his Welsh Rhapsody.

The progress of British music had been stayed from time to time between 1500 and 1880, but since then it certainly has not stopped, and is now moving rapidly.

Time brought recruits to this noble band. One of the first was the Scotsman, Hamish MacCunn, who began to make significant contributions. I think his overture, " Land of the Mountain and the Flood," one of the finest pieces of musical painting in existence and one that, moreover, is in the English, or rather British, language.

Frederick Cliffe belongs to this period, though (I think wrong-headedly) he gave up the struggle. William Wallace, the versatile-musician, poet and medical doctor, added distinctive work to the list ; and there was and is the irrepressible Joseph Holbrooke, a man of ability, who saw ahead of his day, but made the mistake of invariably writing a special big-drum part for himself with the result that he offended more people than he pleased. He has written much fine music, but the large orchestra required for many of his works limits their number of performances. I believe his Violin Concerto, when published, will be a very welcome addition to the repertoire.

All through the 'nineties the " Old Guard " continued to add to the good name of British music, even though the recognition accorded by the great B.P. was still slight. Their efforts were many and varied enough in style to form a school of their own.

Then, after much worthy effort as a " local musician," there came into notice a British composer with an entirely new style. His first notable orchestra work was brought to view by the perceptive Hans Richter. What a curious anomaly was Richter. While here with his famous Richter Concerts at St. James' Hall, and in later days with his production of the Wagner " Ring " in *English* with British singers, he seemed to have but one object, which was to further the musical interests of this country. Yet at the end, when the two nations were at war, he had some of the bitterest things to say concerning England and the English. But we forgive him for what he did. He saw clearly enough when the score of Elgar's " Enigma " Variations was put before him, and he had the courage of his convictions.

This year, 1899, is memorable as being the date of Elgar's appearance in London with a significant example. Previously

he had been accorded the honour of having a work performed at the Worcester Festival, though few noticed anything out of the common in it. Still gradually his utterance began to tell. What they now amount to I need not enumerate, but I still consider, and always shall, that his "Dream of Gerontius" is one of the few really inspired religious works we have had since Handel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

With the advent of Sir Edward Elgar, and the realisation that there was "something in it," British music began to receive more notice and, as a result, to make progress.

It was at the opening of the century that the turn of the tide in favour of British music came about. On that tide there floated yet another new personality in the shape of Granville Bantock. The world very soon recognised that here was a British composer of enormous ability with a new style comprising an extraordinary sense of the picturesque and the power to convey it—as witness his "Omar Khayyam." In due course he realised the claims of nationalism and has, as the result, given us works that deal with our own country. His Hebredean Symphony, like his "Sea Reivers," substantiate the contention that we can make our own music. His choral writings show the versatility as well as the expansion of his powers—the one illustrated by their variety, and the other by his "Atalanta," which was something altogether new in choral treatment.

Frederic Delius is another with an individual style, yet one that did not fail to include certain characteristics that were proper. Though cosmopolitan in a way, he still utters the speech of his native land and wisely seeks his inspiration from England. His orchestral works, and his choral composition, "A Mass of Life," are all significant efforts.

The list of new faces at this period is completed by that of Coleridge-Taylor, who took the world by surprise with his fine choral work, "Hiawatha." It was a complete novelty. The manner was in every respect thoroughly British, and the sympathy and understanding with which Longfellow's classic was set made it clear that a new and highly-poetic nature was in our midst.

Yet in spite of the increase in the number of British composers and the variety of effort put forward by them, there was not the appreciation by our own people there should have been. The field was sown with good seed, but it was a European upheaval that caused that field to become fertile. Recognition for British music was won at the cost of thousands of lives and millions of money. I, who have been in very close touch with British music

for a number of years—longer perhaps than any of my contemporaries—can even afford to utter the conviction that it was the Great War that drew attention to British music. Truth to tell, we had become rather centred on the one thing and inclined to think that there was only one music, and that it came from Germany. This even continued at the beginning of the war. A protest on the part of a small section of the Press did much to draw people's attention to the fact that we were honouring an enemy nation. The counter cry was raised, of course, that "Music has no nationality" and all the rest of it; but there were a thinking few who realised the injustice.

I doubt if the knowledge that at the beginning of the war the German papers reproduced London concert programmes, with their rich preponderance of German music, with the sneering remark that "we couldn't do without it" had much effect. It may have been that a few right-thinking people realised that we knew very little about anything save German music, and that it was an excellent opportunity to make a change and widen our knowledge, but nevertheless it is a fact that the idea began to germinate that possibly somewhere, somehow, there might be something different. Gradually a little more British music was heard, gradually the public became accustomed to the strange sight of a British name on a concert programme, and gradually it dawned upon the people that there was *something in it.*

There can be no question that the Great War did much for British music, for the simple reason that, *faute de mieux*, otherwise the absence of the foreigner (German) from our midst, we were compelled to adopt a species of musical Protection and look to ourselves for entertainment. For once we had to rely exclusively upon our own people—with the exception of a few Belgian artistes who made their way here after the fall of Antwerp—and the result was to bring to the notice of the public what it had not particularly noticed before, namely, that there were both good music and good executants right in our midst. I do not propose to trace the growth of appreciation of British music, for, as far as I personally am concerned, it goes back much further than the time of the Great War, though it was never so general as it is now.

I have stood long at that particular corner of life where I could see the British composer and recognise his ability and worth, I am only glad that there are now others to join me in viewing the very satisfactory sight of an army of British musicians passing in review.

I think I may claim that the battle of securing wide-spread

attention to British musical creative effort is well-nigh won. The British composer has gained the public ear, but the next question is " What is he doing to hold it ? "

I do not think that at any time in the musical history of England has she possessed so many composers as at present ; nor has there ever been so great divergence of thought. In fact, there is as much variety in our musical output to-day as there is in our literature—though in a reverse aspect, since the number of serious works is greater than that of light works of merit. Everything is done now to encourage the young composer. His wildest efforts at finding something " new " are respectfully received, and there is, now, every opportunity for him to get a hearing. Not only is there the present helpful phase of the Royal College of Music Patron's Fund which, through the generosity of Sir Ernest Palmer, gives every type of musical aspirant a chance, but there is the Carnegie Trust to assist him in the best possible way by printing his work ; and there are plenty of openings for performance.

I have not been alone in my endeavours to give a hearing to the young British composer, though I was able, possibly, to put forward more consistent effort. Of course, there was always a welcome for good native music at the hands of Sir August Manns, who showed such extraordinary perception in picking out ability. The Patron's Fund has done good service particularly, in recent years when it has assumed a practical form of enabling composers to hear a rehearsal and performance of their work in the one morning at the hands of a first-class orchestra. And the result has been decidedly effective in bringing to light several composers of high ability—male and female.

The plan of helping executants is good also, but I should like to see these Rehearsals held more frequently. And I would throw everything into the melting pot. At present there is just a little suggestion of selection. Naturally there has to be something of the kind if the Fund is going to pay for the copying of an expensive set of parts ; but where a composer comes with a score and parts all ready, I would play his work for him and either discover a genius or let him realise his shortcomings.

The opportunities for publication afforded by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust Publication scheme are inestimable, but it does not go far enough. Something further should be done in the way of getting performances of the works it publishes. We are becoming a little more human in our music-making, and the appeal to the sporting element by the institution of " guessing competitions " is entirely successful in attracting attention.

Would there not be a little interest in the inclusion of a "Carnegie Trust" work in the programmes of some of our regular concerts?

The Incorporated Society of Musicians has given what help it can by offering concerts of new orchestral compositions as part of the programme of some of its annual conferences, but naturally this is limited owing to the expenditure necessary. There is also the British Music Society which has done an immense amount of propagandist work, particularly through its branches. But it is the actual performance on a wide scale that is lacking. We want a millionaire to subsidise performances of new British works, the conditions providing for the inclusion of one example in every programme by the leading orchestras.

There is, I think, now a welcome for the British composer everywhere. At Bournemouth we have given more than one Festival exclusively devoted to the British composer and his music, and the plan has met with hearty approval. Generally I may say that the door is open to-day to the British composer, and wider open than it has been at any time in the history of our land.

I have always made it my pleasurable duty to do what I could at Bournemouth in the way of giving the British composer a hearing for the simple reason that, in having to put forward large quantities of music of every kind—classical, symphonic, grave and gay, light and heavy—I was struck by the small contribution to the total made by British hands. Is there no British music worth a hearing? I asked myself. Is there nothing to follow on the efforts of the past made by Sterndale Bennett, John Francis Barnett, Arthur Sullivan, A. C. Mackenzie, Villiers Stanford, Hubert Parry, Corder, Goring Thomas, and the like?

Why should not the public be made acquainted with all that is happening in the world of creative music, and why should the British contribution be ignored?

My efforts were at first tentative, as the list of British works given at Bournemouth for thirty years well shows, and I do not know that I discovered any particular genius; but the Bournemouth audiences "got the British habit" sometime before any other audience in England became perfectly familiar with what is now general—a due representation of British music in concert programmes.

But whether I am right or not in taking any credit to myself does not much matter now since the thing is an accomplished fact. British music has come to stay. The public has got over its tendency to bolt when it saw a British name on the programme and now even listens with an amused smile at some of the efforts

of the " young " to find out some new combinations in harmony and orchestration, and, unlike their Continental brethren, neither breaks the chairs nor smashes the windows. Let me say in parenthesis that I am a strong disbeliever in " All-British " one-composer programmes as contrary to the principle for which I have fought—except, perhaps, programmes of Sullivan or Edward German for popular audiences. There is, however, no harm in programmes of contrasted British music, as the Bournemouth Festivals have made clear.

The only question that arises in my mind now with regard to our creative side is this : Is the British composer making the best of such opportunities as he has ? I am doubtful on that point. Now that he has a free and open field I am inclined to question whether, in the terms of the Stock Exchange, he is " seizing his market." A vast quantity of music is being written nowadays, but how much of it can really be said to bear any national impress or to offer characteristics that impel one to comment " That's British " ? Our present-day composers write too much in a foreign tongue. There is too much haste to copy the latest idea from the Continent and the latest new harmonic " stunt."

Cannot we evolve a few ideas of our own ? I think we can, and I do not say so without book, since we have only to listen to Elgar to realise that the somewhat austere manner is thoroughly English, and that his music, properly played, has the purely melodic quality which is, and always has been, the distinguishing characteristic of British music.

Then there is the real true ring of the country-side in the music of Vaughan Williams, who has carefully developed his melodic side from folk-song. The strongest point in the situation is that the public ear has been gained. What are our composers doing to gratify and satisfy it ? It is a difficult question to answer in this year of Grace for the reason that the older men are silent and the younger, for reasons of their own, are seeking out new fields—a new idiom—a new form of expression.

Some people object to these weird noises, this cacophony, this out Stravinski-ing Stravinsky, this putting of Schönberg in the shade. But the truth is we are in the midst of a concourse of creative hands, of composers who have a future and of composers who are only " futurists." It is an assembly of children, noisy boys, not yet breeched, who take all the fearful joy of youth at trying their hands at everything that will make a row.

But who can say what sort of men they will become ? They have been fascinated by the ease with which one can express

oneself without bothering about key relation, harmony and counterpoint or such an old-fashioned thing as a "tune." I realise that it is the ebulition of youth, but I am glad to note signs of the approach of adolescence with the acquisition of common sense and realisation of the fact that there are other people in the world besides themselves.

In other words, a more sober note is creeping into modern British music, and there is a growing appreciation of the truth that to make yourself understood you must speak in a language people understand. By all means widen musical language; if consecutive fifths and false relation serve your purpose, write consecutive fifths and false relation. By all means devise chords that no one has ever heard before, only let us know that they are coming. An effect is all the better if it is led up to by a progression that the average person can grasp. We will appreciate your wonderful new effect all the more.

At the present moment, it seems to me, the younger composer is mainly making a list of words. I hope soon he will find a comprehensible story in which to employ it.

For thirty years I have watched the British composer, and as the result of my vigil I have come to certain conclusions.

The first of them is that it is essential to write in English. Of much of the music we hear it is difficult to say whether it is German, French or Russian; there is nothing indigenous about it; it has no nationality. In Purcell's day—to quote a typical period—the music was individual and there was no mistaking its source. I am fully acquainted with all the phases of the arguments on the subject that music is universal; so are the British, but you can spot an Englishman wherever you see him, be it at the North Pole or in the Centre of Africa; you recognise him by his form, his speech and his stand-off manner.

Save for Elgar, no one seems able to follow, much less develop, the glorious choral tradition of Hubert Parry—in spite of the fact that ours is a choral nation.

The younger men, our latest recruits in choral music, are giving us nothing worthy of the name. They use the choir as an "extra" instrumental force, not as a separate medium; and they write passages that are unvocal. Fortunately the efforts of the older "young" men still adhere to tradition.

As an example of my point I need only mention "The Mystic Trumpeter" of Hamilton Harty as a work of skill and imagination written with a very complete knowledge of choral effect by use of legitimate means. There is good choral style in the all too-few

works of Balfour Gardiner; and the writing of Coleridge-Taylor is one of the purest specimens we have. But the list is by no means as large as it should be, though I may include a further name, that of Rutland Boughton, who does not disdain to write soundly for the chorus, though he does not set his face against its instrumental aspect in parts of "The Immortal Hour."

Parry's choral work is monumental. It contains all the good points of the fine old English choral tradition, plus a great deal that came from the man himself. His orchestral work, mostly devised with an eye or an ear on the organ, has an individual quality, though his successors think more orchestrally than he did. Much of it may well pass as possessing the right idiom, and my own view of Parry is that we shall turn back to him in due course with very great satisfaction. The truth is that we had not the right appreciation of British music in the days when Parry wrote. Each day we are improving, however, and the time is not far distant when we shall see clearly with regard to one who was above all things a really English composer.

For the combination of tradition and individuality in all kinds of music, for utterances of complete originality and for a style that is unmistakably British, we must look to Dame Ethel Smyth.

The last twenty years have brought into notice this great woman composer—the greatest England has ever produced. Small blame to her if she considers that Germany "saw her first"; our glasses of those days scarcely focussed a British composer, much less a woman who dared to write grand opera. But recognition has come and come to the full in the shape of Royal acknowledgment, and the good-will of the public has been gained.

Although like many another, Dame Ethel Smyth has only really come into her own since the war, it is well to know that those qualified to form an opinion of her powers did not hesitate to do so long before she had reached her present position of being so much in demand that it is thought worth while to revive her early works, such as her Mass originally performed at the Royal Albert Hall under the direction of Sir Joseph Barnby in 1893, three years after the production by Sir August Manns of her "Serenade" for orchestra.

In Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians (Second Edition) published in 1908 and edited by Fuller Maitland, I find this comment on Dame Ethel Smyth:

> "This work (The Mass) definitely placed the composer amongst the most eminent composers of her time and easily

at the head of all those of her own sex. Throughout it was virile, masterly in construction and workmanship and particularly remarkable for the excellence and rich colouring of the orchestration. Miss Smyth did not, however, come into her own until she was recognised as an operatic writer."

The opportunities of hearing her works are not as many as they might be, but they are being accorded more widely than formerly. I have never failed to recognise the worth of her orchestral work, and I have, like Sir Henry Wood, readily given it a place in my programmes, often as not under her own conductorship.

Her latest work is her best, and the fact illustrates her artistic growth and her realisation of the necessity and importance of getting *en rapport* and holding her audiences by some common bond. It is found in its happiest form in her short opera, "The Boatswain's Mate," the libretto of which, based on a W. W. Jacobs' story, she wrote herself. Its success is great wherever it is given, not omitting the Old Vic. where the decidedly Cockney flavour of some of the allusions is specially appreciated. It has also a regular place in the repertoire of the British National Opera Company in association with her shorter example, "Fête Galante," which so forcibly demonstrates the ability of this clever composer to write in more than one style and to express more than one mood.

There is much fine music in her earlier work, "The Wreckers," which was first produced in Germany—though it is by nature a typical English national opera, since the story is peculiar to Cornwall and the folk-music is successfully introduced. This latter feature is a most pleasing characteristic of Dame Ethel's writing, both in "The Wreckers" and in "The Boatswain's Mate." Incidentally let me remark her harmonic and orchestral investment of the folk-tune, "Lord Rendal," in the latter is one of the most beautiful things we have in British music. There is much greater music in "The Wreckers," and I look forward to its revival in due course.

Generally speaking, the female composer is a product of our own time—that is the female composer who makes use of the orchestra—since I cannot overlook the previous work in the limited domain of vocal and chamber music done by Maud Valerie White, Frances Allitsen, Katherine Eggar, and others.

Dame Ethel Smyth stands for all time as the leader among women composers, but I recognise great promise, and possibly

among others as well, in the work of Dorothy Howell, who has recently entered the field. Her compositions—the tone-poem "Lamia," the "Humoresque," and her piano concerto—are in every respect notable expressions from one so young, not merely for their command of technique, which is out of the common, but also for the fact that there is an individuality of theme and a clarity of outlook that may well expand into a power that will carry weight.

Other female orchestral writers include Ethel Scarborough, Edith Swepstone, and Jane Joseph, all helping to swell the representation of British music from an unsuspected and, I venture to think, undeveloped source.

Here I may also place on record the name of Marian Arkwright, now no longer with us, but who was an example of the feminine ability to compose and compose well. Her purely academic knowledge was also considerable and enabled her to gain the degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford by examination.

Another British composer who was born of the dawn of understanding that came at the beginning of the century is Arnold Bax. He is one of those who do not ignore the value of a definitely British idiom, and it informs much of his work. He has displayed his skill in a variety of styles, and has even copied the Russians with considerable facility. But his real power, which I regard as being of a very high order, is revealed in his "Tintagel," his "November Woods," his "Garden of Fand," and the like. These works advance the claims of British music very considerably since there is imagination and freshness in their treatment and the basis is a language people cannot fail to understand. His choral writing is less distinguished for the reason that he has not studied the medium at the source. His orchestral music, however, is of outstanding merit, for it is sincere and novel tone painting.

Of all those who benefited by the interest in native products that came about both during and after the war, Gustav Holst is undoubtedly the most distinguished. His music is of so nationalistic a character that it found little acceptance while the one standard recognised was that of the Continental musician. Prior to 1919 several of his works had been given, but without securing the attention they deserved.

The public ear was gained and a definite position won when his orchestral masterpiece, "The Planets," was played by the Royal Philharmonic Society—in part—in 1919. Later it was given in full by the London Symphony Orchestra, and the British world of music realised that a new force was in its midst. Later there

followed his choral work, " The Hymn of Jesus," and after a tentative essay with " Savitri " at the Royal College of Music, he entered the operatic field with " The Perfect Fool," produced by the British National Opera Company in 1922. Holst's style is well adapted to the stage, for he has a sense of the dramatic—to which he gave free if not apt expression in his " The Hymn of Jesus."

In his opera it had free scope, more especially as in designing that work he very wisely struck out an entirely new line. In this he showed his perceptiveness, for it is only by offering a new aspect and, possibly, development of the operatic form that the British composer can hope to succeed. Copies of the foreign article which have so long served to represent British opera will serve no longer. England was individualistic in her opera in the past and must be so in the present and future if she is to do more than follow in the watery wake of the Continental examples.

Holst shows how we can create a design of our own. And for this, if nothing more, he is entitled to special consideration. I find his music informed by extensive technical command which, it is true, is the property of most of our present-day composers ; but there is an added quality that gives it a character of its own. I refer to the unvarying English idiom that permeates all his writing. This makes it of a very special value since, as I have said before, and probably shall say again, the one weak point in British music is the absence of the distinctive contour that shows it to be British.

It may be that " The Perfect Fool " is not exactly Meyerbeer opera, much less Wagnerian music drama ; it was designated " The Perfect Joke " by one critic, that presumably because the spirit of parody is not lacking and is very happily expressed. Doubtless it shocked those who hold that operatic music must follow a certain course without deviation. Yet this is the very opportunity that presents itself to the British musician—to get away, if he can, from the prescribed formula, since if he adheres to it comparisons are inevitable, and comparisons are odious not to say stultifying as the British operatic writer who kept too faithfully to model has found to his cost. Holst's opera may be conventional—it undoubtedly is—but it is British music, and the whole thing is something unquestionably our own and therefore to be commended.

The same may be said of his work of inventiveness and resource, " The Planets," in which there is more original imagination and skill than has ever been shown before in our own day.

It is not music for a passing hour ; it is an artistic creation to which we shall turn back in days to come with immense satisfaction and pride.

War brought heritage also to a musician well entitled to the recognition that has been accorded him freely since 1914. I refer to John B. McEwen.* For long his gifts were concentrated on the art of teaching, and his expression through the creative medium were infrequent and somewhat ignored. But the new dawn showed him in something approaching his real light, and it was a particular pleasure to me to give the first performance of that remarkable work, his " Solway " Symphony. Its theme has called into play all the powers of insight and poetic expression possessed by this composer, and the result stands as a very distinguished contribution to at least one aspect of British creative music. It is now happily at the feet of the world through the medium of the gramophone, and its presentation in this form is a well-deserved act of justice. McEwen's work in the more restricted direction of chamber music for string quartet is excellent, and again reveals him in the light of a tone painter with a fresh outlook on things.

John Ireland is a composer of eloquence, a facility in musical speech that is largely conveyed through the medium of the English language. His orchestral work, like the " Forgotten Rite," shows him as a man with imagination and fine technique, and his violin and piano sonatas are thoughtful works with a large measure of the quality that convinces. All that stands in the way of Ireland, and many of his contemporaries, is that he jumps too many fences at once, and is too far " advanced " for the average listener to follow with ease.

Arthur Bliss is another of our young composers who has cast tradition to the winds. He has, in fact, " gone off the deep end " and made the plunge into the harmonic sea with results that some of my readers may know. I think he would have done better if he had entered the sea from the shore since he has great inventive powers, a keen appreciation of rhythm and an eye for colour.

One of his earliest examples was, I think, happily named, since it was called " Rout." It was a musical rout no doubt, but if in his efforts at natation he had kept one foot on the bottom the majority would have been better able to appreciate his cleverness.

* Has been appointed to succeed Sir Alexander Mackenzie as Principal of the R.A.M.

As it is he provides no common aural factor, and after listening to him for a little while the ear takes in nothing but the rhythm and appreciates his writing solely as an elemental investment of that rhythm. Such must all music be, but the art is to invest the rhythm with such sound as shall charm the ear and stir the imagination. Instead, the whole of our faculties relapse into noting the fundamental rhythm and ignoring the rest. Thus Arthur Bliss's beauties often pass us by.

Speaking generally, I should be inclined to say that as a composer Eugene Goossens is still somewhat subject to outside impression. He is clever enough to be able to follow the fashion of the hour in convincing manner, but he will give us music for all time when he decides to be out of the fashion and to express more of his inner self. Thus some of his smaller pieces have the greater value in comparison with the larger, which, as far as the future is concerned, I fear have little or none. I like his " Sinfonietta " immensely, because in the middle section he speaks to the heart as well as the mind, and his Scherzo " Tam O'Shanter " is very fascinating. Goossens is undoubtedly a young genius in more ways than one, and a very bright star in the world of British music.

Lord Berners is another of our British composers who, setting aside any desire to expand their gifts on accepted lines, have struck out boldly against anything that might be regarded as conventional. His lordship we know studied music seriously under " orthodox " conditions, and, as my authority continues, " entered the Diplomatic Service." I think we must regard Lord Berners as having something in common with old Omar Khayyam, who, as usual, summarises the situation—certainly with respect to Lord Berners and orthodoxy—when he says :

> " Myself when young did eagerly frequent
> Doctor and saint and heard great argument
> About it and about : but evermore
> Came out by the same door where in I went."

He has since found other doors, and he passes in and out of them with great celerity so that we have scarcely time to recognise him. His music, clever and ingenious in contrivance, I fancy represents his own protest against convention. There is a good deal of the naughty child in it—the child who, having been told it must not do a thing, promptly does it.

Lord Berners has my sympathy in his revolt against convention, but he can never disguise the fact that he is laughing at us,

with the result that his music has little permanent value as a recurring factor.

In the medium which seems to appeal to him most, Cyril Scott is another who speaks with freedom, even though his speech is marred by a foreign accent. Yet he has imagination and humour, though both are obscured by mannerisms that one cannot altogether ignore. Some of his songs are most delightful. His piano concerto is a real " Chinese puzzle " and a " teaser " for the conductor.

Although so far he has not given the world any very considerable effort in the way of either orchestral or vocal music, I nevertheless discern a remarkable promise in the work of Maurice Besly. He is a modernist as his orchestral music shows, but he can adopt a light touch with very striking effect because, while it is of the purely melodious kind, there is the right degree of modernity in his harmonies. He has made some appearances as a conductor, and has shown in the process a decided gift for orchestral direction. I think that in the future we shall hear more of him.

A composer who, in spite of comparative youth, has been able to give unmistakable evidence of ability is Herbert Howells. Here we find an inventive musician who is putting his opportunities afforded by present liberty wholly to good uses. His art is best demonstrated through the medium of the smaller forms, but it is in every sense legitimate, and much, I think, may be expected from this particular member of the modern British school.

Another who belongs to the branch of the musical family is L. A. Collingwood, who, like his contemporary Eric Cundell, shows a welcome tendency to abandon the accepted models imported from Germany and to attempt something that shall be more individual.

Among those of the younger generation growing up I may mention Frank Bridge and Julius Harrison, the latter introduced to the public under the happiest conditions as the winner of the prize offered for the best cantata. Harrison has since achieved much in the musical world by the exercise in varied ways of gifts that it requires no great perception to recognise are out of the common to say the least.

York Bowen, who has made contribution of diverse kind, is a well-qualified hand with a cunning of its own, though I fail to discover in his work, so far, the note which gives it distinction as being British.

On the other hand, no one could ever mistake the music of Balfour Gardiner for anything but the work of an Englishman. Both in his choral and orchestral examples there is the right cadence, and my only regret is that he does not make more frequent contribution. His interest in the art is very keen and has taken a very practical form when necessary, as, for instance, his generous subsidy to the Royal Philharmonic Society when the century-old institution began to feel financially the change that has come about in musical manners.

Havergal Brian is a composer several of whose works it has been my pleasure to introduce to the public. I did so, not because there was any very marked national characteristic in his music, but because it had freshness of outlook and a manner of speech that entitled it to public consideration. James Lyon, like Frank Merrick and J. W. Ivimey, stands among those who have something to say, and I am glad to have been able to give them an opportunity of saying it.

Frederic Austin is another British musician who, in many respects, may be considered a masterhand, since he is not only a skilful creator, but also a vocalist whose attainments have won him foremost place. Nothing better demonstrated his musicianship than his arrangements of the old-world music of "The Beggar's Opera" and "Polly." His scores of these pieces revealed an extraordinary faculty for seeing into the minds of the old writers, and in the case of "The Beggar's Opera," in particular, the result was as if old Dr. Pepusch had returned to earth with a widened knowledge of colour effect and a freer though not expanded knowledge of harmony.

Another executant-composer is Arnold Trowell, who is of special interest to us all since he is a son of the Empire and comes from New Zealand. He represents a certain expansion of power in that part of the world and goes a step further, I think, than his gifted fellow-countryman, George H. Clutsam. Trowell is a remarkably fine 'cellist with a style of great individuality, and his compositions represent something more than a mere struggle for expression—in fact a definite utterance.

E. S. Mitchell, who, I presume, wishes to be regarded as a serious composer, seems to have become too involved in the not very explicit mysticism associated with the name of Scriabin. As an exponent of that writer's works he has attained considerable notoriety, but the exposition of the unfathomable seems to be continued in his own compositions somewhat to the detriment of their comprehensibility as far as the average mind is concerned.

There is a small band of British composers who have devoted their attention almost exclusively to the largely neglected and unjustly scorned phase of the art known as grand opera. It is curious, let me remark, how little has been achieved in this direction in succession to the efforts of Mackenzie, Stanford, Cowen, Goring Thomas, Corder and MacCunn. Of course, the real secret is the absence of vehicle. Even now we have no British National Opera, though we have what perhaps will develop into something of the kind, the British National Opera Company. But there is no *definite* " clearing-house " for the British operatic composer, much less any " trying-out " establishment or " testing-room."

Something towards encouraging him was done and done well by the Moody-Manners Company, but that at best was a private undertaking without the extensive capital required for the purpose of developing a dormant faculty. The encouragement this Company gave was certainly well directed since the efforts to which it awarded its prizes were good examples of opera and the men it brought into prominence—such as Colin McAlpin and Alick Maclean—were certainly of no common order of ability. Subsequent efforts by other organisations were not so well directed, and the specimens offered were hardly worthy of the name of opera.

Matters are improving in the present day, and the British National Company is doing its best to give its help by producing operas by Holst, Rutland Boughton and Ethel Smyth. But this hardly represents what is wanted, and what that is, is a point upon which I allow myself to speak later in this book when scanning the " Musical Outlook."

Nicholas Gatty is one of note among the few who have sought distinction in this field of art. His larger works, like " Greysteel " and " The Tempest," were both of them designed according to the music drama model, and as there is only one model of this kind, it is no wonder that some of the lines are identical. But when he broke away from convention with " Prince Ferelon " and, like Holst with " The Perfect Fool," endeavoured to strike out a new line, he was entirely successful. I am waiting for Colin MacAlpin to do the same, since with the remarkable technique of these men they can contrive to make the smaller and even wholy individual form supremely interesting—and leave copies of " Die Meistersinger " and " The Ring " to those who can do nothing better.

The public has shown itself not averse to British opera

provided it be something distinctive and not a pale reflection of what has gone before. This fact has helped, I think, to commend Rutland Boughton's "The Immortal Hour." That work was given its first performance with orchestra at Bournemouth, as was the same composer's "Bethlehem," and I consider the success of both is due not so much to the merit of the music which, after all, is really not great, as to the fact that the subject matter was uncommon.

There is another phase of British music and one that to-day occupies a definite position. There is a distinct class of composer who expresses himself in the lighter forms and with a degree of success that justifies me in the hope that some day we shall ourselves produce all the light music we want. The want is in the direction of music of the type of the Bizet "L'Arlèsienne" suite, Delibes' Sylvia ballet, and Debussy's "Children's Corner."

As every musical director must realise, there is a good market for British light music of the right kind, and I am glad to note that the fact is being realised. In some instances I know that "serious" composers, failing to secure the recognition they felt was their due, have turned to the lighter side and found both fame and fortune. They incidentally support a contention I have always held that there is no reason why light music should not be scholarly. Sullivan is an example of my point, for however joyous his mood, he never forgot either his musicianship or his scholarship. Others now follow his example, and those I mention, while recognised as providers of popular music, are, the public may like to know, fully qualified for the work of serious composition.

At their head I readily place Sir Frederic Cowen, a musician of remarkable versatility. His contributions are of wonderful extent and range from a simple melodious ballad like "The Children's Home," to the grimmest of grand operas like "Thorgrim," "Signa" and the rest. Between there comes a variety of work which includes some truly delightful examples in the shape of "The Butterfly's Ball" and the "Old English Suites," all of them gems of light music. He is an example to all.

Among the composers of well marked attainment in the region of light music comes Roger Quilter, who, as the writer of "The Children's Overture," is known to everyone. It exemplifies his position, for some of his most distinguished work has been done in the cause of the younger generation. Happy youth to have so gifted a composer to write for you!

J. H. Foulds, though he has recently broken fresh ground

with his serious work, " A World Requiem," has, in my opinion, made significant contribution to light music in his " Keltic Suite " and other examples, and I trust that, having paid tribute to the higher muses he will not hesitate to give us more music of the type of this suite, his " Music-Pictures " and the like.

John Ansell is another of our writers of light music in whom a gift of melody and sound musicianship are combined. His overtures, " To an Irish Comedy " and " Plymouth Hoe," his suite, " Irish Pictures," and his ballet music " The Shoe," are particularly charming and good-class light music.

Then there is Eric Coates who has notable lightness of touch and orchestrates his music with quite uncommon skill and fancy. A little more orginality in his melody would give him a still higher place, but his music is very popular with our less serious audiences, especially his Valsette and the " Summer Days " Suite, not forgetting the bright little overture " The Merrymakers."

A. W. Ketelbey is another who has produced picturesque examples like " In a Persian Garden," " In a Monastery Garden," and other compositions which are very popular, though it is a fact that his aspirations are in other directions. But his present course is bringing him fortune which may in time enable him to rest upon his laurels and in his own words : " become an amateur and compose music once again." As a matter of fact Ketelbey wrote suites, quartets, and a piano concerto long ago when at Trinity College, London, but did not receive encouragement to continue in that direction, so, as he had to earn his living, turned to that which would " sell." Why shouldn't he ?

In addition there are Howard Carr, Frank Tapp, Adam Carse, Percy Grainger, Harry Farjeon, T. F. Dunhill, Arthur H. Wood, and perhaps one or two more. A goodly list but not large enough.

Others who have helped, and are helping, to gain respect for British orchestral music with samples of various kinds are : Ernest Austin, Edgar Bainton, Ethel Barns, Herbert Bedford, W. H. Bell, Herbert Brewer, Dora Bright, Ernest Bryson, Benjamin Dale, Walford Davies, J. D. Davis, Arthur Hinton, Easthope Martin, E. J. Mœran, Percy Pitt, Clarence Raybould, W. H. Reed, Landon Ronald, Cyril Rootham, A. Brent-Smith, Dr. Somervell, W. H. Speer, Reginald Steggall, Felix White, à Beckett Williams, Gerard Williams, and others whose names I apologise for omitting.

Before summing up the position of British music and its exponents I cannot ignore the significance of the work done by hands now still. Samuel Coleridge-Taylor was a remarkable instance of musical gift in an unusual envelope. He was the

first coloured man to achieve musical distinction possibly since Beethoven's Bridgetower. Both had European mothers, Coleridge-Taylor's father being a negro, an educated man, a Doctor of Medicine. The son gave the world a remarkable work in "Hiawatha" written when he was in the early twenties. It is almost impossible to believe that it is the conception of one so young. It is an example of absolute inspiration. It may be that there was some racial appeal in the Longfellow poem, but the fact remains that it seemed to be Coleridge-Taylor's particular mission on earth to give us that wonderful choral picture. There is a great deal that is good in some of his orchestral works, and much that is individual in all he wrote ; but his masterpiece was "Hiawatha." It is one of those stones in the arch that we can point to with pride.

Another individuality that spoke but a few words in the cause of all that is best, before passing, was George Butterworth. He was one of those who would have become a great British composer—for the simple reason that he had the right idiom. It is the idiom we want in British music, not the harmonic or constructive novelty. He would have been one of our poet-musicians, content always with an appeal to our higher thoughts and aspirations—the real aim of music.

The death in the war of Ernest Farrar was a great loss to British music. His song "Brittany" (of which Gervase Elwes thought so highly) will live and also, I believe especially his orchestral suite "English Pastoral Impressions." His music is essentially British and the Suite, which was published by the Carnegie Trust, is full of genuine English idiom. He also wrote several meritorious tone-poems, choral works, etc.

He was the most modest of men and I shall never forget the difference between the shy and retiring youth I met at Harrogate and the stalwart soldier—he had joined the Devonshire Regiment —I encountered some twelve months later. He had a fine future.

The names I have enumerated serve to show how Britain stands with respect to creative ability. I think the list—which I do not claim as exhaustive—is certainly a creditable one since so many phases of musical thought are represented.

My next point, naturally, is to consider the nature of the music these various hands and minds present to the expectant world. My own view of it is that comparatively little of our music bears the real stamp of nationality. It is very well to claim, as has been claimed by those who by force of race may be nationalists but are certainly not patriots, that music has and should

have no nationality. I beg to differ. We want more national character in our music and *we want more melody.* I am fully aware that melody is unpopular to some hyper-critics, and that little is done to gain popularity for it by the production of what has been happily termed " sob stuff," which is nothing more than a degradation of the art of music and a misuse of the mission of melody.

Melody is the soul as well as the preservative of music. It is the sequence of sounds that the listener can follow with the most ease. Why do the old tunes live—some of them, it is true, only to be " jazzed " in their old age, but still they live—because they are melodies. Melody is the link between the composer and his audience, since it is a point on which both can meet on common ground. With melody the composer gains the attention of the listener, and that attention gained, he can proceed to fire off his wonderful harmonies and his astonishing chords that no one has ever heard before.

From melody springs form. Some observation of form, no matter how free, is of service alike to creator and listener; and the listener must be considered a little bit since he has a good deal to do with the game—no listeners, no composers.

I think I discern a tendency to return to accepted musical forms. Naturally they will be modified and altered, but as long as some shape is preserved the composer's genius can be better appreciated. If we are to draw a picture we may as well have a definite outline.

This is one of the advantages of what is known by the comprehensive term of " programme " music. If the musician sets out to illustrate something, he must keep within the meaning of the act or he is defeating his own ends. Some are inclined to condemn " programme " music altogether as being a misuse of the art, claiming that the art can stand by itself without having to explain anything; that it is lowering it to the level of material things. It is possible, too, that what a composer conceives to be a representation of the sea in motion may convey a different impression to his hearers; and that a piece of " programme " music designed to fit one programme may be used with equal effect for another one, totally different. My readers will recall the varied uses to which Rimski-Korsakov's " Scheherazade " has been put.

All the same there is much to be said for some indication of what the composer seeks to illustrate, and for this reason a " programme " is of service. Naturally it causes the composer

to lower his guard and leave himself open to criticism if he sets out to depict a certain thing, for it is the easiest thing in the world for the hearer to say, "That doesn't suggest anything of the kind to me."

Much great music has been written to a programme, and still greater will be written in the future. It certainly prevents a misconception of the composer's meaning; and in these days, when there is so little in modern music that serves as a guide, it is almost essential that the composer should provide some sort of key to his intentions by means of a programme.

It is not the highest plane of musical expression, but it has its advantages. Certainly for abstract music the designer must have power and resource so that he may create a picture that will be remote from material things.

So far, in endeavouring to estimate "Where British Music Stands" I have dealt with the creative representation only. Something is to be said on the subject of British executants.

These, again, have undoubtedly benefitted by the war. Prior to that date we depended largely—far too largely—on the foreigner to sing and play for us. Our own offsprings were neglected—unless they adopted a foreign name. Now, I am glad to say, there is a little more recognition of the fact that our own people can do something, though it is by no means as extensive as it should be. There is still too great a tendency to imagine that the foreigner is the superior.

It always seems to me that a line for line comparison between the British artist and the foreign artist is unfair. The conditions are widely different. In the matter of fundamental temperament alone there is a difference that will never be adjusted from the cradle to the grave. On the Continent—I do not care what part of it, be it France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Persia, Turkey, or Russia—there is the difference in mental and artistic outlook—the divergence of race. The foreigner is never checked in expression—he is never told that "it is rude to point," and he is always encouraged to free expression.

The reverse is the case in Britain, and we suffer in consequence. The business of art is to express. Expression is the last thing the British nature indulges in.

I think it is a pity that we do not give more free expression to the temperament we possess. That we relish it, is incontestable. Witness an audience at a recital by that master of expression, John Coates. It is not immodesty, for his nature is not that, as we well realise when he attempts his description of the

songs he is singing, his remarks revealing him as a nervous and retiring individual. But he has cultivated the art of temperamental expression in his singing.

Others might do the same. As to material there is no lack. At various times and places I have attended those very valuable undertakings the Musical Competitions and there I have come in contact with our musical ability of all grades and of all degrees of development. And I say without hesitation that the quality of the voices and the worth of the musical ability conveyed in the instrumental playing is at least equal to that of any other nation in the world.

Yet how many executive British artists have we ? There is a general level and it is good, but those who rise above it are few and far between and can be counted on the fingers of one hand. This is not because of the paucity of material but because of the shortcomings—some of them national and racial—in the matter of its development. As for our teaching methods I have something to say at a later stage. My present purpose is to express a hope that British executive artists will let themselves " go " a little more freely, since a little more pliancy on their part would easily place them in the same prominent position as our creative hands, and on a level with the foreigner.

Few countries have so many creative minds at work as Great Britain. It is only necessary to look round and see what other countries are producing to realise the fact.

Germany, for so long the greatest of all musical countries, is practically silent. Strauss seems to have said the last word, that is in the direction of music that represents a legitimate development of the art. Germany to-day has other composers but they are experimenters who carefully avoid all the accepted formulae and endeavour to place music on a new basis. This, of course, is wrong and is akin to building a house without a foundation and with bricks—themselves of doubtful quality—that are put together anyhow. All that Germany is doing at the present time is to produce matter that sounds like something grand but in effect amounts only to a bad imitation of a good work. In fact the liking for " *ersatz* " goods, from bread onwards, acquired during the war, seems to have extended to artistic matters.

Italy, like most of the others, has joined in the race for novel effects and has distinguished (or extinguished) herself in the process quite as well as anyone else. But in the direction of the legitimate development of the art there are, I think, immense possibilities in the work of the newcomer, Ildebrando Pizzetti, who

in *propriâ personâ* has recently introduced his music to England. It is largely a reversion to type, for it bases its appeal on the melodic outline in association with strict form. This, I feel, is evidence of a real musical mission. I think the advent of Pizzetti marks a new era in Italian music.

From Austria and Hungary there is practically nothing. The new State of Czecho-Slovakia, of course, has an old musical tradition—that of Bohemia ; and is, moreover, working on lines we might very well follow—the cultivation of national characteristics. There is, indeed, something very comforting in the fact that among the " newer " nations, like this fusion of Hungary and Bohemia, and the more northern Finland and Scandinavia, their efforts are devoted to founding a distinctly national style rather than to finding new harmonic combinations. Spain—an old nation—is now sedulously expanding her music on national lines. America is still content with showing the world that she has studied in France and Germany and generally sat at the feet of the best folk. She, like ourselves, seems to be content to look outwards instead of inwards, and, again like ourselves, is inclined to copy rather than create. The example of MacDowell has never been followed and there are only a few—very few—American composers to whom it has occurred to use national material or national characteristics.

The most hopeful work comes from France and Great Britain. France undoubtedly leads in the matter of musical expansion. Startling as it is, her music is a perfectly logical development of the art and science. A Frenchman is nothing if not logical, and consequently his music partakes of the nature of reason. D'Indy is akin to Berlioz, and Débussy and Ravel follow naturally in the path of Gounod and Saint-Säens.

CHAPTER III

LISTENING TO MUSIC

What is Correct Listening?—The Appeal of Music—How to Develop Musical Appreciation—Form—Ear Training—Abstract Music—Programme Music—Music and the Imagination—Tone-Colour—The Orchestral Composer's Palette—The Instruments of the Orchestra—Dramatic Music—The Gramophone—Broadcasting.

One of the chief reasons that lead people to say they do not care for classical music is that they have never taken the trouble to understand it. To them it is merely a jumble of more or less pleasurable sounds, and its true significance escapes them—for the reason they cannot listen properly.

They may be, and often are, attracted by the skill of the players—it is curious how popular the timpanist is with some people—or the gesture of the conductor, but they fail to realise the interpretative ability which is necessary to convey the message of the master musician or the fundamental truth underlying all.

Yet, a musical composition, like every other work of art, has its theme, its "motif," and it is only when this is made clear to the understanding that the mind can grasp the meaning of a symphony, or for that matter, of a picture or a poem. How many people listen correctly? Listening means more than the mere reception of sounds by the ear. To listen is to attend, to stretch out and bend the mind with the sense of hearing to what is offered.

When we listen to an orator we are not content to have our ears delighted with the mere modulations of his voice, we insist on understanding his message. So in listening to music we ought not to be content with sounds only, but should endeavour to know what those sounds mean. To accomplish this, other things besides mere audition are necessary. A certain amount of selection is needed; the superficial must be disregarded and the attention focussed on essentials. In this way systematic hearing

will enable us, first of all, to grasp a musical composition as a whole, and, later, to distinguish its component parts. We learn, in fact, what to listen " for " and not " to."

In order to do this we must familiarise ourselves with the works of the best composers ; we must hear these works as often as possible and so breathe, as it were, the very atmosphere of good music. Only by long practice can we come into the presence o really great musical ideas.

Sometimes these are expressed through small media. The most skilful artist does not always work on the largest canvas, and the finest gems of music are not always to be found in the overture, or the symphony, impressive though they may be. Just as we are often delighted with the short poem, so may we find pleasure in the miniature employed in music. True taste is not rigidly exclusive ; it grows wider as it includes new things, but only on the condition that these new things are the best of their kind.

Music is the language by which immortal truths are communicated to the spirit, and like other languages it calls for patient and persistent study. Music has the special and unique quality of expressing things which are beyond the reach of words. It was not a musician but a poet who said :

" Music begins where words end."

It is essentially the language of emotion, but to enjoy music adequately we must have knowledge as well as feeling, for it should make its appeal through three avenues—the senses, the emotions, *and the intelligence.* " Seek and ye shall find " is still a test with profound significance, for the real beauties of music must be sought. They are not revealed to the casual listener ; they can only be found by those whose emotions and senses are alert and yet under the control of the intelligence. There must be thousands to-day who are fond of music, and probably there are many hundreds amongst these possessing a genuine desire to learn something about art.

Here lies the great work of musical education. Its true function is to arouse and foster the spirit of enthusiasm and appreciation. To create this, a firm foundation is the proper and intelligent appreciation of the art ; to affirm and emphasise the intimate connection between art and life ; and to link up past and present achievements with future possibilities are necessary.

Love for music is best maintained by an understanding knowledge of it. If you like music in an unthinking and sensuous

way you are only like a cat basking in the warmth of the sun without regard to the source of satisfaction. To be truly musical you yourself need not either play or sing. If you love music and learn to appreciate it, you may become more musical than many an accomplished player or singer. You need not follow music as a profession in order to love it as an art, for appreciation grows with knowledge; and real musicianship does not lie merely in dexterous fingers or facile composition.

In order to develop musical appreciation a certain amount of musical knowledge is essential. To return to my analogy. Before you can really become conversant in the use of language—be it your own mother tongue or that of another race—you must know how it is constructed, what are the popular and accepted forms of expression, and something about its history and development. Such knowledge need not be profound, but must be sufficient to enable you to express yourself properly. In the same way, music, the language of sound, demands a like insight into its component parts.

I am glad to note that as far as the younger generation is concerned, the art or science of writing down melodies or harmonies heard is carefully taught. But there may be some of "larger growth" who wish to acquire this most valuable facility. It is a help in reading music through the eye as well as the fingers, and is one of those things that should be regularly included in the musical curriculum. People should be able to get an "idea" of what a piece or song is like without playing it, though the process can only be carried to a certain point. One cannot sit down and hear a complicated orchestral score as if it were being played without the exercise of rather more imagination than most of us possess.

The ability to write down a tune is a help in the process of ocular audition. The first step is to note the rhythm of the tune. From that is derived the time in which it stands, and that in turn is found out by noting where the accents fall. Next, note the intervals, and then take pen and write. Those blessed with the sense of pitch will probably hit upon the key in which the piece is played. But the thing is to get the tune accurately. Note the part of the bar on which the tune begins, and next the part of the scale. As an example, we proceed to write down "For Auld Lang Syne." It is in four time, and the first note is on the fourth beat and is the fifth of the scale. The second note on the first beat of the bar is the keynote, and so on.

What knowledge is essential to musical appreciation? It

has been stated that in order to understand a composition we ought to know: (1) Musical form, (2) Its key or key-colour, (3) Its mode (major or minor), (4) Style, (5) Orchestral instruments, (6) The *tempo* or speed (pulse or accent), (7) Composer or period, and (8) Point of musical interest; this last, possibly, of the most importance in judging the other factors.

This may sound a formidable list, but there are excellent text-books available which will assist the student. For my purpose, that of aiding the average music lover to appreciate good music, it will be sufficient to confine myself to the elaboration of two points, *viz.*, form and tone colour, since once these are understood the message of the composer is made manifest.

Long experience has taught me the necessity for some knowledge of form in music as being helpful to the correct appreciation of it. Even a little knowledge, especially if this be of a practical kind, will greatly enhance the interest of the listener, and will add materially to his sense of appreciation. Many genuine music lovers attend concerts with disappointing results because they fail to realise that a musical idea possesses a value which lies entirely outside of itself, and which can only be appreciated when its position is defined by the manner of its employment. Small "motifs" that by themselves may appear to be inconsequent frequently loom large in the final result of a fully developed work. However trifling such details may appear to be, they may be employed in such a way as to become the most important factors in the building up of a great movement.

The opening of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony with its three reiterated quavers followed by a long note may be cited as an illustration of this most important fact. In music the *fresh* mosaic is made by innumerable fragments, each of which, when pieced together by the skilled workman, fits into its own special place and serves to complete the perfect design which has been conceived by the composer. These elements, or details, small as they may appear to be, are turned to useful account by their employment on principles of design which imply in their use a sense of proportion and a regular plan of construction. No builder who starts work on the erection of a bungalow, or villa, ever finds at the end that he has built a barn or a church. The fact that he always works to a plan saves him from any such disastrous consequence. In the same way the composer formulates his plan, and no musician who starts work on a movement in sonata or rondo form ever finds that he has written a fugue.

Like the skilled architect, he works according to his plan, and by the skilful use of melodic material and rhythmic formulæ he orders the structure so as to ensure its just balance.

This is what is meant by " form " in music. It would be a most profitable undertaking if some plain and practical exposition of what the main outlines of form are, as employed in music, were published, so that it could be available for those who are appreciative in their hearing of instrumental music, but whose powers of assimilation are limited and circumscripted by lack of practical knowledge. The transition from simple two-part form to that of the dance forms of the suite would be an easy transition. Then naturally three-part form, as employed in instrumental and vocal music, would throw a flood of light on the methods which were in the nature of a development of earlier principles. Another step forward would take the keen listener, whose musical sense has been quickened by increased powers of perception and appreciation, to the older Rondo form as employed by Bach, Haydn and Mozart in the closing movements of quartet, sonata and symphony.

" Oh, that someone would show us the way how to write a new minuet," said Haydn. In course of time Beethoven came along and wrote his new style of minuet which he called a " Scherzo." In the same way the earlier Rondo form heading developed until it culminated in the greatest of modern examples, Strauss' " Till Eulenspiegel." In much the same way the older composers wrote variations ; Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and, greatest of all, Brahms. That variation form is still very much alive is proved by the works of Parry, Delius and Elgar, whose famous " Enigma Variations " is so fresh a development that it culminates in the writing of a complete symphony in the form of variations based on a single theme. Most important, and most helpful of all to the discriminating hearer will be the power to follow what is known as sonata or first movement form. The great orchestral symphony is but a glorified pianoforte sonata, and its basis of design or ground plan is the same.

This is the " master key " to all the " absolute music " which has been written from Bach to Brahms. For one hundred and fifty years the greatest minds have concentrated on the perfection of this very sonata form, until at last it has been realised that nothing better can be done in this particular way, and this fact being recognised, composers have been obliged to seek for other freer and less conventional forms as a medium for expression.

The evolution of the Sonata form was the greatest triumph of design in music. This was not accomplished by any one man or at

any single time or place. It is the consummation and the concentration of all the greatest and the best of musical genius. I have simply attempted in this brief and incomplete outline to suggest the importance of following out what is a natural line of development, and in doing so to furnish some aid to the equipment of the listener.

It is gratifying to find on all hands a marked increase in music of the best kind, and this is undoubtedly a healthy sign. To hear only is a source of pleasure, but to hear and understand means more than mere aural gratification, for the combination implies intellectual vision. The senses need to be supplemented by all the powers of intellect with which every musical nature has been endowed, and for the due cultivation of which we are individually responsible.

I want to advocate as strongly as I can the importance of ear training. If "Seeing is Believing" to the man in the street, then "Hearing should be Understanding" to the lover of music. To repeat myself again, it is just as necessary to learn to hear correctly as to speak correctly. A very good ear test is to pick out the middle note of a chord of three notes when played on the piano. Another is to be able to write down a simple passage after hearing it played. At first only simple rhythms and figurations of common chords should be attempted. Later, more complicated passages in two, three or four parts of harmony could be tried. It is also good to endeavour to sing over a melody immediately after hearing it. This test is especially suitable for those with little or no knowledge of musical notation. Children should be encouraged to do this, because the power of imitation is at its zenith in the young, and such a method will appeal far more to them than the more technical one of writing down several parts. A good way to get hold of a melody is to note its rhythmic foundation, and next its intervals, in fact, grasp its contour.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century, music was simpler in form and depended more on direct expression and beauty of melody and harmony than now. This was the Romantic School, prominent members of which are Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Chopin.

Of these, Mendelsohn was the pioneer, for he came to the zenith of his power as a composer much sooner than either Schumann or Chopin, and was much less trammelled by the conventions of classical form than Schubert, who, by the way, was Mendelssohn's senior by ten years.

Mendelssohn, it must be remembered, however, had unique

opportunities for early development. His was a home of affluence where his gifts had careful attention. The very best tuition was at his disposal, and he had an orchestra of his own. Small wonder that he was able to pour out for us such a wealth of charming melody, and such dainty artless lace work as the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, or the still popular "Songs Without Words." While lacking the depth of Schumann or the sad poetic feeling of Chopin, these little cameos—the "Songs Without Words"—have a charm and refinement of melody, harmony and expression all their own.

One hesitates before dissecting a flower—and yet, in the mysterious combination of golden anthers, fragile pistil, and delicate ovary, the secret of its life and beauty is revealed to us. So, too, in analysing a musical composition rather do we seek to find the message of the master and discern if possible the secret which has kept such a work alive.

Some writers consider the Romantic School begins with Beethoven, but while much of his music is imaginative, highly expressive and even romantic in feeling, it is so essentially classical in form, development and style, that he belongs to the Classical period, although we may regard him as a link between the two schools.

Since Mendelssohn's time we have had hundreds of writers of songs without words, nocturnes, lyric pieces, etc. Some of their works are of a nobler type and display even greater genius than Mendelssohn himself, such as those two great masters and poets of the piano, Schumann and Chopin, both his contemporaries.

Incidentally it is remarkable how many great composers of this era were born near each other in point of time. At the beginning of the last century we have Mendelssohn in 1809, Schumann and Chopin 1810, Liszt 1811, Wagner in 1813, and then no one of outstanding merit until Brahms was born in 1833 and Tchaikovski seven years later.

So far we have dealt entirely with abstract music, *i.e.*, music which makes its appeal to the senses purely on musical grounds of melody, harmony, and ornamentation and resource in development, but there is a type of music which makes a more direct appeal. This is known as "programme music." As its name implies, such music attempts to describe or illustrate some definite programme, sensation or scene.

Some well-known examples: The "1812" Overture of Tchaikovski, the "Till Eulenspiegel" (Merry Pranks) of Richard

Strauss, and " Scheherazade " of Rimski-Korsakov. This music is, of course, hybrid, because it requires the aid of letterpress, otherwise it would often be very difficult to determine what it was all about. However, even with these obvious limitations a great deal of so-called " progamme " music is really worth listening to as abstract music,apart from the programme altogether. The most successful music of this kind is that which does not attempt to follow the set programme too slavishly, but uses it only as a general foundation or inspiration from which it may be developed.

In such well-known operatic overtures as " Tannhäuser," " Die Meistersinger " (Wagner), " William Tell " (Rossini), and " Der Freischütz " (Weber), there is a " programme " in so far as they declare themselves to have a definite bearing upon the opera which is to follow. But quite apart from that, they are satisfactory and self-contained musical works in themselves.

Sometimes programme music takes the form of a musical joke. An interesting example is " The Funeral March of a Marionette " by Gounod, who, besides the evergreen " Faust," wrote many fine works of the calibre of " The Redemption " and " Mors et Vita," a fact which many music lovers are apt to forget.

In the " Funeral March of a Marionette," which is quite simple, ordinary ternary, or three-part march form with a trio and a coda, there is a subtle suggestion of mock pathos, a parody figure, the late-comer, the sobs, and all the rest, and jerky rhythm which is designed to represent the obsequies of a marionette, and, as such, is a delightful example of programme music and humour in music.

Thus we see that music has a definite mission, and that if we are to understand what the composer means, we must train ourselves to appreciate his mental outlook. This can only be done, as I have said before, by listening intelligently. Once these simple facts are understood, classical and other good music will no longer be a mere mass of more or less pleasurable sounds to the hearer, but will be to him a theme, a story if you like, as distinct and intelligible as the thoughts of the greatest masters in prose and poetry.

But, as I have already hinted, there is yet another phase of music and one which brings into play the highest and the most important function of the mind, the imagination. Musical form and programme music can easily be understood by the intelligence, but in order to appreciate fully the value of good music we should be able to perceive what is known as " tone-colour." Here

the imagination is brought into play. Music which charms the intellect, which fascinates the mind by its intricate mechanism, has, after all, only a passing appeal. The music *which lives* is that which sets the heart beating in sympathy, which stirs the emotions and fires the imagination. Mere mechanics in music, such as some elaborate concertos and intricate symphonies which, as I have known composers to admit, are not the fruits of creative impulse, but merely the outcome of a natural skill in " fitting " notes together, please the ear but for the moment. They are forgotten almost as soon as they are heard, because there is nothing in them that grips the imagination. In a word, they lack tone-colour.

Colour is one of the joys of life, as it is one of the wonders of Nature. An engraving of a picture is often a fine work of art, beautifully executed, faultless in detail, but it is dull and dead compared with the living tints with which the artist creator endowed the original. As I write these lines the leaves are falling from the trees opposite my study window. Soon the fields will be carpeted in amber, golden brown and red, while here and there the pines and firs, scornfully disdainful of the coming winter, rear their dull green heads in derision. They know that winter's snow will but show them in bolder relief, and when the earth is still and white they will stand out silhouetted against a grey sky, monarchs of the landscape.

Or picture a spring morning. How glorious it is to stand at that time on some eminence far removed from a crowded city and gaze at Nature's picture spread before us. Green fields flanked with hedgerows dotted with multi-coloured spring flowers stretch far to the right and left. Here and there a white-and-red brick cottage or homestead breaks up the prevailing green, while brown and white cattle eagerly nosing among the new grass, lend a touch of colour to enliven the scene. In the distance perhaps the blue sea stretches away to the horizon until it melts in an ocean of ultramarine and white cloud.

Who has lived through such a moment and remained untouched by the deep joy of feasting the eye on such a panorama of colour ? Here we have a *direct* appeal to the brain through the medium of that human camera lens, the eye ; and when the artist tries to reproduce what he has seen, he employs colour to make the same appeal to you and me.

But in addition to natural colour and that employed by the artist on canvas, there is also " word-colour " or " word-painting," which is the link between positive colour conveyed through the

sense of vision, and " sound-colour " conveyed to the emotions by the sense of hearing. Both " word-colour " and " tone-colour " bring into play the function of memory. The " word-poet " and the " tone-poet " draw upon our imagination, and their success depends entirely upon the extent to which we respond and the trouble we take to develop our personal receptivity.

When Browning wrote

> " Oh to be in England
> Now that April's here
> And whoever wakes in England
> Sees, some morning, unaware,
> That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
> Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
> While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
> In England—now ! "

he was travelling abroad, yet you can tell he saw the picture as clearly as if the elm-tree and the green fields of England were before him. Neither do we require much imagination to visualise the scene for ourselves, when reading or listening to the poem, so vividly has the master painted it verbally for us. Here the memory of direct colour is brought into play by means of sound conveyed via the ear to the brain through the medium of language.

In the same way, through music, the language of sound, the idea of " tone-colour," is carried on the wings of the imagination and we visualise the picture which the composer had in his mind, and if he has used his palette to the best advantage we shall see it as distinctly as he did himself.

Strictly speaking, tone-colour is a misnomer. There is no such thing as direct or positive colour in tone. What actually exists may be more correctly described as quality and intensity. Thus it would be more accurate to speak of " tone-quality " and " tone-intensity," than " tone-colour," or possibly " affinity." The word *timbre* may even describe it better. But a neat distinction in the matter of terms is not essential. What I wish to show is that " colour," even if it is a nebulous, undefinable quality, does exist in music, and as such plays no small part in the development of musical appreciation.

Orchestral instruments in themselves are monochrome, that is to say they possess a particular and easily identifiable quality of sound due to their shape, tone production, and the material of which they are composed. They may vary in intensity, but not in actual quality of tone. This is also true of that popular

domestic instrument the pianoforte, which is capable of being varied in intensity of tone from *ppp* to *fff* without changing its characteristic sound-quality.

The concert organ of a large hall is one of the few instruments where several kinds of tone-qualities are grouped together, and in the hands of a skilful player many shades of tone-colour can be obtained. Its great drawback is its inability to vary the intensity of the component tone-qualities, or stops as they are called.

Expression can only be obtained by purely mechanical means, such as the addition or reduction of stops and use of the swell. If the organ had been capable of varied expression like the orchestra, it is probable that ere now it might have almost entirely ousted it ; for in the hands of two performers and by increasing the number of manuals, almost any orchestral score could be played, especially if, as in the case of the largest organ, instruments of percussion were also fitted to it. The orchestra, however, owing to its ideal capabilities of direct expression and its variety of tone, remains the best medium for the composer's highest efforts in musical composition.

But to return to sound-colour. Which colours do the different instruments of the orchestra call to mind ? Many people recognise a distinct shade in particular keys or scale—feeling C as brown, D as red, E green, and so on. There is a marked difference on the effect of these keys, and composers do study this point when selecting a key for a particular work. Wagner's Prelude to the " Meistersinger " would have lost much of its stately dignity had it been cast in the lighter key of E, and Chopin's Funeral March might have sounded almost flippant in E or G minor.

If we pursue our analogy of colour in the sounds of the orchestra, we find that the flute gives blue tints, the azure blue of the sky ; the reedy oboe adds a hue of green to the picture, the rural element being associated with its plaintive tones. A touch of human nature is given to the sound-canvas by the warm appealing voice of the clarinet, which ranges from rose-pink to blush-red in colour. Deeper shades of brown and green seem the appropriate timbres of bassoon notes, which add a touch of humanity to the picture like a grotesque tree-stump or a fantastically-shaped rock does to the landscape. Then like a ray of brilliant and dazzling sunlight falls upon our ears the clarion-call of the louder brass—trumpet and trombone, while the horn murmurs of the purling brook, or, in louder accents, of the far-resounding sea. The

strings form a general colour basis to be made luminous at will by the superimposition of wood wind and brass.

The picture is made more realistic by the occasional accentuation of the rhythm, the addition of the "high lights"—when percussion instruments, drums, cymbals and the like come in to intensify the effect.

To some this description may seem overdrawn, but to those who possess the mysterious sense of sound-colour, the tints I have named may seem quite appropriate, though in some cases there will be others which appear more suitable, according to individual taste.

The analogy is not merely a fanciful one, because the connection between sound and colour can be proved scientifically, for the basis of each is vibration.

To all who would listen correctly, I commend this picture-romance of the orchestra, because I feel sure that once it is comprehended, the acquisition of a fuller understanding of details will become an easy and pleasurable task.

The instruments of the orchestra provide the colour palette for the orchestral tone-painter. Let us see for a moment how he uses it.

Orchestral development owes much to the pioneer makers of wood, wind and brass instruments, such as Boehm and Sax, who improved the mechanism and fingering so much that advanced technique became possible to the player, and the use of the orchestra was greatly extended. Compared, for example, with the natural trumpet which was the only one available from the time of Bach to that of Beethoven, modern trumpets, with their pistons or valves, are much more efficient instruments. In fact, it is really wonderful what the early composers managed with their limited tonality.

Compare the trumpet parts in Weber's famous overture to "Der Freischütz" with the extremely chromatic passage in Elgar's "Wand of Youth Suite" (No. 2), and you will realise the enormous strides which have been made in this department alone during the passing of a few decades.

In earlier times composers were slaves to convention, or else were slow to realise the possibilities of newly-invented or improved instruments. It was not until Mozart had showed him their beautiful colour effects that Haydn fully introduced clarinets into his orchestral score. As a matter of fact, Mozart was the first to employ tone-contrast or tone-colour in his scoring. Before then, instruments other than strings had only been used as separate

voices in the orchestra, each having its own part to sing without any particular bearing upon the other component parts of the ensemble.

Such an arrangement was seen in our day in a small combination for dancing previous to the Jazz craze consisting of a violin, a cornet or clarinet, and a piano. Here each instrument played more or less continuously without any attempt at tone-contrast or tone-colour.

More recently, and particularly since the Great War, a new type of dance-band has come into existence. It is imported from America, from whence we also derived a new kind of dance music. This, known as " Rag-time " or " Syncopated " music, may be pointed to proudly as the one distinctive musical expression America has given us. The idea of syncopated music was taken from the negroes, who, for the purpose of imparting accent to the words sung, transferred the musical or rhythmic accent from its proper place to some other.

In the old negro tune of " Old Folks at Home," by Stephen Collins Foster (an American composer who flourished in the early part of last century), there is distinct evidence of syncopation. The plan was developed and " syncopated " music became a familiar thing. To accentuate its eccentricity new instrumental combinations were brought together, and the style of ornamentation expanded, becoming known by the term " jazz "—although that word in itself does not convey a definite description as does " syncopated." To the piano, which still remains the fundamental contributor in " jazz " music, the saxophone was added. This instrument has been in use in the French Army bands for many years, but was not widely known in this country. It is capable of a variety of tone, and has a wide range, and in the hands, or rather lips, of an expert performer it can be made to " cavort " at will with comic effect. The muted trumpet is another instrument used in " jazz " music ; and banjos, zylophones, concertinas, accordions, and trombones are also employed.

Although associated with the utmost irresponsibility, good jazz music is a thing of considerable ingenuity. A theme chosen suitable for the dance measure is invested with ornamentation, or a species of free counterpoint unknown to any writer on the subject from Ouseley to Kidson, and this in combination with a tonality of great variety constitutes what is now known by the generic term of " jazz." I need only mention " The Kitten on the Keys " as an example of the resource and humour that is brought to bear on this type of musical composition.

Unfortunately, this " school " of music has got itself into bad odour by making use of well-known themes in distorted and transmogrified versions for the purposes of treatment, and has caused to be attached to the word " jazz " a certain inference of the irrelevant and vulgar. This aspect of " jazz " is to be deplored and strongly condemned. In other respects, the ingenuity and imagination displayed in a good specimen of the type is decidedly intriguing.

To revert to wind instruments. Bach and his contemporaries utilised them both as solo voices and part of the contrapuntal scheme. But it must be remembered that the polyphonic writing of his time demanded sobriety of colouring, because the interest was then in the evolution and combination of themes, rather than in expression and effect as is the case to-day. Even as late as Haydn and Mozart there was no attempt at profound human emotion in their writings. Beauty and skill in handling thematic material were present, but for depth in expression we have to seek the writings of the mature Beethoven—the true founder of emotional music. It was the search after individual expression that made him realise the possibilities of certain previously-neglected instruments, and his keen sense of contrast in the avoidance of monotony led him to bandy his themes or melodies from one instrument to another—first a fragment on the clarinet, then a reply on the flute, followed by an interpolation by the oboe and bassoon in octaves. This was the beginning of the realisation of the possibilities of orchestral tone-painting.

In the past among the greatest " musical painters," those who used tone-colour to the best effect were Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner. All were born within ten years of each other near the beginning of the nineteenth century : Berlioz in 1803, Liszt in 1811, and Wagner in 1813. Liszt attained greater personal popularity and power earlier in life than the others, owing to his phenomenal technical powers as a virtuoso pianist. But he was more than a show pianist : he was a great creative artist, and a man with a wide outlook on life. He was a good friend both to Berlioz and Wagner, and especially to the latter. In the dark days of exile and disfavour, it was Liszt who gave Wagner a helping hand by producing " Lohengrin " at Weimar in 1861, and by encouraging him to go on with the immortal tetralogy " The Ring of the Niebelung."

Berlioz was far ahead of his time as an orchestral writer. His grasp of instrumentation was remarkable, and he wrote daringly for combinations and masses of instruments previously

unknown. His " Traite d'Instrumentation " was for many years the leading text-book. Unfortunately, he was limited in his general musical knowledge, and lacked that faculty which is essential to all successful composers, self-criticism. Otherwise he would have occupied a much higher position in the realm of art. His " Carnaval Romain " colouring atmosphere is characteristic of his command of the science of orchestration.

Liszt knew how to make use of the wind and brass to the best advantage in his colour schemes, but the greatest genius of the three, Richard Wagner, was a consummate master of orchestral tone-colour. He knew the exact effect and capabilities of every instrument, and even had special instruments of the tuba family made in order to get particular shades of tone. He was the first to employ the now familiar enlarged orchestra including three flutes, cor Anglais, bass clarinet, contra fagotto (also used by Beethoven), three trumpets, bass trumpet and extra percussion.

As I have already hinted, composers have now appreciated the fact that the wood instruments especially have *different* characteristics and varying shades of their sound-colours according to whether they are used in their low, medium, or high ranges. This is particularly true of the flute, clarinet, and, to a certain extent, the bassoon.

One of the most useful and at the same time one of the most beautiful *adjuncts* of the tone-colour palette is the French or valved horn. This is especially so since mechanism was added making the chromatic scale available. It makes an excellent " body " colour on which the " tint " of well-nigh every other instrument can be superimposed. They can sustain a most beautiful pianissimo chord ; or can play a lovely melody in the characteristic round tone with the utmost expression, or they can be rough and harsh if required. Sometimes, too, horns are used as the pedals or sustaining instruments of the orchestra in shading from soft to loud, as in the first movement of the " Peer Gynt " suite—" The Voice of the Morning." Here they form the background of the picture.

The trombones and tuba, much used in modern times, but very sparsely in the classical period, are also capable of a soft organ-like tone. In a sustained melody such as the Pilgrims' Chorus in the " Tannhäuser " Overture, the trombone is heard at its best, and a fierce and almost overwhelming tone is possible in fortes. The tuba is mainly used as the bass to the trombones.

A large force is comprised in the term Percussion. This

department of the orchestra primarily consists of the timpani, or kettle-drums, usually three in number: side-drum, with and without " snare " or piece of gut stretched tight against the side opposite to that struck ; and the big drum and cymbals. Time has brought an enlargement of what Berlioz called the " kitchen." To these are added triangle, tambourine, bells (shaken), glockenspiel, and individual instruments required by composers such as the " wind-machine " used by Strauss in his " Don Quixote," the " cricket " used by Sir A. C. Mackenzie in his " Cricket on the Hearth," and many more besides, not omitting the celesta, a keyboard instrument whose tone, so effectively employed by Tchaikovski in his " Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy " in the " Casse Noisette " suite, is produced from tongues of metal.

The timpani are capable of a variety of tone, as they can be tuned by means of keys that tighten or loosen the skin. A method of tuning by means of pedals worked by the player's foot has also been applied, and a set of such instruments was used at Queen's Hall by Sir Henry Wood for some years.

The kettle-drum, whilst one of the oldest of the instruments in use, is also one of the most varied. It gives a curious body to string tone, and matches well with wood wind and brass, and generally stands as a decidedly musical instrument. My older musical readers will recall the clever manipulation of a set of half a dozen kettle-drums by Gordon Cleather in his Concerto. All through musical literature we find perceptive minds making distinctive use of the instrument.

Berlioz tuned them to four notes in the " Symphonie Fantastique " to represent the rumbling of thunder ; Gustav Holst in his " Uranus " movement from the " Planets " uses them with marvellous effect ; and, played with two fingers or coins in Elgar's " Enigma Variations " they produce a special atmosphere.

The bass drum is impressive as, for example, in Berlioz' " Hungarian March " from Faust, in which the use of the single notes is most effective.

The side or small military drum crescendo roll in the same piece is notable.

Others are the tenor or larger military drum heard in the " Rienzi " overture ; the triangle in Grieg's "Anitra's " dance ; and Liszt's " E Flat Piano Concerto " ; the tambourine for Eastern effects, e.g., Tchaikovski's " Casse Noisette " ; the castagnets in Bizet's " Carmen," and the sleigh- or cow-bells.

The cymbals are clashed together, struck by a wooden beater, or " rolled " with drum-sticks ; while the gong with its gloomy

clang is used by Elgar in " The Dream of Gerontius," Tchaikovski's " Francesca da Rimini," and others.

In lighter descriptive music a variety of incidental instruments are used, e.g., the cuckoo or bird whistle, and various imitations of shrieks, barking dogs, etc.

These minor instruments are of use primarily for attracting the " popular " audience. As an experiment, one day I played Elgar's orchestral version of the Bach C Minor Fugue, once with percussion (except timpani) and once without. There is no doubt that, shorn of this adornment, the fugue was less taking to the public ear.

One of the oldest branches of orchestral music, which originated in the striving after dramatic effect by the early opera composers, is illustrative, dramatic, or melodramatic music. Great care has to be exercised in the use of this type of music, or something which is noble and lofty may become ludicrous, and descend to the level of a pantomime with its " noises off."

Many composers have attempted to recall the sounds of nature, particularly the calls of birds or animals and the portrayal of storms. In Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony at the close of the slow movement (the " Scene am Bach ") imitations of the nightingale, the cuckoo, and the quail may be heard, while in the " Storm " from the same work we get Beethoven's idea of a tempest. Haydn also attempted to portray the rolling of the waves and the raging of a storm in a similar manner in his overture to " The Creation," also Wagner's " Siegfried " and Puccini's " Butterfly " are good exmples.

Of the enormous variety of expression and effect which may be obtained from the foundation of the orchestra—the strings—much could be written. Elaborate colour effects are gained by the use of pizzicato, harmonics, and sordini or mutes. Two modern examples of the creation of atmosphere by means of both harmonics and mutes, may be found in Paul Dukas' Scherzo " L'Apprenti Sorcier," and Débussy's " L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," both of which are dependent upon the peculiar, mystic, and shimmery atmosphere they create. Finally as an illustration which exhibits glorious Eastern colouring and barbaric splendour, the last movement from Rimski—Korsakov's " Scheherazade " is a wonderful example of tone-painting. Here is a movement which employs all the varied resources of the modern orchestra to the best advantage and shows what can be done in tone-colour by a master.

It will therefore be seen, I trust, that tone-colour is something

more than a fanciful analogy. The composer mixes his " colours " in the same way as the painter blends the colours on his palette, and, when he is satisfied, transfers them in a like manner to his canvas. A musical composition is as much a picture as the finished work of the painter. The composer sets his thoughts down in a score, leaving the orchestra to produce the picture. But in order to understand them, the imagination has to be brought into play. All pictures are not purely descriptive, some are allegorical, others are so subtle that it takes us some time to realise the message the artist wishes to convey to us. So with a musical work ; if we wish to understand it, we must try to place ourselves in the position of the composer and ask why he used this or that instrument until we come to realise his intention. Above all, learn to recognise the distinctive tone of each instrument. This is most important.

I append a brief but relative description of orchestral instruments with a suggestion of a scheme of colour applicable to them.

ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS

THEIR APPEARANCE : TIMBRE AND COLOUR

(In the order in which they are placed in an Orchestral Score)

	Instrument.	*Timbre.*	*Colour.*
FLUTE ..	Straight ; keyed, held at right angles to player.	Open pipe tone.	Blue.
PICCOLO ..	Small flute.	Acuter than flute.	Light cold blue.
OBOE ..	Straight : short, held horizontally. Double reed.	Reedy, acrid, penetrating.	Green.
COR ANGLAIS	Similar : longer.	Deeper oboe tone.	Ditto.
CLARINET ..	Straight, longer than oboe. Single reed. Used in two keys, B flat and A natural.	Rich reed, slightly nasal, very satisfying in middle; full in lower, hard at extreme top.	Rose-pink to blush-red.
BASS CLARINET	Longer and heavier, with curved bell.	Very rich on lower middle; an octave below the clarinet register.	Blush-red.

Instrument.		*Timbre.*	*Colour.*
Bassoon ..	Long and held at angle. Double reed attached by feed tube.	Reedy "spread" tone varied in quality between extremes of compass.	Brown and green.
Double Bassoon	Much heavier than bassoon.	An octave below the bassoon.	Ditto.
Trumpet or Cornet	In appearance straight with bell, actually wound tube. Shanks for different keys. Mostly used in B flat or A.	Sharp, brassy, Trumpet brilliant, refined. Cornet fuller, less refined.	Dazzling sunlight.
Horn ..	Circle with bell in which player keeps one hand to aid valves. Crooks for different keys, generally E and F.	Rich "poo" tone slightly muffled; very musical and distinctive either concerted or solo.	Yellow.
Trombone ..	Long: played with a slide which varies length.	Mellow or harsh, as required "shadow" to trumpets.	Scarlet and orange.
Tuba ..	Upright, wide bell.	16 ft. tone. Bass to trombones.	Deep orange.
Percussion ..	Various types. Kettle-drums like name.	Timpani gives body.	High lights.
Strings ..	All bowed. Violins 1 and 2 treble.	—	Grey blue.
Viola ..	"Tenor" in quartet. Tuned a fifth lower than violin and links with violoncello.	Infinite variety of characteristic tone.	Ditto.
Violoncello	Plays both accompaniment or melody as required.	Do.	Ground-work, tinted by wood wind and brass, etc.
Double-Bass	Played standing.	16 ft. tone octave below violoncello.	Ditto.

On these lines is musical appreciation developed, and one of the greatest aids is the understanding of what I have called tone-colour. Form is essential, but without light and shade and colour

effects a picture, no matter how interesting the subject, would be dull and meaningless. It is because the masters have realised this that their works live to-day.

One of the most important influences on the extension and development of musical appreciation is the gramophone. The day of the old-fashioned "talking-machine" is long past, and such enterprising firms as the Columbia Graphophone Co., Ltd., are producing machines to-day, the tone of which is far superior to that of the machines of even a year or two ago. It is now possible to reproduce the sounds of practically all the instruments of the orchestra, and this will enable the "man in the street" to appreciate the value of those which have hitherto been unknown to him. I refer to the clarinet and the oboe. Moreover, the nasal tone formerly associated with the 'cello has been replaced by its natural mellow sound, while the harp is now to be heard to greater advantage.

This, together with the marked improvement in the reproducing of the human voice, will result in bringing to many homes classical works and oratorio; and thus materially assist in the appreciation of good music. I welcome the advent of the modern gramophone as one of the best means of bringing about that end.

In education the value of the gramophone is inestimable. To the musical student it is cheaper than singing lessons for example, and no singer need be without tuition while he or she is able to purchase and hear the records of famous artistes. In schools its possibilities are far-reaching, for in no other sphere is it more useful than in training the young to appreciate and understand good music. The issue of records of the various instruments of the orchestra will familiarise the child with their use, tone and value in a musical combination; moreover, lectures can be illustrated with musical selections which otherwise would be impossible without the aid of an orchestra, and the use of various melodies and diversified rhythms can then be explained in a manner quite impossible in words.

In order to see how lecturettes on musical appreciation were being received in schools, I visited an elementary school in Bournemouth where Mrs. Leigh Henry was giving a delightful talk to the children in simple language. Their enthusiasm was unbounded, and although they were kept for this purpose after school hours, they all declared, in response to a candid question, that they were delighted, and, like Oliver Twist, "asked for more."

One of the most enterprising movements in connection with the musical education of the young has been the establishment of

violin classes in elementary schools. This work is entirely voluntary and is carried on under the auspices of the National Union of School Orchestras, which holds competitive meetings at the St. Bride Foundation, E.C. 4., and festival concerts once a year at the Crystal Palace. The first great festival was held in 1905, and, with the exception of 1915 to 1919, have been held annually ever since. Seven hundred boys and girls took part in the first concert in 1905, 7,000 in 1914, while there were 6,500 little instrumentalists at the June festival last year. The children play the first and second violins while the other parts are maintained by a military band—last year that of the Queen Victoria's Rifles.

A pleasing feature is that in schools to-day the use of the orchestra is not confined to accompanying the hymns. It is used to assist in many of the drills and dances (Morris dancing, etc.), and is also available at school concerts and parents' days. The programme of the 1921 concerts, for example, shows that the more advanced pupils are being taught pieces like the "Tannhäuser March," the gavotte from "Mignon," and the andante from the "Mendelssohn Concerto," etc.

In addition to the competition for shields and the festival concerts, the N.U.S.O. offers annually two three-year scholarships available at the Guildhall School of Music ; eight one-year class scholarships and sixteen assisted class scholarships at the same institution. These are all open to the members of those school orchestras which are affiliated to the National Union. All useful work in the cause of musical education.

Broadcasting has also become another important medium for the spreading of the doctrine of better musical appreciation. Its value lies in the fact that it brings music into the home, and if the reproduction is good, it must interest the hearer, and help to create in him a love for going to concerts. On the other hand, a good deal of harm is being done to concerts at present through people being able to listen in the comfort of their homes instead of having to go out. This is especially so during periods of inclement weather. I allude to broadcasting more fully in Chapter V.

Talking about concerts, there is one point which all students of music should remember. They should look at the score *before* and not *during* the performance. At the concert they should *listen only*, and then when they have returned home, look at the score again. Following the performance with the music is a species of dram-drinking and is pure sensuality. It should be possible to "hear" music through the eye. The real composers, of course, do this regularly—the stone-deaf Beethoven is only one

example—but among the general music-loving public the accomplishment is much less common than it should be. When purchasing a novel we do not ask the shop-assistant to read a few pages aloud ; a glance through the book itself suffices. Why, then, should it be necessary to have a song or a piece of music " tried over "—a look at the score should be sufficient.

I was gratified by being asked by the Columbia Graphophone Co. to record Vaughan Williams' " London Symphony," of which we have given more performances in Bournemouth than in any other town. This was followed by a request for the same composer's overture to " The Wasps."

The " man in the street " has no idea of the work entailed in conducting for recording purposes. Great care is necessary, and the time taken to record a passage is much greater than that occupied in a reproduction by the machine. Thus four pieces of four minutes' duration when being recorded took no less than three hours to complete the process. This is because tests are made at various points before the master record is taken. Incidentally, the conductor has always to be on his guard not to make any comment when actual recording is in progress, and the temptation to say at the end of a work, " That was fine," or " That was too long," must be sternly repressed, as, of course, it is reproduced with the music. And this has happened !

CHAPTER IV

SOME COMPOSERS I HAVE MET

(In the Order of First Appearance at Bournemouth)

Edward German — Stanford — Parry — Memorial at Bournemouth — Mackenzie—Cowen—Elgar—Coleridge-Taylor—Cuthbert Hawley—Ronald—Bantock—Corder—Cliffe—Holbrooke—Cyril Scott—Rutland Boughton — Brewer—Hamilton Harty—Montague Phillips — Ethel Smyth—Holst—Julius Harrison—Arnold Trowell—Jongen—Vaughan-Williams — Sibelius — Arthur Wood — Julian Clifford — Dalhousie Young — Goossens — Bliss — Gibbs — Rootham — Local Composers.

THE first occasion on which a British composer conducted his own music at the Winter Gardens was on December 20th, 1897, when Mr. Edward German visited us. Since then more than a hundred others have appeared and conducted their own works, and from a careful estimate, based on programmes of the Symphony Concerts alone, it has been ascertained that no less than 624 British pieces have been presented at Bournemouth, many for the first time.

Edward German, I am glad to say, is a very well-known figure at the Bournemouth concerts. He has, in fact, conducted no less than twenty-seven times during the past thirty years, both at the Symphony Concerts and at the concert performances of his operas, "Merrie England" and "Tom Jones," given in conjunction with the Municipal Choir. His precise and unassuming manner lends a charm to his conducting. In no sense a modernist, his music will maintain its popularity as long as that of Sullivan. It has been a great pleasure to me to have had the opportunity of arranging, for military bands, many of his best-known works, including selections from his operas.

He is one of our composers for whom I have always had the highest regard. He is the most honest of men, and in all his work gives of his best. Nor is this all, for he has been for many years a

very good friend to the British musician. Like his music, he is, himself, very individual in character, a trait which shows even in such minor points as his clothes.

For many years, possibly in emulation of Sir Edward Clarke, the famous lawyer, he conducted in a grey frock-coat, but recently he has discarded this for the orthodox black morning-coat.

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Parry, Mackenzie, Stanford and Cowen form a link between the Early Victorian period when composition was stagnant in this country, and the advent of the younger school of composers. What they have done must never be forgotten.

The first of these to conduct for us was Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who appeared on March 19th, 1899, since when he has conducted no less than ten times in Bournemouth.

Stanford, to whom I owe much and of whom I have written elsewhere, is a typical Irishman and possesses to the full the charm of his nation. The first of his works that I performed at Bournemouth was his "Irish Symphony," but, I am glad to say, this was very far from being the last.

I remember that on one occasion, at a rehearsal at the Royal College of Music in my student days, he said, "Go back to 'N.'" For some reason I thought that he had really said, "Go back to '*M*,'" which I accordingly did, only to be asked sharply, "What do you think you are doing?" On my replying, "I'm sorry, sir, I thought you said 'M,'" Stanford rebuked me, saying in a most serious way, "Ah, you have no brains for thinking!"

This rather rankled in my bosom and the sequel has been told elsewhere in the story of *my* "Revenge." When I reminded him, many years later, of the event, he turned to me with a whimsical smile and said, "Ah! that's a conductor's privilege."

Some performers find his serious, professorial mien somewhat alarming, but, as a matter of fact, Stanford knows what he is doing and does it with great success. In all his work there are traces of the inconsistency which one has come to associate with his nationality, but may I say that—judging by the results—it is an inconsistency of which we could very well do with more. He is, really, a remarkable combination—a fine composer and a splendid teacher.

He is very emphatic on the vagaries of his pupils, all of whom have become distinguished and many of whom have forsaken the tenets inculcated by Charles Villiers Stanford.

Seldom have I experienced more pleasure than I did when I

was able to present the first performance in England of his pianoforte concerto played by Moiseiwitsch.

The late Sir Hubert Parry was a great man as well as a great musician. He had a big heart and a cheery manner that was infectious. His rehearsals were always brightened with witty comments. While he could be austere in his writing—in fact, he has been called the English "Bach"—yet the music in his "Archanians of Aristophanes" with its subtle references to "The British Grenadiers" and "We Don't Want to Fight," shows that he could excel also in the important department of humour in music.

It was a source of great satisfaction when the Bournemouth Centre of the British Music Society placed a tablet to his memory in the Camm Library.

> "Only the actions of the just smell sweet
> And blossom in their dust."

With these impressive words Sir Hugh Allen concluded his fitting eulogy of the life-work of Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry, Bt., C.V.O., D.C.L., to whose memory he unveiled a tablet in the Winter Gardens on Wednesday afternoon, April 18th, 1923, in the presence of a large assembly of music lovers and others, including Mrs. Arthur Ponsonby (daughter of Sir Hubert Parry).

The idea of a memorial to Sir Hubert, a native of Bournemouth, whose influence on British music will always be remembered, owed its origin partly to a chance observation of that great authority, Sir Henry Hadow, who, when he visited the Winter Gardens two or three years earlier, expressed a desire to see a memorial to Sir Hubert in every town.

His remarks evidently fell upon good ground, for they took root among the members of the local branch of the British Music Society. On the initiative of Mr. Hamilton Law and with the help of Lady Morrison Bell (president) and Mr. T. Beechey Newman (chairman of the committee), sufficient money was soon raised for the erection of a memorial tablet, and I was honoured by being asked to write the inscription, which is as follows:

> "In Memory of Charles Hubert Hastings
> Parry, Bt., C.V.O., D.C.L., Mus. Doc.,
> Born in this Town 27th February, 1848.
> A Great Musician whose influence on
> British Music will always be remembered.
>
> "This tablet is placed here by the members of the Bournemouth Centre of the British Music Society, 1923."

The tablet is placed temporarily in the Camm Music Library at the Central Public Library, Lansdowne. Later it will occupy a prominent position in the entrance to our proposed Temple of Music.

Sir Hugh Allen's tribute is worth quoting : " If ever there was a man who could be called an English composer it was Hubert Parry ; if ever there was a music festival that could be called an English festival it is this at Bournemouth. We commemorate one of the greatest composers in the midst of a crown of British music. Truly a noble tribute."

The first occasion on which Sir Hubert Parry visited us was in March, 1900, when we performed his " English Symphony," but since then he has paid us at least a dozen visits, the last occasion being at the time that we were celebrating our twenty-first anniversary.

It would be a fitting tribute to his memory and an honour to the town if a bust of the late Sir Hubert were placed in the vestibule of our proposed new Pavilion.

The first works of Sir Alexander Mackenzie to be produced at Bournemouth were his " March " and " Morris Dance," which we performed on January 18th, 1900, since when he has conducted for us on eighteen occasions.

By virtue of his position as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, Sir Alexander is the head of our profession ; his services to the art of music have been most distinguished.* In spite of the numerous calls on his time, he has always willingly consented to come and conduct in Bournemouth. Many an interesting chat have we had strolling together along the sea-front. When emphasising a point he has the disconcerting trick of stopping and grasping the lapel of his listener's coat. He has very fixed ideas on modern music, hence our " progress " along the promenade must have been very entertaining to the onlookers.

In this connection, also, I heard of his comment at the first performance of Schönberg's " Five Orchestral Pieces " at Queen's Hall. Looking at a certain section of the audience that pretended appreciation of this illusive utterance, he exclaimed impatiently, " Huh !—I'm sorry for their children ! "

His appreciation of my work was shown in a practical form by conferring on me the Hon. R.A.M. in 1906, and I am indebted to him for his encouragement and sympathy on many difficult occasions.

* Sir Alexander relinquishes his long association with the R.A.M. this year.

[*Photo by E. B. Bailey, 228a, Old Christchurch Rd., Bournemouth.*

GROUP OUTSIDE WINTER GARDENS AFTER UNVEILING THE PARRY MEMORIAL, APRIL, 1923.

Left to Right : Sir Hugh Allen, Mrs. Arthur Ponsonby (daughter of Sir Hubert), Sir Alex. Mackenzie, Mr. T. Beechey Newman, the Mayor (Alderman C. H. Cartwright), Mr. Hamilton Law, Sir Dan Godfrey, Councillor J. J. Brazier, Mr. C. Riddle.

p. 184.

During the war his experiences must have been very trying to a man of his temperament. It was his duty to interview candidates for a number of studentships at the Royal Academy of Music which had been placed at the disposal of the War Office to encourage ex-Service men desiring to follow a musical career.

On being asked what was his previous employment, one of these aspirants to musical fame declared that he had been a tailor.

" Do you know anything about music ? " queried Mackenzie.

" Not much," said the man.

" Then why on earth have you come to me ? " thundered the great principal.

" Oh," was the nonchalant reply, " I thought it would be an easier job."

One afternoon I was enjoying a siesta when my servant came and informed me that a " Mr. Mackenzie " would like to see me. For days I had been haunted by a book tout of that name who had resorted to all kinds of subterfuge to interview me, so I replied somewhat curtly, " It must be that infernal book tout. Ask Mrs. Godfrey to see him." When my wife went to the door, she found, to her amazement, that it was the esteemed Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, who enjoyed the joke as much as I did.

When Sir Alexander visited Bournemouth he was always accompanied by his charming and gifted helpmate, Lady Mackenzie. She is a delightful companion, and I know how much Sir Alexander appreciates her help and co-operation, and how sore a trial her long illness was to him.

I always think of Sir Alexander as I have seen him at home, and I wish I could reproduce here a picture of him seated, at one corner of the fireplace, attired in his dressing-gown, with a Scottish nightcap on his head and his favourite " cutty " in his mouth. Such a picture, however, to be complete, would need the presence of his life-long friend, Dr. Charles Maclean, in the opposite corner.

The last of this quartet of the forerunners is Sir Frederic Cowen, whose " Idyllic Symphony, No. 6," we produced on April 25th, 1901, since when he has conducted for us on ten occasions.

In all his work there is a delightful feeling which attracts at once and gives a curious effect of youth—an effect which, incidentally, is borne out by Sir Frederic himself. It is a remarkable example of the life-giving effects of music that, at the age of seventy-two, he should be able to conduct the last Handel Festival with all the vigour and verve of a young man. But then, Cowen still insists that he is " a promising young man."

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My personal acquaintance with Sir Edward Elgar is slight, for he is not the kind of man with whom it is easy to get on terms of intimacy. He has always appeared to me to be very reluctant to acknowledge public applause, a habit which is apt to be misunderstood, and I am told that it is far easier to get him to talk about his pet hobby than music.

Undoubtedly he is our greatest composer. His symphonies are masterpieces which should be heard oftener than they are to-day.

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The late Coleridge-Taylor possessed one of the sweetest natures I have ever known in a man; yet although he never saw the shores of Africa, the blood of his father used sometimes to come out in his interpretations. One of the most painful moments of his life occurred during his visit to America in response to an invitation to conduct at Washington. When travelling in a train, his presence as a coloured man was resented, but with great dignity he retorted, "I am an Englishman."

His untimely death, at the early age of thirty-seven, robbed us of a composer who possessed all the essentials of real greatness. The first of his works to be performed at Bournemouth was his "Danse Négre," which we produced on February 27th, 1899, and throughout all his compositions there is a strongly marked individuality which would have carried him far.

He practically sacrificed himself to his work. His energy and toil were unremitting, and his death was the direct result of his insisting on working when he was really very ill. Of him it might be said, as Longfellow said of the sweet singer Chibiabos, in "Hiawatha":

> "He is dead the sweet musician,
> He has gone from us for ever,
> He has moved a little nearer
> To the Master of all music,
> To the Master of all singing!
> O my brother, Chibiabos!"

Allen Gill introduced Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha" to the British public. On the occasion of the first performance of one of the parts, the score, which was being sent from America, was delayed owing to storms, with the result that it arrived only an hour or so before the time fixed for the performance. There was, of course, no time for rehearsal, and the orchestra had to

play from manuscript which they had only seen a few minutes previously.

In spite of this, the performance was so successful that the composer, who was present, afterwards approached the conductor and said : " I knew I wrote good music, but I never thought I had written anything so beautiful as that."

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Cuthbert Hawley, whose symphonic poem, " The Story of the Faithful Soul," we performed in October, 1900, is a very old friend of mine and an excellent example of an erratic musician at his best. Frequently he would accept invitations but rarely put in an appearance, and, on being reminded afterwards, would apologise most profusely ; his sorrow being, indeed, almost pitiful.

On the occasion of the performance of the work referred to above, a contra-bassoon was specially engaged from London. The player, however, missed the rehearsal, with the result that, at the actual performance, the contra-bassoon, combined with the two ordinary bassoons playing in their lower register, which was intended to produce a sepulchral effect, emitted instead a series of splutters which were more amusing than solemn, and really disturbed the effect of the rest of the work.

I remember a good story connected with Hawley and Beecham which was told me by Austin, the well-known stage-door keeper at Covent Garden.

Beecham, who had been conducting operas all the week, arrived at the theatre one morning and asked Austin, " Who is conducting to-night ? " On Austin's replying, " You, sir ! " Sir Thomas replied, " I'm d——d if I will. Send for Hawley ! "

When Hawley came to Bournemouth with the Carl Rosa Opera Company I remember that he had to conduct the opera " Tannhäuser " *without a 'cello*—the effect can easily be imagined.

With all his curious traits, however, Hawley is a delightful fellow, and I have many pleasant memories of happy evenings spent at his mother's house at Boscombe in the days gone by.

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The first of Landon Ronald's works to be introduced to Bournemouth was his " Suite de Ballet." This was on March 11th, 1901, since when he has conducted for us on five other occasions.

I have paid tribute to his conducting elsewhere, but it is only right that I should say a word of him as a composer. Curiously enough he has always been very diffident as to his abilities

in this direction, although he slyly acknowledges that he was able to buy a motor-car from the proceeds of his "Garden of Allah" music.

The royalties on his songs, many of which are deservedly popular, provide him with a substantial part of his income, which is probably greater than that of any other conductor in this country.

To-day he stands before the public as conductor, composer, and Principal of the Guildhall School of Music. His work in the last of these capacities has made the school one of the most important of its kind as well as the one successful municipally-supported institute.

His experiences have been very varied, beginning as a boy of sixteen, when he played the piano part in "L'Enfant Prodigue" and comprising work in many different departments including that of musical criticism. His recently published memoirs show quite a remarkable fund of humour and an extensive knowledge of human nature.

Ronald as an operatic conductor is a lesson to all aspirants to that position, although, to people moderately familiar with the work being performed, his plan of giving every possible cue to every possible performer is said to be somewhat disconcerting.

On the occasion when he conducted at my annual concert in 1923, he said, "I will gladly come again if I can conduct Elgar's 'Variations,' but *not* my own music."

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Granville Bantock, who has conducted for us twelve times in all, the first occasion being in March, 1901, is a man whose very great gifts as a composer—like those which he possesses as a conductor—have been somewhat in abeyance since he went to Birmingham University, although his influence there has been invaluable to the musical life of the Midlands.

He pointed out to me that the initials of our names constitute the common chord of G, *i.e.*, G. B. D. G., although I can claim an added sixth (D. *E*. G.).

His knowledge of the Bible is profound, and he can quote most effectively from it to illustrate a point. He also learnt Persian before he composed the music to Omar Khayyam.

He was the first of the younger British school to develop choral unity beyond the usual four to eight parts, and I believe his Choral Symphony, "Atalanta," was the first experiment in this direction.

Many a happy and instructive hour have I spent in his company listening to his conversation. His range of subjects is enormous, and he can talk with equal authority on such topics of diverse interest as music and the mysteries of the East. He is fond of offering his guests Canadian rye whisky, jam and cheese, to my mind the hall-mark of eccentric refreshment. I have been told that another of his little peculiarities is a great partiality for plums, which he frequently offers to his friends and acquaintance on somewhat impossible occasions. I should have liked to have seen the face of the learned dignitary of the Church at a recent Gloucester Festival when Bantock offered him one. Plunket Greene has placed it on record that in Canada he could never get him to pass a sweet shop without making a purchase.

He is the "Caliph of Leg-Pullers," and for a long time I could not tell when he was serious or when he was poking fun at me. An incident illustrating this comes to my mind. In the course of my remarks in connection with the awards at the Midland Festival, I referred to some mistakes which the competitors had made, and told the old story of Richter and the horn player. This relates that when a mistake was made during a certain performance the great conductor called out angrily "As"—the German equivalent of A flat—which was taken by the offending player as an insult. Bantock told me very gravely afterwards that I ought to be very careful about relating that kind of thing, and at the moment I really thought he was serious.

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In December, 1921, Frederic Austin paid us his only visit to conduct his overture to "Richard II." This, although seldom heard, is a work of real merit, and one which I remember particularly vividly because of a serious difference of opinion which arose between the conductor and the oboe player.

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Frederick Corder, whose "Tragic Overture" figured among our productions at Bournemouth on January 16th, 1902, I have met on several occasions. He was, I remember, one of my examiners when I obtained my L.R.A.M.

His excellent overture "Prospero" was so good that I have often wondered why he has not enlarged it into a suite, incorporating, for example, "Caliban."

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Frederick Cliffe, whose "Symphony in C Minor" we performed

in February, 1902, was a man of great personal harm and one that might have done really first-rate work. He was not, however, cast in the mould of a fighter and, as a result, he has, I feel unwisely, retired from the struggle.

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It is years since I met William Wallace, whose symphony, "The Creation," we produced, under his own conductorship, in October, 1902, but I still have many lively and friendly recollections of him.

He had, I remember, a great penchant for Japanese prints, and when he first came to London his tiny flat near the Chelsea Barracks was very liberally decorated with them.

Wallace is a man of very strong personal opinions as was shown by his action during the war. At that time he was serving with one of the R.A.M.C. district services for eye treatment, a subject upon which he had written a treatise. The Carnegie Trust awarded him a musical publication prize, but Wallace, who believed that his ophthalmic treatise was of real value, urged that this should be printed and distributed gratis, and told the Carnegie Trust that they would be doing greater national service by doing this than by publishing his music, adding that he believed that composition should be inoperative during the war.

When the Carnegie Trust said they could not do as he suggested, Wallace refused to accept their musical award !

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On January 19th, 1903, Josef Holbrooke visited us to conduct his "New Renaissance Overture." This was his first visit to Bournemouth, but my acquaintance with him is not limited to this ; I have met him many times, and he is one of those men about whom humorous and fantastic stories seem to grow inevitably.

Holbrooke is, without exception, the most eccentric British composer I have ever met. His eccentricity is no affectation on his part, it is ingrained in the man and shows itself in small things as well as in big ones. Even about his name there seems to be a curious amount of doubt. Originally, I think, it was Joseph, but of recent years it has become Josef, although I have received letters from him (written principally on the backs of old concert tickets or programmes) spelt in both ways.

When he came to conduct the overture mentioned above, I

invited him to stay with us. On his arrival he removed his overcoat and walked upstairs without taking his scarf off. I reminded him of his oversight, and was told, in the most natural way in the world, " Oh, I don't wear a collar."

On another occasion I took him to dine with Cuthbert Hawley's people at Boscombe. His arrival convulsed Hawley when he discovered that, with evening-dress, he was wearing *brown* boots. Such an incongruity must have scandalised Hawley's dignified mother, but she showed no sign beyond a very expressive lift of her eyebrows.

It was on this occasion that, after his return, he wrote to my wife and explained that he had taken a tablet of soap as a souvenir of his visit. This seemed to be a hobby of his, so he has, I suppose, a fine collection by now.

Perhaps my most vivid memory, however, is of the time he came down for a joint recital with John Dunn, who, in many ways, was nearly as eccentric as Holbrooke himself.

Holbrooke, I remember, came to me in a very excited state one day and complained of the terrible time he was having, as Dunn had apparently taken the bed for himself, with the result that Holbrooke had to sleep on the lid of the bath. A little while later Dunn came to me in an equally excited condition and, lamenting his unhappy lot, said, " I'll never go away with Holbrooke again. He has been quarrelling the whole time."

Dunn, as I have said, had his own little idiosyncrasies, and I well remember one occasion when he was playing Tchaikovski's " Violin Concerto," conducted by Julian Clifford, at Harrogate.

Apparently he was tired on this occasion, for during the " tuttis " he calmly sat at the base of the conductor's stand, reappearing, like a jack-in-the-box, in time for his solo entry. Whether Clifford prodded him violently when the appropriate moment arrived I do not know, but the suddenness of his appearance has always made me suspect that he did.

In spite of his eccentricities, however, Holbrooke is a good chap, and I was frankly pleased when, on the occasion of my knighthood, he wrote in the *English Review :*

> " One rarely hears of the creator of music being singled out for any honour. It is always the singer, the fiddler, the pianist, and, strangest of all, the ' conductor ' who gets his robe of approbation, on all sorts of pleas. The only one I can possibly sympathise with, of the latter department, is Sir Dan Godfrey, who has for years pursued an ungrateful

path of 'encouraging native music' in Bournemouth, of all places. The result to the great art of music of course is nil; but at any rate we composers *can* point to Godfrey as a sturdy Briton who has done his best for all and sundry for a great many years."

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Of Cyril Scott, whose "Prelude and Variations" we performed at the Winter Gardens in November, 1903, I have one very vivid memory.

It fell to me to conduct the second performance of his pianoforte concerto, the first performance of which, under Sir Thomas Beecham in London, had not been too successful. The work, as my musical readers may know, is most complicated, and one slip would inevitably have meant disaster. I well remember my fear that there might be a "first and second" at the end of the work and that either the orchestra would be in front of the pianist or vice versa, and I have seldom experienced more heartfelt relief than when we registered a "dead heat."

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The first performance of a work by Rutland Boughton which was given at Bournemouth was his symphonic poem "A Summer Night," produced in January, 1904.

In his neglect of the social conventions Boughton is, in many ways, similar to Josef Holbrooke. I well remember that on one occasion he conducted in the Queen's Hall in a tweed jacket and a flowing red tie. The latter was, of course, the emblem of his political principles, which are, I think, somewhat contradicted by the rather hectoring way in which he at times treats his orchestra. This, however, is purely a matter of temperament. Boughton gets so enthusiastic that he is carried away, and, without meaning anything offensive, will "tell off" the members of the orchestra very freely if they do not give him the effect for which he is striving.

We have in addition produced "The Immortal Hour," of which we gave the first performance with orchestra, and "Bethlehem." Of "The Immortal Hour," indeed, we gave three performances, and afforded the public the first opportunity of hearing the work after its original production at the Glastonbury Festival.

The piece was presented with many drawbacks peculiar to the situation and incidental to the environment. There was no available stage of adequate size, no scenic apparatus, and only

one possible full rehearsal for principals, chorus, and orchestra. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, it was enthusiastically received —which is evidence of its inherent vitality and worth.

Boughton, I am convinced, possesses both courage and initiative, and I have been delighted with the enthusiastic reception of both "The Immortal Hour" and "Bethlehem," at "The Regent," which have brought their composer a fame which he very well deserves.

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Dr. Herbert Brewer, whose idyll "Springtime" was the first of his works we performed at the Winter Gardens on April 21st, 1904, spends part of each summer holiday at Bournemouth, and, on such occasions, has conducted many of his light compositions.

He is a keen motorist, but in this direction I fear that his enthusiasm is greater than his skill. On one occasion I was in the car with him in Bournemouth and had *just asked him whether he was insured* when he turned, at too wide an angle, off Poole Road and came into collision with a horse-bus. Although no one was injured his radiator was punctured and rendered the car *hors-de-combat*, and, to add to his confusion, he found, when questioned by a constable, that he had no licence with him. Fortunately I was able to assure the police that he was High Sheriff of Gloucester—which saved him from what might have been very unpleasant consequences.

During his year of office as Sheriff of Gloucester one could see him, on a very special occasion, in his capacity as organist, playing, not in his Mus. Doc. gown, but in his full shrieval robes.

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I have a real affection for Hamilton Harty, the young Irishman of whom I have written elsewhere and whose "Irish Symphony" we presented in November, 1907, and I owe him much for his suggestion to the Columbia Company that I should be included in their list of recording conductors.

I loved to pull his leg and to ask him if he'd heard the description of an Irishman which I once read :

A man was asked his opinion of Irishmen, and he replied : "I divide mankind into three categories :

(1) People whom you can trust,
(2) People whom you cannot trust, and
(3) Irishmen."

Although I do not subscribe to this division, I do agree that, with Harty as with most compatriots, the more you make up your mind that he will pursue one course of action the greater is the probability of his doing something quite different.

Nevertheless, I would not mind venturing to prophesy what Harty will do in the future, and of this, at least, we may be sure —it will be something bigger even than what he has already accomplished.

Yet, with all his charm and with all the success which he has so deservedly won, he still retains his curious Celtic temperament. He is essentially a man of moods and will be gloomy, cynical, and happy-go-lucky according to the mood in which one catches him.

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It is well known in the musical world that Montague Phillips, whose symphonic poem "Boadicea" we performed in November, 1908, is the husband of that excellent vocalist Clara Butterworth, and thereby hangs a tale.

I remember that I was once present at a Ballad Concert at the Queen's Hall when Clara Butterworth was singing. She was, of course, encored, and when she came forward to announce, as usual, that her encore would be by Montague Phillips I was much amused to hear a quite audible murmur of the words "by Montague Phillips" come from the orchestra in anticipation of her announcement.

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I am delighted that, after many years of neglect, Dame Ethel Smyth has at last taken her proper place in the forefront of our contemporary composers. She is one for whom I have the warmest regard both as a musician and enthusiast in everything musical, and also for her readiness to recognise the efforts of those who have contributed to its progress. She has always insisted that she desires to be considered not as a *woman* composer but simply as a composer, and she wants her work to be judged solely on its intrinsic merit. Indeed, so great is her insistence on this point that she took a very active part in the Woman's Suffrage Campaign, composing "The March of the Women" as a war-song and even spending a period in Holloway Gaol with Mrs. Pankhurst.

She is, above everything, an enthusiast, and at times her anxiety that every ounce should be got out of her music makes her difficult to work with. I well remember that when her overture

to "The Wreckers" was being produced in Bournemouth in November, 1911—the first occasion on which she appeared for us—she accused me, after a rehearsal, of "letting her down." I counselled patience, and the result was, as she herself admitted, a rendering which gave her every satisfaction.

I once spent a very pleasant evening at the "Old Vic," when Dame Ethel was conducting "The Wreckers." Her heart must have been gladdened by the spontaneous tribute of laughter which greeted the humorous sallies, not only of the libretto, but also of the music.

The locality was in many ways ideal for this work, and such terms as "Me 'and on me 'eart," "Good Old Beer," and others of the same type might well have had local application.

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Of the younger British composers, there is none for whom I have a greater regard than Gustav Holst, whose acquaintance I first made when he came to Bournemouth to conduct his "Somerset Rhapsody" in November, 1911. At that time he was second trombone in the Scottish Orchestra and a struggling musician. Now he is worthily famous, not only for his genius as a composer but for his work at Morley College. He assisted at our 1922 Festival and for that purpose cycled down from town. On the Sunday morning he arrived at my house in a somewhat dishevelled condition and rang the bell. My wife leaned out of the window—we live in an upper flat—and, seeing someone with a dirty haversack on his back, concluded that he was the newspaper man and told him to leave the papers in the service lift. Then he called out, "I am Gustav Holst, I want to see Mr. Godfrey." My wife admitted him, and as I was resting in bed after a heavy week's work he was shown into my bedroom. As he entered he cried out, "I have brought the papers." It was not until he had gone that I saw the joke.

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In December, 1911, we performed Julius Harrison's tone-poem "Night on the Mountains," and subsequently I was delighted to be able to recommend the composer as successor to the late Julian Clifford as Musical Director at Harrogate.

Unfortunately he took up what I feel to be rather an unreasonable attitude and refused the post because he objected to conducting certain light music—a decision which, I believe, he has since regretted.

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A composer who is less well known than he ought to be in view of his very real merits is Arnold Trowell, a New Zealander with a Paderewski-like appearance, his long and bushy auburn locks being the most notable fact about him at first glance.

For Trowell I have the greatest admiration. He is an exceptional 'cellist and a very promising composer, and it was a great pleasure to me to be able to introduce him to Sir Henry Wood, who subsequently engaged him to play at the Queen's Hall.

His compositions have not, I believe, been heard in London, and I think that this is probably due to his inherent shyness. He is the essence of modesty and would never dream of asking for his work to be produced. If this word should bring him to the notice of some of our London conductors, they will not regret giving him a chance, I am sure. He is regarded as one of the " pets " of our Symphony Concerts.

I am glad to find that the diminution in his hirsute ornaments which I have noticed lately has brought no reduction in his popularity.

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M. Joseph Jongen, the Belgian composer, spent a good deal of time in Bournemouth during the war. He is an interesting figure in Belgian music.

A man of very great charm of manner and refreshing modesty, he spared himself not at all to keep things going during the war, and found time to compose a special Suite for our orchestra which was afterwards heard in London.

Sibelius and Jongen are the only two foreign composers who have personally conducted their own works at Bournemouth.

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Although we had performed works of Vaughan-Williams as far back as 1901, it was not until our Twenty-first Anniversary, in 1914, that he visited us personally. On this occasion he conducted his " Norfolk Rhapsody," and subsequently gave us his readings of the fine " London " and " Pastoral " symphonies.

For Williams' gifts as a composer I have the very highest regard. His " London Symphony " is a live work requiring thorough preparation and first-class performance. The hustle and bustle of the streets and the coster references are delightfully suggested in the First Movement, and the Scherzo, with its quaint concertina effects, is a favourite with " popular " audiences. The lovely slow movement is a gem, but its mysticism is perhaps heard at its best in a small hall.

Temperamentally, Vaughan-Williams is essentially a dreamer, but this does not mean that he is lacking in the more practical qualities. I have had the pleasure of being associated with him in certain adjudication work and have found that he possesses a fine grasp of the business and a very clear insight.

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I recall with interest my meeting, on November 18th, 1916, with M. Jean Sibelius, the Finnish composer who, in addition to conducting for us, sent me a congratulatory telegram from Finland on the occasion of my presenting his Fourth Symphony. His is a remarkable individuality. I think I may term him "the man who made a nation's music," since that well describes his position in the gallery of the world's great musical artists.

His particular mission in life has been to create a definitely national music for Finland. That country took an independent course in music as well as in politics and set out to form a national style. There was no lack of material in the rich store of folk-music, but it is the notable thing about Sibelius that, while his music is in every respect characteristic of the land, it is not folk-music, but a wholly original idiom derived from it. The result is that it has all the character and cadence proper to the land and is at the same time entirely original.

I dwell upon this fact since it sets an example to us who, in spite of our musical resources and wealth of folk-song, have no national style, as yet, though there are signs that it is coming.

Those who know Sibelius's "Finlandia" and "En Saga" will recognise that, though national, it is powerful music contrived with fine musicianship and great mental power. His symphonies, although curiously unattractive and repressive, contain fine matter. They reflect the composer's personality—intellectual and forcible—and at the same time call to mind the bleak and dreary land that gave him birth.

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Arthur Wood is, in a sense, a Bournemouth product. Although he was born in Yorkshire, he obtained a considerable amount of his experience at Bournemouth, where he was a flautist in my orchestra for some time, as well as an excellent pianist, in which capacity he performed a concerto on at least one occasion. It was whilst he was with us that Frederick Mouillot offered him the conductorship of Sidney Jones' "Lady Molly," since when he has never "looked back."

In the capacity of composer he directed his suite of "Three Dances" on December 23rd, 1901. Whilst he was with my orchestra he was remarkable for his close observance of every instruction I gave to the various players. He was, obviously, out to learn all he could about the orchestra and the art of conducting, and it has been a source of great pleasure to me that the knowledge he gained at the Winter Gardens has been of service to him, as, indeed, he has himself acknowledged.

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The name of Julian Clifford will always be associated with Harrogate, where he conducted the Municipal Orchestra for some years, and did much for British music.

He appeared at Bournemouth to conduct his "Ode to the New Year" and "Meditation," and I was associated with him in connection with his pianoforte concerto in E minor which I scored for the orchestra. In addition to this he played, under my direction, as solo pianist on a number of occasions. As a pianist he had great talent and ability.

As a conductor, however, he always seemed to me to be too imitative in his interpretations to be considered great. His readings savoured too much of superficial effect and too little of real inspiration, with the result that they seemed to be the ideas which he had culled from other people. Unfortunately, his popularity was largely due to the fact that he was such an excellent showman, and I have many times regretted this because I feel that it prejudiced him in the eyes of those who wished to estimate his worth from the point of view of his real musical ability.

His early death was a great loss to municipal music, in connection with which he had materially helped the young British composer and had presented a wide variety of programmes.

A fitting tribute to his genius was the presence of his orchestra at his funeral at Hastings. It was accommodated in a side chapel at Christ Church, St. Leonards, where the first obsequies took place, and it was a great privilege to me to conduct it in the accompaniment to the singing of the hymns.

He leaves a son who is studying at the Royal College of Music, and who will, I hope, join the ranks of British conductors and one day make a name for himself apart from his late father's reputation.

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Dalhousie Young, who first appeared for us in November,

1897, when he directed his own "Rustic Suite," and who subsequently conducted the orchestra on three other occasions, was an excellent pianist and a man who was an artist to the finger-tips.

During the war he served with the Serbian Red Cross and took part in the great retreat. It was the strain and hardship that he underwent at this time that undermined his health and led directly to the illness which caused his untimely death.

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Eugene Goossens came down, at very great inconvenience, to both our 1922 and 1923 Festivals. Last Easter he did not warn me about getting lodgings, and consequently, arriving late in Bournemouth with his wife (*not* the twins) one night, and the town being full, he had to return to Southampton in order to obtain accommodation. He told me he would not have done it for anybody else, and I believe it. He is one who never seems to get tired ; a day with him covers a three hours rehearsal, luncheon, cinema show, perhaps a gramophone session, dinner, an evening concert, supper, and three or four hours dancing.

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During our 1923 Festival several jovial little meetings took place after rehearsal over coffee, at which Bliss, Armstrong Gibbs, Cyril Rootham, Gordon Bryan (who played the piano in Bliss' concerto), and myself "barked" at one another over various matters. Bliss is a really delightful fellow, although his music always makes me wonder whether he is pulling one's leg. The plan of placing th esinger by the drums amused me immensely, and I suggested that in America it would be a good idea if it were made a vehicle to advertise some hardware or other goods, because as not a word of the singer could be heard by the audience and the gesticulations went for nothing, so it might be well adopted in these commercial days. For both Armstrong Gibbs and Cyril Rootham I have a great esteem. They are so bright and cheery, although there is a feeling that one must not forget they represent Cambridge.

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A number of composers have, at some time or other, lived in Bournemouth and have made contributions to our programmes.

Among these I may mention Allan Biggs, who for some years has contributed our Programme Notes as well as a number of compositions ; T. Arthur Burton, who, some thirty-five years

ago, was organist at St. Peter's and contributed no less than four symphonies, eight suites, four overtures and three symphonic poems, as well as other compositions; H. Holloway, the fine organist of St. Stephen's Church, who contributed two symphonies and various suites—an extract of one of his symphonies was played at the last Gloucester Festival.

The most recent of these composers is S. H. Braithwaite, an erstwhile successful student and sub-professor at the Royal Academy of Music, who came to Bournemouth for his health. Of all the resident, local composers Braithwaite shows the greatest talent. A work of his, performed at our last Festival, attracted favourable notice from the London Press; another of his compositions received the Carnegie award, and I am sure that we shall hear more of him in the near future.

Fred King-Hall, who was for some years the leader of our orchestra, was another of our local composers, and has contributed a number of overtures to our programmes.

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I cannot refrain from alluding to one resident in our midst, *i.e.*, Graham Peel, who maintains a high musical level in his songs. He is a most retiring man, and has done valuable and generous service in connection with the Discharged Soldiers and the Council of "Social Service."

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The foregoing are, of course, only a few of the many British and foreign composers who have conducted for us. They are, indeed, only those of whom I remember things that may interest my readers, but I cannot conclude this chapter without making some tribute of memory to the others who have helped me.

They include Marian Arkwright (October, 1907*), Edgar Bainton (October, 1903), Herbert Bedford (March, 1908), Frank Bridge (February, 1914), Adam Carse (April, 1903), Thomas Dunhill (January, 1903), James Lyon (March, 1904), Hamish MacCunn (November, 1899), Norman O'Neill (December, 1901), Percy Pitt (February, 1912), in addition to others whom I have no room to mention here.

This is one final word that must be said. There are not wanting British conductors who excuse their neglect of native work by

* Date of first visit.

saying that the British composers are ungrateful. I cannot, of course, speak for others, but I can say that, so far as my own experience goes, and it has been a wide one, nothing could be farther from the truth.

If proof were needed it was abundantly forthcoming when I was compelled to take action for libel against the author and publishers of the novel, " The Harp of Life." This case was admittedly of interest to the world of British music, but this, in itself, does not account for the fact that, greatly to my surprise and pleasure, British composers throughout the country united in a spontaneous tribute in the form of a fund to meet the out-of-pocket expenses incurred in winning the action. Their gift was handed to me on Feb. 20, 1902, by the Mayor (Dr. George Frost, J.P.)

CHAPTER V

LIFE AND MUSIC

Art and Life—Music and Poetry—Melody—Harmony—Poems of Sound—Music and Emotion—The Interpretation of Music—Importance of Creative Work—Music, "The Great Civiliser"—Music and Education—Importance of Song—Commercial Value of Music—Music in Health Resorts—State and Municipal Enterprise in Music—Community Singing—Lectures on Musical Appreciation—The Mission of Broadcasting.

MANY people accept music only as an incidental factor in their lives. They attend concerts to be entertained and amused, or perhaps because, in their little set, it is the correct thing to do. But there is a reason for the existence of music which goes deeper into the heart of things than mere amusement or custom. Music has a profound and significant influence on the life of the community and therefore of the individual.

Everybody should love music, not alone the student, but the "world and his wife." Music, and by that I mean good music, is not the special perquisite of any nation, class or individual. It is universal; it is democratic. It belongs to all and is *needed* by all; for as Weber said: "Art has no special Fatherland irrespective of the climate in which it has been produced."

But the business man is inclined to scorn at the statement that art in any form is a *necessity* to him, and the "man-in-the-street" may tell you he has no time for it. This is, of course, the result of the materialism of the day, but signs are not wanting that both employer and employée are beginning to find that life consists of something more than accumulating profits on the one hand, or agitating for high wages and shorter hours on the other.

It is significant that the most thoughtful leaders of Labour to-day insist that not only should a working-man have reasonable hours and a fair and just remuneration for his labour, but that they should be adjusted to allow time and money, not only for recreation, but also for *culture*. Many employers are realising

this, and have provided reading and recreation rooms for their staffs, organised lectures, and in some cases engaged bands to play to their employées even during working hours.

All this indicates that we are beginning to understand the important connection between Art and Life, and to realise that art is not merely a nebulous " something " prated about by long-haired Chelsea-ites or discussed more or less intelligently by the " highbrows " of suburban and provincial literary societies, but an actual and vitalising influence in the life of every man and woman.

Nature, Art and Science may justly be considered the greatest factors in life. Nature is around us everywhere—most complex and yet most simple—unobtrusively performing miracles daily before our eyes. Nature is God, and therefore inexplicable. Scientists may analyse, explain, dissect and tell us we are the logical development of atomical origin, that we have evolved from some protoplasmic germ and that the mind is the final triumph of nerve creation. But they cannot create—they can only explain in a manner which, though satisfactory to themselves, fails to convince the mass of mankind. No man has ever really explained the origin of life, and therefore Nature, to our finite minds, is still an unsolved problem which should be approached only with humble awe and reverence.

Art is akin to Nature, for it contains life—that inspiration which comes to the creative artist, to the inspired performer, to the poet and to the musician, an indefinable something which we can feel but never see, realise but not analyse, reverence but never create. Inspiration in Art is like life, one of the mysterious and unsolved problems of nature and our existence. Poets, painters and musicians will tell you that, after years of work and technical development, they can no more explain than we can whence came the idea or impulse which gave birth to that wonderful poem, that inspiring picture or that thrilling musical composition, works which stir to its depths the soul of the lover of the good and beautiful in life. Even the prosaic, the *blasé* and the flippant have to pause at times, and acknowledge the feeling of something that is above them ; something that is beyond their ken, and yet coming very closely to them. Time and again a lovely melody or a beautiful picture has struck some hidden chord in us and the most hardened materialist has felt the " touch of the angel's wing."

Art, therefore, is an enormous factor in life, for like life itself, it is a mysterious and wonderful gift of nature. Of all the arts,

music is the most accessible, for it is one that can be practised, to some degree at any rate, by the whole of mankind. Painting requires a certain gift of manual dexterity and an eye for colour ; poetry, a profound knowledge of language and of life ; but it is Nature's own gift to mankind that enables us to lift up our voices in song. "Let us all sing" is not only a request to people gathered together for public worship, but the command of Nature itself to rejoice in all her gifts.

Only some physical defect can account for any inability to use our vocal chords, or to appreciate the flow of musical sounds, therefore should we all sing, all of us (and they are numerous) whom Nature has endowed with voices. Encourage children to sing even from their earliest years. Then we shall have our youth singing, our young men and women singing, and, as they grow older, they will still take their part, and we shall have, as in the days of Queen Elizabeth, a better, nobler and greater England, inspired by the gift of song.

But, apart from its accessibility, why should music be given precedence over the other arts ? Of what does it consist that such power should be claimed for it ? In essence, music is simply a rhythmic arrangement of a succession of sound waves ; a series of disturbances and rearrangements of the ether which, impinging on the drum of the human ear, cause reactions and produce pleasurable sensations of sound.

These vibrations, these sound-waves, are, in fact, movement, and movement is the very essence of life. It is here that music asserts its superiority over all other forms of art. Painting and sculpture can never be more than the crystallisation of movement, one minute moment of action petrified in stone or preserved in pigment. Music is more than this. It shares with literature, and especially with poetry, the inestimable advantage that it does contain movement—that it is dynamic rather than static.

Yet it is greater than either of these. Poetry must make its appeal through the intellect to the emotions, and here the difference becomes apparent. The appeal of music is more direct and more universal than that of poetry, for it is less affected by the inequalities of education and intelligence. Its appeal is directed first to the emotions and then, through the emotions, to those depths of experience and thought which we call intellect.

Nevertheless, music has its intellectual side. It is something more than a succession of individually pleasant sounds—it contains not only rhythm but melody, and melody is the design in which the individual sounds are co-ordinated so that they are

no longer unconnected units but essential, though small, parts of one great whole.

It is in this co-ordination of sounds, or notes, into melody that the personality of the author or composer is revealed. Chopin or Schubert are examples of the purely lyrical composer, in whom emotion is predominant. But in the masterly interwoven melodies of Bach, or the intricacies of a Beethoven symphony, there is profound intellect, dominating the emotion and directing it to the accomplishment of great ends.

The beginnings of "melody" are to be found in the most primitive music. The difference between the best folk-songs and the work of the greatest masters does not necessarily imply the inferiority of the former. Their melody and rhythm is often exquisite in its delicacy and balance, and when we realise that these folk-songs were the instinctive composition of peoples who knew nothing of the modern intricacies of musical technique, much less, probably, anything at all about music, we can appreciate the fact that music, more than any other art, can claim to be the most accessible channel for the expression of the deepest and most sacred emotions and experiences of mankind.

Harmony in music is something of what colour is in painting. Contrasted with melody and rhythm, which travel *along* the line, harmony may be said to deal in the mass; it travels from top to bottom of the line or bar. While melody carries the mind from one point to another, harmony strikes simultaneously and produces an immediate sensation.

Why, exactly, harmony should affect us in the way that it undoubtedly does is difficult to discover. May it be that there is some deep, hidden chord in our being which vibrates in response —possibly in physical response—to combinations of sounds that spring, in their first beginnings, from the harmonies of nature itself? Whatever the cause may be, there is no doubt that, as life becomes more complex and as man becomes a more self-conscious and intricate psychological organism, the ability to appreciate new combinations of sound also grows. The harmonies of Wagner, which, in their day, created a furore of opposition, are now the veriest commonplaces, and there is no reason to suppose that the history of musical development is yet beyond the early chapters.

Probably its effect upon us is due to a subtle physical correspondence within ourselves to combinations of sounds that spring direct from nature. In fact, the whole history of music shows the gradual assimilation of new combinations of sounds

by human beings, and for this reason it is highly probable that only the first chapters of that history have been written.

Music fails to appeal to some people because it is so abstract. Unlike painting or sculpture, where there is a direct appeal to the eye, it does not produce anything tangible. The written notes, although they are given alphabetical names—quite arbitrarily, of course—do not represent a definite object to the mind when combined together, like the letters in a word. "Melodies," said a well-known writer, "are not sentences, and symphonies are not poems of direct meaning, but Poems of Sound."

If, then, music cannot give expression to concrete ideas, if it cannot produce some thing we can see or touch, wherein lies its value as an art? The answer is that this negative quality of music is at once its most desirable asset and its greatest claim to immortality. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal."

In the chapter on "Listening to Music," I said music was a language, but it is not a language of words, of substantives which call to mind the objects they represent, but one which appeals first and foremost to the imagination through the medium of the ear. It can express for us thoughts and feelings which cannot be harnessed to words. Unfettered by the shackles of material portraiture, it expresses such emotions as hope, joy, fear and sorrow, all these yearnings of the human heart which cannot find an outlet in mere words.

Speech, inevitably, is too intimately connected with our purely mental images for the expression of our deepest emotions. In the greatest moments of drama, in the heights of Sophocles or Shakespeare, there are always moments when mere speech falters and fails, where action alone can tell the full story of the tragedy. This is unavoidable, for always, before we can express even the simplest thought—let alone the great and sublime one—in language, we must perforce go through an intricate, if subconscious, mental effort. First there is the thought, then the discovery of the suitable words to clothe it, and finally the assimilation of those words by the listener and their re-translation from concrete combinations of letters into symbols of emotional experience.

Music is under no such handicap. It depends, primarily, on the great underlying emotional truths; its appeal is to the very heart and soul of humanity and it makes this appeal directly, without the necessity of using intervening intellectual and psychological processes.

Nevertheless, although music deals primarily with emotion it does, or should, possess some intellectual content. Admittedly much music is almost entirely emotional. But, without disputing this, the best music must have some more solid basis than the purely emotional. Though the springs of emotion are the springs of being, they are best tapped and made useful through that sea of conscious and unconscious memory and experience which we call the intellect.

This may sound paradoxical, but the difficulty is more apparent than real. While it is impossible to define, to state in words and phrases the intellectual intent of a great musical composition, it is quite possible to realise, and to realise very acutely, that it exists. A great musical composition is like a great but voiceless scholar. We know his scholarship, all who come into contact with him realise it, but yet no man, if he tried to justify his impression, would be able to put his finger on a word or a phrase and say : " This was what he said—and it was this that convinced me of his scholarship."

Now chords—the musical symbol for words—are like words in so far as this : they increase in efficacy as they try to express more noble and more intricate ideas. A man may say, " I am hungry," and know that he has expressed himself adequately ; but let him say, " This is what God is ! " and, if he be not a fool, he will have to pause and then admit that the conception of God is high, and unattainable and that, even though he had, himself, seen God, the limits of human experience, the bonds of human speech and intellect, are all too narrow for him to express his thought or describe that which he had seen.

So is it with music. We may know that there is the knowledge underlying the harmony, but what exactly it is we cannot say. The great artist, the great composer, has touched heights and depths of human experience which cannot be grasped and confined within the limits of human speech, which, maybe, cannot even be detached from their surroundings by the human intellect.

The interpretation of music, as of all other arts, requires that we should view each part not as a self-sufficing whole, but rather as one stone in a mosaic, one facet of a jewel. So long as it remains something isolated it remains something insignificant ; it is only when some master mind reveals its true relation to the great facts of the wider realms of thought, emotion and experience, that its true significance can be appreciated.

If this idea be accepted, if we agree that the function of all the arts is not merely the representation of the outward appearance

of the facts of existence but the revelation of their inward and hidden significance, it becomes easy to understand the peculiar power of music. Music is, then, something more than the repetition of pleasing sounds, something more than the succession of ether vibrations in smooth wave-lengths—it becomes, indeed, one of the means, and I am tempted to say the most valuable of all the means, of interpreting and expressing the ultimate truths which the soul knows, which the heart feels but which the intellect, unaided, can never express.

This, then, is music. Sounds, rhythm, melody and harmony, forms of beauty, indefinable yet interpreting the very heart of life. Music has no meaning and no subject, as the words are generally understood, but in a world of its own creation, a world as evanescent and as full of colour as a rainbow ; it shows us the way into the very Holy of Holies, the hidden path to the soul itself ; and for this reason it is beyond all conflict, above all danger of destruction.

General Wolfe's historic utterance before the Battle of Quebec, when, after repeating a portion of Gray's " Elegy," he declared he would rather have written those immortal lines than take Quebec, is a truism.

The words of a poet, the melody of a musician, the picture of an artist and all the creative works of great minds will live when deeds are forgotten and the cities of the world crumbled to dust.

The greatest period of English history, the most imaginative and the most triumphant, was the Elizabethan. That was the time when every educated Englishman was a sight-reading singer or an instrumentalist ; when every phase of national life was celebrated with music and the domestic routine of even the humblest country-folk was gladdened by song. Thus, when the nation was at the apex of its national pride and ambition, music was its indispensable medium and stimulant.

Music, too, can be an inspiration in times of struggle and hardship. In Germany the Great War was launched in a flood of music, the horrors of it were endured with music, and defeat has been smoothed by music. Germany in her day of affliction looked for, and found, solace in song. All established musical organisations flourished ; the operative in his beer-garden listened hungrily to music, the *liedertafels* worked vigorously for their own pleasure and the good of the community. It was possible to command an audience there almost by the act of sounding a tuning-fork. The sooner we learn the lesson of Shakespeare's England and of defeated Germany to-day, that music can ameliorate the hardship of life, the better for our national outlook.

I have already referred in a previous chapter to the inspiration of music when our soldiers were on the march. Equally beneficial is its influence on all of us in the less spectacular, but equally difficult, march of peace.

When was Britain more unhappy than she is to-day ? When was youth more unruly and rebellious ? I firmly believe that music can, in a great measure, be made a corrective to such faults by rousing the idealism in man's nature. It is not logical for a man to love beauty and yet harbour ugly and violent sentiments.

But in claiming that music can and does improve character, I do not ask you to believe that *prime donne*, principal tenors, conductors or even ordinary musicians are all shining lights of altruism and civic virtue. Audiences derive more spiritual benefit from music than performers, whose lives are made up of constant striving and slight recognition.

Music can be made one of the most powerful incentives and controls in the most unsettled and dangerous years of a man's life. It is impossible to over-estimate its value as a safeguard to youth. Its mathematical problems, its appeal to all the higher emotions, its invitation to practice and experiment leave little inclination for vulgarities in a music-loving boy. Boys generally take up something, some go in for sport and hobbies, and others have been known to be attracted by religion. But the regard for religion does not always last, and the time for sport is curtailed when the boy enters employment. On the other hand, once he cared for it, music could and would remain his chief interest.

In industry, the recent experiment of introducing music during working hours has resulted in increased efficiency and better working pace. Factory girls singing at their little machines can forget the monotony of their work, for their souls can rise on the wings of song far above the sound of whirring wheels and grinding cogs. This is not rhapsody, mere poetical fancy, for the more music we can bring into the lives of our working people, the better it will be for them and for us. Music is a social balm, and as a vitalising interest in the lives of men and women its influence is salutary and even hygienic ; in fact, it is a " civiliser."

The best kind of social life is that which makes people happier, not in some future time, but now. Music uplifts the soul and reveals to its devotees that heaven is very near. It is the one perfect medium for this dream of improved humanity. In its expression of the human emotions it enjoys the inestimable advantage of entire irrelevance. It does not have to develop a

character or a person, but only an attribute or a quality. Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, for example, has the forces of a mythological epic in which the heroes are pure spirit types of no age or time—gods, if you will, above human limitations.

Thus there is the quality which makes music so precious to us. "It builds for us an immaterial world, not made of objects or theories or dogmas or philosophies, but of pure spirit, a means of escape from the thraldom of every day."

As Ruskin says in "Time and Tide": "Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most perfect of all bodily pleasures; it is also the only one that is equally helpful to all the ages of man—helpful from the nurse's song to the infant, to the music unheard of others, which so often haunts the death-bed of pure and innocent spirits."

No art is of such paramount importance in civilisation as music. It can be made one of the finest means of propaganda for international peace. But the "powers that be" must be awakened to the sense of its value, so that they may be persuaded to render financial assistance. The Czecho-Slovakian Government sent over a choir and orchestra to England at a cost of £40,000; all we have done in aiding propaganda is a small grant towards expenses of the tour abroad of the London String Quartet.

Music and life are vitally inter-related. He who neither sings nor plays, or to whom music has no meaning, misses much that makes life full and happy, and any State which has no room in its constitution for music must inevitably be the poorer.

Music is not only the great civiliser, it is the great liberator. In all the arts, and in music especially, man finds the way for the expression of those thoughts which defy interpretation in words and sentences. Above all, to those who can appreciate it, music opens the way to new and nobler worlds, to the higher and better reaches of life—music is, indeed, not only the way of escape from this life with its petty cares and futile jealousies, it is the way of approach to that other world of love and joy.

. . . . . .

Few administrative authorities consider music of any importance in education, and although they are conscious of its value, they only accept it because other authorities do so. Many look upon it only as a relief from other studies or as a means of enlivening "prize days" and other public scholastic functions. Others refuse altogether to consider the claim of music to be

incorporated in the school time-table. "Music," they claim, "is merely a waste of time. It is all 'up-in-the-air.' Singing is all very well as a means of passing the time but, after all, it is of no really practical value. Music, in fact, is of no *use* to the ordinary child."

It is almost futile to argue with these men, whose sole idea of education is results, results—and yet more results. But the real object of education is not to turn a boy into a clerk, or a girl into a milliner, but to make both capable of hearing and seeing intelligently, of using their hands properly and, finally, of fitting their minds to receive knowledge. Education in the highest sense should lead to the perception of beauty, and because music is the purest form of beauty as well as the most accessible to the child, it should occupy a prominent place in the curriculum of our elementary schools.

As I have shown, music plays a very important part in the lives of each one of us. Once this is realised by education authorities, it will become as essential a part of the system as the three R's and not, as is the case to-day in many schools, relegated to the lower and often ridiculed shelf of decorative subjects.

Amateur educationalists confuse information with knowledge, and precociousness with wisdom. The duty of the elementary school-teacher is not to cram the minds of his pupils with more or less useful matter, but to make those minds eager receptacles for truth.

Nor are parents blameless in this matter. They see that their children take music-lessons and judge the result by their capacity to play a nice little piece now and then. Men in particular look upon music as something effeminate, whereas, if they only knew it, every man is a potential singer. In fact, music is too much our diversion and too little our salvation. Is there not a great truth in the line in "For the Fallen":

"They went with song to battle"?

During the last twenty or thirty years there has been a great increase of what may be called "institutional music," and fine work has been accomplished by the leading music schools. The talents of gifted students—4,000 in two years at the Guildhall School and 800 a year at the Royal Academy, for example—have been developed with such results that British music is gradually coming into its own.

In musical matters we can claim to be the most receptive of

any nation. The best foreign music comes to us "hot from the oven," and is given a hearing at the earliest possible opportunity. Do we obtain adequate reciprocity in this respect? I am afraid not. British music is seldom given in Paris, for example, and on a recent memorable occasion when one of our great works was performed there, it was criticised unmercifully. Sarasate wished to play Mackenzie's "Pibroch" there, but he was met with a refusal. Matters are better in Italy, but both the French and the Italian love for music is largely confined to Opera. They have produced little choral music, and their output of great symphonic works is especially limited nowadays.

It is only natural that Germany, the motherland of the great masters, should have become a great musical nation, because after all, the food which is given to a child is always a great factor in its development. At the same time, it is more than doubtful whether Germany in her modern music is maintaining her reputation, except in the case of Richard Strauss. The influence of modern German music before the war was undoubtedly detrimental to the free development of the ideas of our young British composers, for artistes with German names were infinitely more attractive to the public than those who retained their own, and German creative effort was held up in our schools as an infallible model. I have known even young British composers adopting foreign names before they could sell their work.

But the war has altered all that, and we are gradually proving that we possess not only good composers but skilful conductors and performers who can hold their own with any foreigner.

This is good as far as it goes, but facts have to be faced, and in spite of all our progress the fact still remains that Symphony Concerts cannot be given with any degree of permanency unless they are subsidised in one way or another, and that only an infinitesimal proportion of the inhabitants of our towns and villages are attracted by good music.

Such are the musical conditions confronting us to-day. The material is there. We have artistes and composers of our own. The public is there but, as I said before, it is still a small one owing to the lack of opportunity for hearing the best music and infinitely more so owing to faulty education in the art of understanding music.

The problem before us is, then, to bring the composer and the public together; to get people to love and appreciate good music. As I have already hinted, this can only be done, first by teaching the children, and secondly by educating the public.

But before discussing ways and means, it should be clearly understood that being musical does not necessarily mean the ability to sing, or play an instrument, no matter how desirable that may be. It is rather a state of mind which every individual who can hear is entitled by nature to attain to a greater or less degree. To be musical is to be able to imbibe the spirit of the composer's message, and make his thought, his spirit, our own. It is more than remembering a melody or a haunting refrain; it is the ability to listen so intelligently and sympathetically that the chords played by the instrumentalists awaken similar chords within ourselves and tune our heart-strings to their notation.

The edifice of musical education has its foundation in song. On this rock alone can be built the structure of musical appreciation. Singing is the most natural art for any human being, and the earliest. The crooning of the baby, the soft lullaby sung by the devoted mother soothing it to sleep; then the little one's own crude efforts at singing, all show what a potential and natural gift it is.

"Song," said Goethe, in "Wilhelm Meister," "is the first step in education, all the rest are connected with it and attained by means of it; the simplest instruction we enliven and impress by song—nay, even what religious and moral principles we lay before our children are communicated in the way of song; other advantages for the excitement of activity spontaneously arise from this practice, for in accustoming the children to write the tones they are to utter, in musical characters, and, as occasion serves, again to seek these characters in the utterance of their own voice, and besides this to subjoin the text below the notes, they are forced to practise hand, ear, and eye at once, whereby they acquire the art of penmanship sooner than you would expect; and all this in the long run is to be effected by copying precise measurements and accurately settled numbers, they come to conceive the high value of mensuration and arithmetic much sooner than in any other way. Among all imaginable things accordingly, we have selected music as the element of our teaching, for level roads run out from music towards every side."

The capacity of children for memorising and performing suitable music is very great, and they are better performers than listeners, except when listening to music they know. Very few children have no ear for music—the proportion is exceedingly small—and nothing delights them more than a merry round or a song. A visit to the infant department of our elementary schools will prove this.

It is of utmost importance that children should learn first of all to breathe naturally and sing easily without shouting. *Train*, not *strain* voices, and above all pay atttention to the proper articulation of words. Speech in song is most important. I do not consider any singer an artist unless he or she conveys to me the words and their meaning. All singers cannot aspire to be great artists, but they can at least make intelligible what they are singing.

With children a great deal depends upon the musical influence of school life. School without music would be a dreary place, but much depends largely whether the head teacher is musical or not. A school-master or mistress with some musical vision can have a far-reaching influence from a musical standpoint upon the young lives in their charge. Music should be made a vital and daily part of the school curriculum, and children should be encouraged to sing out of school as well as in school. A portion of each day should be devoted to music, say even five or ten minutes every day rather than half an hour once a week; and this teaching should be in the hands of class teachers rather than of visiting musicians. Few class teachers are incapable of doing this, and, moreover, the singing lesson forms a bond of sympathy between them and their scholars.

Fortunately some school authorities are waking up to the possibilities of music as an educational factor and refining influence, and able men such as Somervell and Borland have been appointed to supervise and extend this branch of scholastic work; and the work of Dr. Carroll at Manchester which extends to 10,000 children is most praiseworthy. (I allude fully to this and other similar activity in my address on Municipal Music in the Appendix.)

Singing develops aural appreciation and the sense of pitch to a very great extent, and does not require the mechanical dexterity necessary for an instrument such as the violin. Too many people, when you speak of music, think at once of that domestic instrument, the pianoforte, as the aim and end of all things musical. Too often the piano is regarded as the object of family pride in the furniture line, and if little Mary or Billy can learn to strum the latest rag-time or music-hall ditty with one finger, it is considered sufficient for the purpose of displaying this treasured household god. Often, I may remark, it is allowed to run from year to year without being tuned. Nothing could be more detrimental to the cause of music than a child brought up on a jangling, out-of-tune instrument, for its whole idea of pitch

and tune will be distorted in consequence. The piano is frequently a curse in this respect. It is essential that the ear should be trained to a sense of accurate pitch separately, so that it may hear mentally what the eye sees ; that is why unaccompanied part-singing is so beneficial.

I should like no child to take piano lessons till it has sung for some years, and thereby developed its musical instincts, for piano-playing is by no means a sure method of developing them. It lacks the intimacy of singing, and the technical side of playing demands so much of the child's attention that often it hardly hears the music at all.

Singing is the most natural means by which a child may approach beauty. While it is still too young to understand literature and too immature to appreciate the higher pictorial arts it can still find joy in the notes of a singing-bird and experience a special joy which nothing else can give in trilling forth some little melody.

Anyone who has listened to a child at play must realise my point. The whole joy of life is expressed in the little broken, crooning melodies that spring, almost spontaneously, from its lips ; for singing lends itself, as nothing else can, to the personal expression of all the little intimacies of child life.

To those parents who wish to continue their children's musical education out of school hours, with lessons on the pianoforte or other instrument, a few words of warning are necessary.

Be careful in your choice of teacher. Every profession has its quacks, and none more so than music. It is exceedingly difficult for an unqualified doctor or lawyer to get a footing, but it is the easiest possible thing for anyone possessing the most elementary and perfunctory knowledge of the art of music to put a brass plate on his door and advertise himself as a " Professor of Music."

It is only fair to give a young beginner a chance, but the training, qualifications and experience of a teacher should be carefully scrutinised before he is engaged. Moreover, there are many people possessing high qualifications who have not the power of imparting knowledge ; but it is generally safe to trust someone with a recognised training, diploma or degree, as then the pupil's taste is most likely to be fostered in the right direction.

The same thing applies to examinations. If it is felt that they are necessary, it is always possible to test the progress of a pupil by those of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and the Royal College, and Trinity College, London. There,

the standard required is arranged according to age, and if a child has been properly taught, the examiner can always gauge the quality of the training even should the little pupil be very nervous.

Everything, in fact, should be done to remove the undoubted scandal of the hopelessly incompetent music-teacher and the bogus examination. This can never be properly remedied until we are controlled like the medical and legal professions.

School concerts are an important factor in the musical education of the young, but very often these have not a sufficiently intimate relation with the remainder of the school work. Some of H.M. Inspectors do not favour school concerts unless they are prepared after school hours, with the result that the work is left in the hands of a few enthusiasts.

I would also suggest that these performances should be under the control of the teachers rather than the Education Committee. Under the old regime of voluntary schools, such displays (concerts, etc.) flourished more than they do under the present arrangements because the teachers then had more power to do what they considered beneficial to the children.

In passing, I should like to pay tribute to the immense value of the numerous competitive musical festivals which have sprung up all over the country. These have greatly helped to stimulate the musical education, especially of elementary school children, as is proved by the work done by school choirs and orchestras.

A serious defect in our musical education was brought to light by the joint protest of Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Charles Stanford and Sir Edward Elgar with regard to the matter of sight-singing in schools. Years ago there was a grant both for sight-singing and singing by ear, and the great majority of schools took both, and teachers used the ability of the senior children to read at sight to assist in the teaching of songs. To-day, grants for separate subjects in elementary schools have been done away with, and what is called a block grant has been substituted. This has evidently resulted in the neglect of teaching children to sing by note, and therefore this protest is most opportune and merits the serious consideration of all education authorities.

Another little hint which I wish to offer to Education Committees is the importance of providing instruments of better tone in schools.

Music supplies the only means of bringing young children of all classes into actual and intimate contact with beauty. In the early grades of our public and elementary schools, children do

sing, and love to sing, simple songs which, within their limited scope, are quite perfect, whereas their capacity for drawing or for appreciating form and colour is comparatively slight. In music, children find a natural means of expression for that quality of idealism which is part of their nature. When they sing together their natures are disciplined, while each child at the same time expresses its own individuality. The plan also develops alertness of ear, eye and mind, and these together tend to cultivate rapidity of decision and accuracy of thinking.

This, then, is what musical education should do. It should cultivate in children their qualities of observation and discrimination ; it should aid their powers of reflection and cultivate their memories. Above all it should, by developing their artistic appreciation and affording a beneficial outlet for their emotional feelings, help to cultivate their imagination, encourage their sense of beauty, and make them nobler and more cultured men and women and wiser and more useful citizens.

With respect to the commercial value of music, I have addressed several gatherings on this important matter, particularly the Rotary Clubs at Bournemouth, Bath and Harrogate.

Rotary, let me here remark, as a movement for fostering the ideal of service in public life, is, as yet, only in its infancy. But its possibilities are immense. It inculcates a spirit of comradeship which has already resulted in bringing together men of all views and all creeds. Its catholicity of outlook embraces all sections of the community, and by the nobility of its aim it makes for greater harmony in citizenship. Its motto, " Service, not Self," has already borne fruit, and in all the places where a " Club " exists, unobtrusive acts of kindness are helping to assuage the distress among the suffering and dispelling the clouds of distrust which fog the minds of people less fortunate than ourselves.

To me, Rotary is a means to an end ; a channel through which the views of all men may be heard and considered ; a road along which we may all tread in the cause of service and so get nearer that great ideal, the universal brotherhood of mankind.

One of the most distinguished presidents of the Bournemouth Rotary Club was Mr. C. J. Whitting. He is a most able and spontaneous speaker, and has rendered valuable service to the town as chairman of the Public Libraries Committee and as a member of the Education Committee.

Apart from its importance as an art and its consequent effect

on the minds and the lives of people, music has a commercial value which cannot be ignored. Obviously, in the case of famous artists such as Melba, Clara Butt, Paderewski, Kubelik, and others, the financial results are very satisfactory owing to their notoriety and immense drawing power. Similarly the visits of celebrated military bands to seaside resorts, such concerts as the " Proms " at the Queen's Hall, and the more popular concerts given by municipal orchestras come within the same category.

But music has also an indirect commercial value as one of the most pleasurable, and often most helpful, features of many of our public entertainments. There is an orchestra, and nearly always an organ in every cinema, and though it is extremely difficult to apportion the percentage of the attraction of the music as compared with the film, it is generally agreed that a picture-house without music would certainly be a very dull place.

Then there is the comedy theatre. Here, perhaps, the value of music is not so great, because it is provided mainly to relieve the monotony of the entr'actes. But although it may be scarcely noticed, such music is of some value—if only to encourage conversation.

I believe that the attendances of the Art Galleries would be enormously improved by the further provision of music. Experiments in this direction at the National Gallery, London, were successful, and, as a matter of fact, a similar plan has been tried at the Museum in Bournemouth.

There is not a health resort in the country whose governing body would not gladly maintain such entertainments as we have in Bournemouth, at a penny rate or even more, for I claim that our town owes much of its prosperity to the fact that it is the foremost municipality in providing good music and high-class entertainments for its visitors. As I pointed out at the commencement of the account of my work in Bournemouth, even in the very early days it was found that the natural beauties of the place were not sufficient to prevent it from being considered dull by many people.

Not for a moment do I deprecate the beauties of nature, and even after thirty years of residence here I can still revel in the rusticity and rural splendour of our " garden city," yet I still think that the Orchestra at the Winter Gardens is one of the primary attractions of the town.

On three occasions I was privileged to address the Charminster Road Brotherhood, the Winton Sisterhood, and the

Men's Adult School, Bournemouth: non-sectarian organisations with, if I may say so, a strong Labour bias. Each time I was very cordially received, and the evident interest of the audience, as well as the personal enquiries which I received from several of my hearers after the address, have convinced me that there is a growing desire for culture among the manual workers.

In this opinion I am not alone, for such an acute critic of society as Bernard Shaw, expressed similar sentiments in his own inimitable way in his address at the British Music Society's Congress in London in 1920. Mr. Shaw said that the only possible antidote to drunkenness, vicious desires, and degradation of character, was music in particular, and art in general. He maintained that if the local councillors who objected to musical schemes on financial grounds counted the cost in terms of the evils he has just referred to, it would actually pay them. It was extraordinarily important that there should be in every centre of population in this country a competent symphony orchestra and an opera theatre; and that no child should be brought up without abundant and free means of access to the best music. In their propaganda work they would be met, not so much with æsthetic objections, but by the one tremendous objection which governed municipal life—the general terror of the rate-payer that the rates would be put up. They would require to point out, therefore, that artistic and musical culture was a thing that paid in the long run. Municipalities had charge of the morals of the community and very often they had a great deal of trouble in the connection. He had taken part in those measures which the municipalities used for retaining the morality of their district and he was forced to admit that these measures were practically an encouragement to immorality. They were so entirely futile.

To raise the morals of a district one thing should be kept in mind: that the community consisted largely of young persons growing up. At a certain period in their lives when they began to take a large and more general interest in their human relations, and before the time when they could afford to get married, it was no use pursuing a policy of puritanism—a policy of strict repression of their human impulses. The real remedy was provided by Nature and by God. All they had to do was to find an outlet for all those impulses in Art. If their young men had music and pictures to interest them, to satisfy many of their impulses and to liven their days, they would not go to the low pleasures of the streets. They would have an alternative, and they would be too fastidious to do so.

Towns at present were in such a state of barbarism and philistinism that the profit was going to the people who exploited the vices of the street. That was a fact too seldom mentioned in this country. Vice led to drunkenness and degradation of character, and contributed largely to the keeping up of the rates. If that were explained in detail he thought that even the most parsimonious payer of rates would be persuaded that it would make the towns healthier and better and keep the rates lower, if they had abundant and generous provision for art.

In this matter of State and municipal support of music, Great Britain is very much behind the great European nations. Prior to the Revolution in Russia, the Imperial Opera was subsidised to an enormous extent by the late Czar. The " Meistersingers "—to quote an example of thoroughness—was given over two hundred rehearsals and took two years to produce. Then, again, in Berlin, Paris, Milan, Rome and other towns, any loss on Opera is made good by the State or municipality concerned. In this country there is still no National Opera House. At the Royal Opera at Covent Garden in the past the performances were invariably given in French, Italian or German. But it must not be forgotten that the Carl Rosa and Moody Manners Companies did most praiseworthy work for many years in presenting opera in the vernacular. Their productions were mainly confined to the provinces, and could not be on the lavish scale employed by Sir Thomas Beecham, but it was good work, nevertheless, and we look to the British National Opera Company to carry on the good work.

But there is still much to be done, for there is practically insufficient representation in the country of one of the most varied and interesting of art forms—grand opera. My own view with respect to it is that municipalities might well consider the question of adding representations of grand opera to its " attractions." Municipal music goes far nowadays, but does not go far enough. It is hopeless to expect opera to establish itself without some form of aid that will enable it to tide over bad times and to carry on its work while more people are being prepared to take part in it.

In Germany, every town possesses, or did before the war, a municipal theatre with repertoire companies and orchestra, at which it was possible to hear any week grand opera, light opera, classical plays (including Shakespeare), drama, comedies and concerts. I trust that in time we shall see such a development in England. The advantages are obvious. Private enterprise

naturally deals only with paying propositions, consequently it is seldom that many of the great Shakespearean dramas and comedies can be enjoyed, for the representations—save at the "Old Vic."—are generally confined to a select few of the great bard's immortal works.

In practically every continental capital there is a fully-equipped Conservatoire maintained by the State to give a thorough musical education to talented pupils at a very low cost. In England the only State assistance consists of grants of £500 per annum to the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College; even these were suspended during the war, and there is little in the way of "sustenance" scholarships that keep the holder in board and lodging while *in statu pupillari*.

We British are essentially a commercial nation, and Art does not commend itself very much to the "powers that be." Still, if these cannot be persuaded to give their financial support, are there no wealthy people who will come forward? This is the case in America, where every large city has a magnificent orchestra under the patronage of a millionaire. In Cincinatti they are raising a Million Dollar Fund for the endowment of their Symphony Orchestra.

With regard to orchestral music, there are really few fine orchestras in Great Britain. London, of course, stands first with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, the London Symphony Orchestra and one or two others, but in the provinces there are no great orchestras of importance with the exception of the Hallé and the Scottish Orchestras, which are disbanded during the summer months.

With regard to civic enterprise in music in this country I think I may justly claim that for the last thirty years Bournemouth has been an easy first, since it possesses the only permanent municipal orchestra capable at present of presenting in an adequate manner all works except those requiring an unusually large conbination of instruments. Its present strength is forty performers, and this is augmented to fifty for Symphony Concerts. In addition to the orchestra at the Winter Gardens, a military band is maintained to perform on the Pier, and therefore the expenditure on instrumental music is between £15,000 and £16,000 per annum.

An Act of Parliament gives municipal authorities the power to spend up to a halfpenny rate on public band performances and many of them have taken advantage of it, but the amount at their disposal has not been sufficient to enable very much good

work to be done, therefore, with the exception of Bournemouth, no permanent orchestra of more than twenty-five to thirty performers exists in any town, and that condition only attains at Eastbourne.

The advantages of maintaining a first-class orchestra, even at a loss, are obvious. In the case of a health resort, it is, of course, a great advertisement, but in my opinion it is equally valuable to any city as a healthy form of entertainment for the masses. This is quite apart from the encouragement it could give to British Art. However, there are signs of increasing interest and activity which will in due course bear fruit. The British Music Society means business, and the Federated Board of Music Trades intends to give every assistance to municipal bodies so that England may once again become a really musical country.

Community singing should be encouraged, and where no orchestra is available, visits of military bands and good chamber music combinations should be encouraged. Lectures on musical appreciation will help to stimulate interest and pave the way for the establishment of what I should like to see in every town, a good municipal orchestra.

The masses would soon learn to appreciate good music if they were encouraged to do so. A good beginning might be made with popular concerts of not too heavy, but *thoroughly well-rendered* music. Then the interest of the audience could be stimulated by a verbal explanation of the pieces played. A good idea also is to include popular folk-tunes, with the words shown on a screen, which the audience should be asked to sing. In this way they may be led gradually to care for something better than the music to which they have been accustomed. Those who have never heard anything except ragtime and jazz will in time demand " serious " music, and its conclusion will then become a business proposition. As Lord Howard de Walden said at a dinner of the Federated Board : " You must educate the taste in music just as in food. How can a man appreciate oysters if he has never tasted them ? "

We must get rid of the Anglo-Saxon idea that art is effeminate and should begin to value it for what it really is. Music should be made more accessible to everybody, for it is so easy for human beings to become submerged in the details of life and fail to realise anything beyond their daily acts and associations.

For the last fifteen years a few enthusiasts have strongly advocated the introduction of lessons in Musical Appreciation into the curriculum of our elementary schools. A great step has been

taken in this direction recently in Bournemouth. The Education Committee has applied to the Board of Education for a grant to enable them to do this, and thus one of my greatest ideals is about to be realised.

The plan provides for concerts of good descriptive music to be given in the Winter Gardens to about 700 selected pupils from the local elementary schools. A short explanatory lecture will be given by myself, and the children will be invited to write essays after each concert, for which prizes will be awarded. Then a selected number—probably the prize-winners—will attend the Symphony Concerts, and later submit essays describing their experiences.

Excellent work of this type has already been done in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham and Harrogate, hence it is a matter for regret that with such musical facilities at their disposal the Bournemouth authorities did not adopt such a scheme long ago.

Anything that helps to solve the problem of the future of children when school days are over surely merits our most careful consideration, and it is because I believe that such lessons will assist in this direction, I strongly advocate the scheme. The stimulating effect of music on the lives of these young people is all for the good of the community apart from the fact that such training is building up the audiences of the future.

So far the Board of Education has, I understand, lent a sympathetic ear to the proposals, and it seems very hopeful that the necessary assistance will be forthcoming.

But while the audiences of the future are being trained, an even more urgent consideration is the audience of to-day. How are people to be attracted to orchestral concerts, and how is their interest to be maintained ?

The answer lies in the judicious selection of suitable programmes which, apart from "popular" music, is no easy task.

Nowhere in the world do Symphony Concerts pay—alone. Still, in Bournemouth, such concerts have built up the musical reputation of the town. Moreover, they have given an opportunity to many a British composer to hear and conduct his own work. Occasionally, and particularly before the time of the fund endowed by Sir Ernest Palmer, at the Royal College for the purpose of assisting young composers to have their works rehearsed, I have allowed a new composition to be performed not on its merits, but because it showed evidence of talent which could only

be developed by the composer hearing his own work. Although the audience may not have enjoyed itself at the time, it has been more than gratifying to me to have been able to give the first chance to many a composer who since then has climbed the ladder of fame.

At Bournemouth popular artistes like Vesta Tilley and Robey, distinguished vocalists like Clara Butt and eminent instrumentalists provide profits which keep down the deficit that otherwise would be too great. Without their help the Corporation would not have been able to have maintained a permanent orchestra of forty musicians, the minimum strength required to give adequate expression to general music.

It is the duty of every caterer to give the public what it wants, otherwise he is courting disaster. I have found that it is possible to cultivate the musical appreciation of the masses to such an extent that they will enjoy hearing in the same programme works of the great masters as well as the most popular music. It is a periodical practice of mine to give such programmes on Saturday evenings, but it would be absurd to make it the rule. Therefore, I alternate them with others consisting largely of extracts from Gilbert and Sullivan and vocal items which generally attract crowded audiences.

Next to Sullivan for drawing power I place Edward German, and after him there are at least half a dozen young Britishers who are turning out light music that will compare favourably with anything of the same kind produced on the Continent. In fact, it is a matter for congratulation that whereas in the past we had to turn to France or Germany for good light music, we are now in the happy position of being able to provide nearly, *but not quite all* that is required in our own country. Examples of it were a feature of our last festival, and the works of Roger Quilter, Eric Coates, John Foulds, John Ansell, A. W. Ketelbey and others, were cordially received.

In my endeavour to interest the public in music I initiated some time ago a guessing competition at the Winter Gardens at the Popular Concert given on Saturday evening. The audience was a huge one, drawn probably more out of curiosity than anything else as the result of my advertisement of a "novel competition for music lovers." Patrons were asked to bring pencil and paper, and the secret of what was to happen was kept from everybody until the competition took place. The result may best be described in the words of the *Bournemouth Echo:*

"Sir Dan having briefly described the form the competition would take, nearly everybody in the audience produced pencil and paper. Then the Municipal Orchestra broke out with the first notes of what will henceforth be very familiarly known as 'The Switch.' That is the name given to what appeared to be an inexhaustible 'medley of melodies.' They were all familiar enough to the ear, but the orchestra had not been playing long before numerous numbers—if not the majority—of the audience had begun to realise what a fickle jade memory is. It all seemed so easy at first, but the orchestra progressed at such a lively pace from one melody to another as to leave many pencils hopelessly lagging behind. . . . Quite a few of the audience 'stayed the course' with honours, and even those who did get in arrears may certainly be said to have come away from the Winter Gardens on Saturday night with a sharpened knowledge of popular music. Briefly the 'Switch' was an electrifying success, and many folks present at the Gardens on Saturday night already want to know when Sir Dan Godfrey is going to repeat the innovation. That is almost sure to happen—but the 'Switch' will be a rather different one, needless to say. There is more than one means of inculcating a love for music."

Some funny shots were made, for instance—Symphony "1812" by *Wagner*. Bridal March from *Tannhäuser*. Rachmaninoff's Prelude by *Tchaikovski*. The "*Phyllis*" Blacksmith.

I see that my friend Landon Ronald adopted a similar idea at the Royal Albert Hall Saturday Evening Promenade Concerts, whose life I much regret was a short one.

Vocal competitions have also been carried on during the winter months and the successful singers allowed to take part in the Sunday concerts. These have aroused a spirit of keen rivalry in the district and have done much to raise the standard of local vocalism, and I hope will soon be revived.

In view of the fact that the series of Educative Lectures I gave in 1921 was something of an innovation, I submitted the synopsis to various eminent musicians from whom I received replies, herewith appended, which clearly show that the plan met with the approval of those in a position to judge of its efficacy.

Extract from letter from Sir Hugh Allen (Director of the Royal College of Music):

"As to your Lecture Scheme, it is just what is most

wanted. Concert-goers are so often like strangers in a foreign land whose language they think they know and do, perhaps, if only they have enough time to understand what is said, but who find it very difficult when fast. The moment there is a new word or idiom their whole attention is taken up by it, and they immediately get bewildered and lose the thread of what they are listening to. Your lectures ought to do an immense amount of good to clear the way to listening comfortably, that is, by knowing what the different sound-qualities are, detecting rhythms, realising form, in fact, understanding how music is spoken. They will all listen and enjoy themselves many times more for having got a closer acquaintance with it all. You can never talk to a stranger in a foreign tongue so easily or completely as when you have got to know him more intimately. I wish your scheme the best of luck and am delighted that you adopt such an enlightened way of bringing a greater delight into your fine concerts to the people of Bournemouth and especially to the children."

Extract from letter from Sir Henry Hadow (Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University, the great authority on Musical History, etc.) :

"I am particularly interested in your scheme of Lecture Concerts. It seems to me excellent. I wish them and the rest of your venture the most complete success."

Extract from letter from Professor Granville Bantock :

"Let me thank you for the prospectus of the arrangements of the Symphony Concerts and the Lecture Concerts on Musical Appreciation, the latter being an admirable institution which I hope will receive wide support and meet with real success."

Extract from letter from Mr. Stewart Macpherson (the eminent writer on Musical Appreciation) :

"Let me congratulate you on your enterprise in launching your 'Music Appreciation' scheme. It's an excellent move and I hope you will be rewarded by good and ever-increasing audiences.

"I need hardly tell you that my own idea is that, in the Appreciation and Aural Training movement, there lies

the great hope for the musical well-being of the community. Especially must we think of the children. All good luck to you."

Extract from letter from Ernest Newman (Musical Critic of the Sunday Times) :

"Many thanks for the circular of your autumn arrangements, which is very interesting. I am glad to see you are running Musical Appreciation meetings. I have always thought that Orchestral Concerts in particular and Concerts in general would be more comprehensible to the average man if he could get a few hints before the concert as to what he ought to listen for."

Extract from letter from the Principal, Fontainebleau School, Bournemouth :

"You are indeed to be congratulated on the very successful beginning of what promises to be a delightful series of Concert Lectures. I wish you could have heard the appreciation of my pupils spontaneously expressed last evening."

Of late a new phase of what I may term "musical information" has come into being in the shape of the method of diffusing entertainment if not knowledge by wireless, and known by the generic term of "Broadcasting." At the time of writing Bournemouth has acquired a broadcasting station of its own.

Dealing with the matter in the concrete there seems to be very considerable divergence of opinion, concerning its influence, on the part of those controlling musical performances and music generally. On one side we hear of a firm refusal to allow some very popular London concerts to be broadcasted and at the same time the bar sinister is put upon any person who intends to have anything to do with the undertaking.

On the other hand a very cordial welcome is extended to the idea by no less an undertaking than the British National Opera Company, whose performances at Covent Garden were regularly transmitted as, curiously enough, was also the Pavlova Ballet, which was sent out into the world by the same means—that is the music, of course—a fact that gives the opening to those who maintain that broadcasting is a part and not the whole.

There can be no doubt that so far we have not got exactly in tune with the question ; there are still too many " beats " as piano-tuners say, for the vibration to be exact. As far as local conditions are concerned I think it is contrary to human nature to leave one's warm fireside on a winter's night to attend a concert. There may be some modification of tone and some reduction in the sense brought into play in the process of broadcasting, but there is the music all the same.

I much regret that the early overtures to the Bournemouth Corporation from the Broadcasting Company were not received more favourably, for my view is that it would have been of great advantage if the Municipal Orchestra had been entrusted with the duty of supplying *part* of the music for broadcasting. It would have been possible to arrange matters so that the result would have been to *arouse interest* instead of satisfying it.

Moreover, as the repertoire would have been of our usual character, the listener-in would have heard nothing but the best music, classical and light, played by a body of musicians in constant association and not got together for the occasion.

As it was, the Corporation had to admit that broadcasting seriously affected the attendances at the concerts during the winter.

My own view of the matter is that the present phase will pass, since there is a tendency to lower the level of the music sent out which will result in leaving the lovers of good music unsatisfied. The demands for light music are many and constitute the majority. It has not been found that the accessibility of music through the gramophone with all its wonderful improvements has actually affected attendance at concerts. Rather has it led to a better understanding of good music.

Further, wireless, like the gramophone, eliminates the *personal* note which is so much insisted upon in these days when every public person is under the limelight. A large amount of the pleasure of a concert-goer is derived from seeing the music *made*. It is only necessary to scan an audience to note how the eyes of everyone are fixed on the players. And we know how tantalising it is not to be able to see an artist in whom we are interested.

But, taking the broad view again, there is little doubt that there is considerable ignorance of the position and that, in fact, " we don't know where we are." Only a year ago that broad-minded musical leader, Sir Hugh Allen, publicly expressed the view that " Broadcasting must cease," but finding a year later

that it had not, he very wisely modified his attitude and now urges upon everyone to call for *the best.*

My experience of the public leads me to the conviction that the music received by wireless will not satisfy its whole needs—a contention that is supported by the broadcast programmes themselves, which at one time were entirely musical but now comprise lectures, addresses, humorous speeches, and even criticisms of the music performed.

As long as good music is brought within the reach of all by providing it at the lowest possible prices—prices considerably lower than at present obtain—the broadcasting principle will be an aid and not a deterrent.

CHAPTER VI

THE MUSICAL OUTLOOK

Music in My Student Days—Early Promenade Concerts—Coming of Henry J. Wood—Boom in Orchestral Music—Revolutionary Style—Music that will Live—Development of Orchestration—Future of Municipal Orchestras—Music and the Community—Cinema and Restaurant Music—The Salvation Army—Music Schools—Competitive Festivals—Jazz—More about Wales—Discussion on Programmes—Scheme for a National College.

DURING my thirty years' connection with the practical side of music I have seen many changes both as to the amount and character of public music. In that period the musical world, in England at least, has certainly become more orchestral.

In my student days, and later, there were much fewer orchestral concerts than nowadays. The student of music, like the lover of music, had to rely largely upon August Manns and the Crystal Palace Orchestra which every Saturday afternoon throughout the winter from October to April gave excellent programmes. Beyond that there were the Richter Concerts at St. James's Hall conducted by Hans Richter, later the Henschel Concerts conducted by Mr. (now Sir) George Henschel; and the periodical concerts by the Philharmonic Society. The Promenade Concerts of those days, held at Covent Garden, had no serious aims and merely contented themselves with providing entertainment—liquid as well as musical—for the unfortunate few "left in London" in August.

Early in the 'nineties things began to change, and it was the advent of Henry Wood and Robert Newman—the first manager of the newly-erected Queen's Hall—that brought a change over the face of things. From that time began an era in concert-giving in England—to which I am glad to think I was able to contribute at Bournemouth—that has gone on expanding ever since.

Nowadays there is orchestral music everywhere in the Metropolis and almost on every day of the week—certainly on Sundays, where at Queen's Hall and the Royal Albert Hall fine orchestras

give performances of the best music. It is this fact which I think makes it so desirable that the lover of music should not be deprived of his opportunity of hearing good music when he leaves home, and that therefore there should be good music wherever possible at the most popular health resorts.

Of course, as in everything else, there has been a strong revolutionary note in British music, but I am inclined to think that very few of the works by the composers who have adopted this mode will live beyond the present generation. There has been the vogue of imitative Eastern and Russian music—now dying natural deaths—and a great tendency to produce music which appeals to the mind rather than the heart.

Music that will live is that which stirs the emotions as well as charms the intellect. We revere the " masters " to-day not only because their works astonish us with their technical perfection but because, when we hear them performed, they echo those thoughts for which we, more inarticulate beings, cannot find means of expression.

However, there are still many chapters to be added to the history of composition and I firmly believe that before long there will be a reaction on the lines I have already indicated.

The resources of orchestration have widened considerably. With Parry, Stanford, and Mackenzie the usual instrumentation is that employed by Mendelssohn in his " Ruy Blas " overture and which included four horns and three trombones. The only departure of " The Old Guard " from this form was the addition of a piccolo, tuba, third trumpet, and occasional extra percussion.

Berlioz, the greatest master of instrumentation the world has ever seen, was the pioneer of the large orchestra, but it remained for Wagner to set the fashion of including triple wood wind, tenor tubas, extra trombones, additional horns, and bass trumpet. Strauss went a step farther and included eight horns, four flutes, a heckelphone, E flat clarinet, and wind machines. This collection was adopted by Holbrooke and many others.

Unfortunately to-day there is a growing need for economy in the size of orchestras. Therefore it is not surprising to note that already a tendency has arisen among composers to write for small orchestras of thirty or forty. Certainly this is advisable for practical purposes, though it must be admitted that variety of effect cannot be obtained on the same scale.

These and many other innovations in instrumentation have increased the difficulties of the orchestral player, but the greatest

of all in connection with the performance of a new work is the limited time available for rehearsals. Eminent foreign conductors invariably pay the highest tribute to British orchestras as possessing better reading powers than those abroad. The string tone also as a rule is far superior owing to the possession of better instruments, better technique, and a more legitimate way of holding the instruments (more in the centre of the body), which gets better tone.

The horn tone is more musical than, for instance, in Germany, where the hard tone of the "hand" stopped instrument, is retained. Trumpets are good, but a little spoiled by too much use of the cornet mouthpiece.

With regard to reeds, our tone is generally much fuller, although France and Belgium are renowned for their oboeists, but it is doubtful whether any can excel Goossens and Macdonagh (cor anglais).

The English oboe player has of late years used a harder reed with improved effect. The Handelian oboes used in such large numbers had soft reeds, thus the rough roaring tone won the name of "English horn."

Fine clarinets, of whom the first great example was Henry Lazarus, have been numerous; others are G. A. Clinton and C. Draper; the Wootton brothers were notable examples of the best bassoon playing, and were succeeded by the James family, etc. This instrument itself is one that has changed little. Oboes and clarinets have been improved greatly and old "cross-fingering" difficulties done away with. I must confess I do not admire the tone of metallic double-bassoon imported from Germany. The old wooden double bassoon which Stone used to manipulate so wonderfully gave the real "bass" with a body not obtained on the metal substitute.

With regard to trombones, undoubtedly if the tone is not forced by the conductor it is infinitely more mellow. The old trombone quartet could produce effects *piano* which are unobtainable from the three trombones and Wagnerian tuba of present use. *Sforzando* from trombones is not to be despised as throwing light on a dark place.

For orchestral purposes the trumpet is to be preferred to the cornet, whose use, however, is effective in certain examples of light music. Its appearance as solo in the orchestra, and not outside a public-house or in a char-a-banc, is always popular. It is interesting to recall that this familiar instrument was introduced into this country by Balfe, who, in his opera "The Maid of

Artois," 1836, wrote a special obbligato for the cornetta or cornet-á-pistons for the song "The Light of Other Days." This was the first orchestral use of the new instrument, and some wish it had been the last. I don't know whether thec ornet had anything to do with it, but the receipts for the first *sixteen performances* of this opera at Drury Lane were £5,690.

I still affirm that it is impossible to give really good performances unless the work is rehearsed in detail two or three times. This resolves itself into three important considerations: (1) Overcoming the mere technical difficulties which are often very great. (2) Rehearsing for balance and co-ordinating the various parts. (3) The interpretation as a whole.

Conditions are more favourable on the Continent and in America where conductors have unlimited time for preparation and consequently secure better results. In England, on the other hand, a really good first performance is a rare occurrence. In any case the remainder of the programme suffers and contre-temps happen from time to time.

Most of these adverse conditions, especially rehearsal difficulties, are to be found principally in the provinces, where it is seldom that more than one rehearsal can be had before a concert.

Another difficulty is that owing to the increased remuneration to musicians, it is practically impossible for orchestral concerts to be self-supporting. Then again, an experienced player, especially in London, has too much to do. A typical day in his life includes: a rehearsal in the morning, a gramophone session after lunch—in which the method of playing is entirely different to that of the concert room—and a concert in the evening. Small wonder that he sometimes fails to do justice to himself and to the work in hand.

For these reasons I believe that the real future of music lies in the establishment and development of permanent municipal orchestras in every town and city. The attendant discipline and the fact that the engagement would be a permanent one would have the much-desired effect of better ensemble playing.

Such an orchestra could give periodical Symphony Concerts, popular Saturday- and Sunday-evening concerts, and frequent concerts for children in the city halls. It could be hired to choral societies and loaned—in sections perhaps—to play during dinner hours in factories or other business centres and thus apply the humanising influence of music to industry.

I advocated this some time ago in Liverpool, when the project of a municipal orchestra was being mooted, and was

asked, "This might be all very well for the winter, but what about the summer, as orchestras are unsuitable for outdoor playing to large audiences?" My reply was that the problem could be solved by leasing the orchestra—once more in sections, if desired—to seaside and other health resorts, thus enabling them to be served more economically and efficiently than is possible at present, because they would have the services of a ready-made band with a large repertoire, instead of, so to speak, a "scratch" combination of men who only play together for some months of the year.

Probably the time has hardly arrived when city councillors will devote a portion of the rates for the purpose of meeting any deficit on the maintenance of municipal orchestras, although it could never be more than a halfpenny in the pound for a great centre. Manchester could negotiate with the Hallé Orchestra as its basis, and Glasgow or Edinburgh with the Scottish orchestra.

During the last ten years there has been a revival of musical appreciation generally, and we can look forward with confidence to steady progress. After all, State and Municipal enterprise in the matter of music, and in art generally, is good commercial policy, indirectly if not directly, but there is a higher point of view from which the authorities should regard it. It is their duty to do everything they can to elevate and refine the people, to provide opportunities for artistic and intelligent culture, to give the people a larger and better life.

In the pursuit of such an aim money need not be wasted, but it should not be made the first consideration, and there should be no disappointment if it fails directly or indirectly to produce a large financial return. No direct profit is expected from public parks and pleasure grounds which are provided for the recreation of the people and for the benefit of their health. Education is a costly item of public expenditure, and rightly so. Every boy and girl in a humble position of life should have an opportunity of developing gifts that God has given them.

It is much more difficult to obtain players to-day than ten or twelve years ago, the reasons being, firstly, the demand for musicians in cinemas, and, secondly, the fact—and rightly so—that the importation of foreign musicians is banned. The supply is certainly not equal to the demand, a fact which may be emphasised by a further reference to the lure of the cinema. In the past, gifted young players who obtained scholarships at the Royal Academy and the Royal College were content to study diligently for three years; nowadays, however, within a few months the

opportunity of earning high salaries at picture houses, together with the prospect of *permanent* engagements, make them relinquish their scholarships. Thus they fancy they are fully qualified musicians and neglect their studies accordingly. Spoiled by the adulation of the emotional crowd, they lapse into a state of mediocrity, which, considering their glowing prospects when they entered college, is deplorable.

Still it must not be forgotten that cinema music *is* playing, and in the future will play, a great part in the growth of musical appreciation. In many picture houses first-class orchestras, which perform extracts from the best works, are provided. It is, however, a debatable point, and one over which there is considerable diversity of opinion, whether or not the music played during the projection of a film should bear some relation to that film. I am inclined to think that, in view of the undoubted value of music in cinemas, it ought to be the invariable custom for suitable music, either specially written or arranged, to be synchronised with the picture and sent out with each new film.

The great objection to this is the increase in the cost of production. Hence the usual method is for each musical director to see a new picture at a trade show and quickly fit, what he thinks, is appropriate music for it. Surely there is room for improvement in this method as the time for proper selection is so limited. Yet, I cannot help commenting on the skill displayed in this respect, which in many cases is remarkable.

In restaurants you hear good, bad, and indifferent music. The most enterprising people in this connection are Messrs. Lyons, who spend as much as £150,000 a year on orchestras and artistes in their different establishments. Such an astute firm would not do this if it were not a business proposition. Probably it is quite impossible to assess what percentage of the receipts is due to music, but the indirect value of these orchestras must be enormous, and, in many cases, noteworthy contributions to the cause of musical appreciation. Their latest experiment in providing miniature operas at the Corner House is being watched with interest.

No doubt it is very trying work for vocalists and solo instrumentalists who are being introduced to supplement the programme, yet it is noticeable that a good artiste can hush the clatter of crockery and silence the hum of conversation. I hear now that service is stopped during a vocal item.

I should like to say a word or two about Salvation Army music, which to-day is showing signs of improvement. Their bands have always been fine recruiting grounds for brass bands,

because many of their more ambitious players, finding the scope of "army" playing too limited for them, transferred their enthusiasm elsewhere. With the proposal, however, to establish a Salvation Army College of Music, it is very probable that in due course their bands will merit a page in the history of music.

With all our musical effort, creative and executive, the student of music is being looked after to a greater extent than formerly. There are numerous schools of music on all sides, while the leading institutions are doing an immense amount of work in training the prospective musician. I am not altogether clear whether the best methods have yet been laid down, especially with respect to such a delicate and difficult matter as that of the teaching of singing—an important subject in this country where there are so many fine voices. There can be no question, however, as to the teaching of composition, which I am inclined to think is the best anywhere in the world. This being so, I should like to see all other subjects equally well taught.

Another point which comes to my mind in this connection is a somewhat idealistic one and it is that there should be a difference in the nature of the musical course to be followed by the student who proposes to follow the art as a profession and the student who is taking it up solely as a recreation.

As an actual means of encouraging musical ability and of helping to establish correct standard there is, I think, nothing better in the whole of our musical undertakings than the Competitive Festival. It makes no distinctions in the matter of class; everyone meets on the common ground of art. Provided a high standard of adjudication be maintained there is no reason why the musical competition should not become one of the most valuable institutions we have and a definite proof of our attainments as a musical nation.

Some little time ago the editor of the *Evening News* asked me to explain why I sometimes play "jazz," especially as some conductors, such as Howard Carr, at Harrogate, who recently resigned rather than do so, consider such music beneath them. A good deal of it, of course, is rubbish, but I do not apologise for playing such a clever piece as "The Kitten on the Keys" and the "Sheik," which contains a subtle reference to "Peer Gynt." On the other hand, I protest most strongly against the degradation of noble themes, and would not on any account perform pieces devised on that basis.

"Jazz" music has an appeal of its own, and I believe that even Ravel and Rachmaninov admit the fascination of its rhythm.

But the superior person, forgetful of the fact that public taste varies, condemns it wholesale. Very few people are fond of tragedy ; even light comedy does not appeal to everybody, and there is a third class which is only satisfied with the broad comedy of the music hall.

So it is with music. While many people find great pleasure in listening to operatic selections, intermezzi, dance suites and similar forms of light music, there are still many more who want nothing except music of the jazz type. Classical music appeals to few, unless they have been educated to it. Thus the conductor who does not wish his concerts to be a financial failure must cater for all classes. He, like any other caterer, must provide what his public wants or his hall will be empty.

This catholicity involves no sacrifice of art because the high standard of performance remains the same, whether the work in hand be symphony or syncopation. Moreover, in my case, the end certainly justifies the means, and if the inclusion of certain "jazz" items is going to bring to concerts people who would otherwise stay at home, then I do not see why it should not be given. Symphony Concerts never pay owing to lack of numbers who appreciate them. One of the reasons why they have been given in an unbroken record for the last thirty years at Bournemouth is because the income produced from concerts of the more popular type has helped to keep down the deficit incurred at the concerts of exclusively classical music.

Further, the performance of jazz is consistent with my aim to develop the musical appreciation of the people. Your superior person may deride it, but after all, jazz constitutes an attraction to many, and I claim, with years of experience to support me, that people can be wooed from the comparatively simple joys of syncopation to the higher delights of the great masters.

Since writing my comments on Music in Wales I have received the report of the Welsh National Council of Music which was formed a few years ago and is under the directorship of Sir Walford Davies.

The council aim "to increase the opportunities of study throughout the country of the world's finest music and to encourage and release the *native* power to think musically and to write music as well as to perform."

In order to do this they are co-operating with the University Colleges, the Training Colleges, and the Secondary and Elementary Schools throughout the country.

At Bangor College, for example, concerts of chamber music are held weekly together with open lectures by the Musical Director on musical subjects of general interest. Chamber music classes are held, and there is a flourishing choral society. Symphony Concerts, too, are given occasionally by the College orchestra; an instrumental trio (piano, violin and 'cello) is permanently attached to the College, and these players visit the rural districts with a lecturer and give lecture concerts, first in the schools and then to the public.

Up to 1923, 454 of these illustrated lectures were given by the trios centred at Aberystwyth, Bangor and Cardiff. Extensive experiments have been carried out in school violin classes, and special gramophone records have been prepared for use in schools. These constitute a complete course of melody-making with illustrations.

The needs of the teachers have been met by the provision of summer schools and occasional musical conferences, and the council has published several instructive pamphlets and students' hymnals.

Four musical festivals lasting three or four days have so far been given at Aberystwyth, at which Sir Edward Elgar and Gustav Holst conducted their own works.

Above all, I am greatly interested to hear of the proposal to form a Welsh Symphony Orchestra primarily for use at the National Eisteddfod at Pontypridd this year (1924) and generally for festivals and orchestral and choral concerts throughout Wales (either as a complete unit or in sections to assist local orchestras).

Finally, in order to encourage *native* talent, an Autumn Festival of Works by Welsh Composers is to be held annually at a convenient centre.

Thus it will be seen in this brief summary of the work of the National Council that great efforts are being made not only to improve vocalism in Wales, but to encourage orchestral music, which, as I have stated elsewhere, has always seemed to me to be a serious omission in Welsh musical life.

In such rich soil, the good seed sown by the Council is sure to germinate and eventually bear good fruit, and before long we shall hear of the rise of a native school of music in Wales, which will add its quota to the great musical compositions of the world. More power to Sir Walford Davies and his colleagues for their courage and insight.

At the recent Conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians at Cambridge, Adrian Boult read a paper on "Programme Music." In the course of a discussion which followed,

the view that I had expressed the previous evening to the effect that "popular" music must be given from time to time was disagreed with, and instances given of audiences of poor people being charmed by programmes of good music. I have frequently said that audiences can be educated, but only gradually, to like the best music: and I thoroughly agree with Sir Hugh Allen, who said that the future of music is mainly in the hands of "the man in the street." If I adopted only the "highbrow" policy (of which naturally professional musicians belonging to the I. S. M. would be advocates), municipal orchestras, in Bournemouth and other health resorts, would soon cease to exist.

By all means give sometimes of the very best, and of course at educational concerts give only what is good, but considering that it is perfectly obvious that only about 10 per cent. of the supporters of municipal entertainments are music lovers, the sympathy of the majority must be obtained by methods suitable to the circumstances, when gradually but surely, as I have proved over and over again by the inclusion of one or two pieces of good music in practically every programme, the taste of my listeners can be improved. It is all very well having high ideals in theory, but in practice care has to be taken that they do not become speedily destroyed.

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OUTLINE OF A SCHEME FOR A "NATIONAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC"

Specially designed to admit of close and active co-operation with the work of the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra. Suggested to the Carnegie Trust in 1913.

By the establishment of a "National College of Music" at Bournemouth the cause of musical education in Great Britain would benefit in a degree beyond any previous experience, as inducements could be held out for a *practical* training that is unobtainable elsewhere in this country. Leipzig has for long been accounted the Mecca of music students; but Bournemouth has all the advantages that Leipzig can offer with the one exception of the latter's great music school. The foundation of such a school in Bournemouth would ensure for the institution an unchallengeable position among those other teaching bodies in the United Kingdom to whom has been entrusted the duty of providing musical instruction in all its branches.

The advantages that Bournemouth has to offer are:

(1) A permanent Municipal orchestra. The range of musical

literature covered by this orchestra in the course of one year is unequalled in its variety and completeness, all the greatest classical and modern composers being represented.

(2) A municipal choir. The growth of choral music is one of the outstanding features of the day.

(3) A fine music library, in which the requirements of *students* have been, and continue to be, the principal consideration.

A splendid opportunity for the founding of a "National College of Music" in Bournemouth is afforded by the forthcoming erection of the "Pavilion" at a cost of some £80,000. If arrangements could be made for the "College" to be part and parcel of the "Pavilion" buildings one very potent and necessary factor, namely, a musical "atmosphere," would at once become a *fait accompli*, together with many other advantages and conveniences for students of music.

Seeing that the Borough of Bournemouth would stand to gain exceptional advantages through the co-operation of the "College" —such as, principally, an immediate augmentation of the orchestra by (probably) some twenty-five instrumentalists, and a constant flow of well-equipped recruits to the same—it should be possible for the Governing Body of the "College" to obtain advantageous terms in the matter of rent, etc., for the accommodation required by the institution.

The question of a reasonable rental, however, entirely depends upon the full realisation of both parties to the transaction that the benefits accruing to each would be considerable. These twofold advantages are the essence of the scheme. To the Municipality of Bournemouth there would be ensured the attraction of a largely augmented orchestra with a "nursery" attached, from which new members could be regularly drawn: to the "College" there would be the incalculable advantage of the presence of skilled teachers of all orchestral instruments, of practical orchestral training of the highest class for the students, to whom, also, there would be presented the additional advantage of hearing a greater amount of fine music than is available in any other centre in this country. The fact, also, that Bournemouth is an extremely healthy and most beautiful town is a point of substantial importance when a decision upon the *locale* of such an institution has to be made.

(The original draft contains numerous notes and suggestions, which I cannot reproduce here, under various headings, such as: Constitution and Government of the "College," Estimated Expenditure, the "College" Building, the Teaching Staff, Students, Fees, etc., etc.)

CHAPTER VII

HUMOURS OF CONDUCTING

Personal Reminiscences—The "Flying" Baton—Saved by Byrne—The Wisdom of Babes—Arditi and the Clarinet—Allen's Restlessness—The "Lady" at Queen's Hall—Whimsical Dr. Coward—"Follow Me"—Jimmy Glover—Holbrooke's "Sauce"—Sousa and his Band—The "Drowned" Tenor.

THE lot of the orchestral conductor is not always an enviable one, but, like other vocations, it has its brighter side. An unrehearsed incident took place one evening during the performance of an overture. I was beating time somewhat strenuously when my baton suddenly flew out of my hand and soared up to the acoustic wires. Simpson, the head attendant, happened to be seated in the gangway and with lightning rapidity caught the baton as it fell, handed it to me with a bow, and the piece proceeded without interruption.

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More than twenty years ago we were trying the Venusberg music, which we had not previously rehearsed. It was one of our "off" days. Nothing seemed to go right. Finally we got into such a hopeless tangle that I began to wonder what on earth would be the end. Byrne, whom I have mentioned before in connection with his popularity as a player of the percussion instruments, saw the look of consternation on my face and commenced a drum roll, increasing to *fortissimo*, then falling back to *pianissimo*. Realising his intention, I brought the band down and concluded the piece. After the performance, a lady came up to me and said, "What an effective finish?" Had it been anyone else I would have thought my leg was being pulled.

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Once when we were rehearsing a new work of extreme modern tendency I could not possibly make out what the Horns

were doing so thought I would examine the parts, and found that they were absolutely reading them *upside down* and had not noticed the fact. This *really* happened, the parts were very badly copied, with no time signature, etc., etc.

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An incident. A gentleman walking up to the Pavilion (after having dined not wisely but too well) heard the opening of Ketelbey's "Bells Across the Meadows," and remarked, "That '1812' again, I'm sick of the d——d old thing," and turned back to go home.

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I have had many a good laugh over some of the printers' errors which occasionally creep into our programme proofs. Here are a few of them :

"The Bartered *Bird*" for the "Bartered *Bride*."

The "Cockyolly *Bride*" for Shaw's "Cockyolly *Bird*" ; and

"The Journey to the *Chine*" for Siegfried's "Journey to the *Rhine*."

Chine is the local name for the beautiful pine-shaded valleys leading to the sea which are a feature of Bournemouth. I remember asking the printer which one he meant, as we have three.

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When Byrne was away in America with my father, his substitute here had been celebrating Whit-Sunday a little too well, and during the concert the next morning, played the opening bars of German's "Henry VIII" Dances in ragtime. When I somewhat heatedly expressed my disapproval, he calmly said : "Well, guv'nor, don't get angry, a smile and a cup of coffee goes a long way."

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My lecturing experiences remind me of a story a lady told me after one of my talks on "Musical Appreciation," during which I frequently mentioned Mozart's G Minor Symphony. Her little daughter had been present at the lecture and had appeared to be tremendously interested throughout. But when it was all over she kept worrying her mother with the query : "Who was the *Jemima* Mr. Godfrey talked about so much ?" I confess it took me almost ten minutes to see the point.

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The wisdom of " babes " is proverbial, and I was very much amused one day to receive the following pen-picture of myself, which was the work of the twelve-year-old son of Jean Sterling Mackinlay, the well-known ballad singer :

A Description of the R. H. Dan Godfrey.

" The R. H. Dan Godfrey always appears to me to have a determination. He has a very great musical mind. He conducts extremely well to my mind. He is moderately tall and has very long legs. He does a lot of concert work. He is quite thin in parts. He spends most of his time conducting. He has very high-coloured cheeks and long fingers. He gets very tired. He works very hard at times. He is very well known to the town of Bournemouth. His face has now become very serious as a lot of work depends on him."

Now you know what I am like !

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When my youngest daughter Phyllis first went to school, the following conversation took place between another little girl and herself concerning the occupations of their respective fathers :

"Phyllis : " What's your father ? "
Little friend (proudly) : " He's an architect ; what's yours ? "
Phyllis : " A conductor."
Little friend : " WHAT ON ? "

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One day after we had played the Prelude to " Lohengrin," a visitor was heard to remark : " I enjoyed it very much, but I missed the *voice parts*."

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During the war I met a young fellow in the Honourable Artillery Company who had written a march and was very anxious to conduct it. One evening I allowed him to do so. When his turn came he went on to the platform, bowed profoundly, and proceeded to the conductor's stand. Then, to the surprise and amusement of everybody, he took up *two* batons—there happened to be an extra one on the desk—and conducted vigorously with both.

After his performance I asked him why on earth he had used two sticks. He replied: "I saw them there and thought it was the proper thing to do."

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Many stories could be told of the conductors whom I have met, but space presses. There is one of Arditi, however, which deserves a better fate than oblivion.

At a "Lohengrin" rehearsal, Arditi suddenly paused and cried: "Clarinetti—you are r-r-r-rong!" With a look of disgust, the clarinet held out his part. His entrances were marked and remarked "In" and "Out" in red and black and blue.

"Mr. Ardeety," he exclaimed, "How can you expect me to play from a blooming map of the world?"

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Sir Hugh Allen is a veritable human dynamo. When he came down to Bournemouth to rehearse the choir on one occasion he sat at the piano for two and a quarter hours without a moment's break, emphasising his points and explaining his ideas. During the full rehearsal he was so restless that he wanted to continue without an interval, and between the pieces he would not leave the stage but sat on the piano stool, with his back to the audience, his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands.

A most unusual incident marked another concert. By some misunderstanding, some of the sopranos anticipated their entry for the last chord of Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens"—as a matter of fact Sir Hugh had made a greater *ritardando* on the penultimate chord than was expected. The result can be imagined!

For some seconds, which seemed an age to those who were present, the conductor glared at the choir. Then he suddenly cut them off and barked out, "Go back to the last double bar!"

A small incident, but which is significant of Sir Hugh Allen's generous nature in the desire to help everything musical, occurred after he had been good enough to come down and rehearse the Municipal Choir on two separate occasions and conduct the performance of various choral works at our last Festival, I asked him what we owed him, and he replied abruptly, "Oh, nothing!" and would accept barely his railway fare.

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The audience at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts is

usually considered intellectual, but there are exceptions. On one occasion the programme included Beethoven's "Three Equali" for four trombones.

Following his usual custom, Sir Henry Wood had the instrumentalists hidden in the organ loft gallery. Towards the end of the second of the "Equali" there is a long pause, expecting which the majority of the listeners remained in absolute silence. One lady, however, was deceived, and, anticipating a loud outburst of applause, remarked to her friend in a voice which echoed through the concert hall, "That was pretty, dearie, wasn't it?"

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A good story is told of an incident which happened when Coward was rehearsing a certain oratorio. The violinists had raised their instruments to their chins and were awaiting his beat, when he said, "Just a moment, I must remind you of the entries of certain instruments." This happened three times before he finally gave the down beat to commence. It was responded to by the whole orchestra except the timpani player who was two seconds behind. With a whimsical look of enquiry, Coward retorted, "Dear! dear! who *was* that?" (As if he did not know).

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Sometime ago I heard a good yarn about Beecham. With its customary fickleness, the weather, one spring day turned very warm, although the morning had been cold. Beecham found himself perspiring furiously as he walked along in his heavy fur coat. At last he could stand it no longer. Hailing a taxi, he opened the door, hurled the ponderous coat inside, and turning to the driver, commanded, "Follow me." Then he sauntered up the street as if nothing unusual had happened.

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In looking through Jimmy Glover's excellent book, a reference there brought up a memory of Hamilton Clarke, who went out to Australia to conduct an orchestra in Melbourne. His great ambition in life was to wear a military uniform, and his joy knew no bounds when he was permitted to wear one on his appointment as Honorary Inspector of Military Bands.

He was particularly proud of his gorgeous mess uniform, which he wore on every possible occasion.

I remember when he called on my father how the latter was amused by his affectation of military swagger.

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I trust Jimmy Glover has forgiven the little joke I once made at his expense when seconding a vote of thanks to him at the Bournemouth Rotary Club when he spoke very humorously of Municipal Music : " I have the Corporation *behind* me," I said, " but in the case of Mr. Glover, the position appears to be *reversed !* "

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An amusing story is told of him by Charles Manners. It apppears that during the season of opera in English given by Augustus Harris at Drury Lane, Glover was promoted to the important duty of conducting a performance of Balfe's " Bohemian Girl." This was something practically unknown to Jimmy with the result that he began the brisk and lively overture at the slowest possible pace. It was becoming embarrassing when Harris put his head through the door leading to the orchestra and said in sepulchral but audible tones : *Play it faster, Jimmie, faster !* "

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Conductors, like audiences, need humouring, though at times some of our distinguished visitors had to be handled rather firmly.

I remember once engaging Holbrooke to play his pianoforte concerto " Gwyn ap Nudd " and to conduct a Suite at one of our Thursday Symphony Concerts. On the Wednesday evening he called at the Pavilion and asked my secretary, Mr. F. L. Parsons, to tell me that he did not intend to play. He considered that he had been insulted because his name was in smaller print than that of Pachmann who was to appear on the Saturday of that week.

On my arrival at the Winter Gardens I found a letter suggesting that I should announce that he was ill. I immediately despatched an urgent note to him, pointing out the foolishness of his action, and explaining that for the Symphony Concerts we were in the habit of printing all artists' names in the same type, and, moreover, that Pachmann was not appearing at the same concert.

Further I reminded him that we had taken great pains to rehearse his works. This letter did not reach him because he had

left the *boarding-house* in which I had engaged a room *with a nice fire* for himself and his wife. Later I found out that he had stayed the night in Bournemouth at the Grand *Hotel.*

The sequel is perhaps unique. I inserted a slip in the programme on which was printed : " Mr. Dan Godfrey regrets to announce that Mr. Holbrooke declines to appear because his name has not been billed in sufficiently *large type.*"

One patron wrote the next day and congratulated me on serving Holbrooke " with some of his own *sauce.*"

Early in his career he had arranged to play a concerto at one of our concerts. Near the end of the rehearsal he got up and disappeared. He did not return for lunch—he was staying with me—and in the afternoon I was about to inform the audience that I regretted his absence when someone whispered to me that he was in the artistes' room.

There I found him, looking more spick and span than usual. and when I remonstrated with him all he said was : " I didn't want any lunch so I went for a walk and had my hair cut."

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An original character in the musical world is the great American bandmaster Sousa, who, twenty-five years ago, created a sensation not only in the United States, but also in England.

I have heard it said that Sousa was not his real name and that when he arrived in the States from Portugal his baggage was labelled " John Philip So, U.S.A." But this is incorrect. His real name *is* Sousa, quite an ordinary Portuguese cognomen.

I spent many delightful hours in his company, not only in his dressing-room while he was being attended by his valet, but at his hotel, where lavish hospitality was the rule, including cigars which were specially manufactured for him and were wrapped in distinctive labels bearing his portrait.

Once he wrote down for me his idea of a popular programme of the great masters.

Leonora Overture	*Beethoven*
Träumerei	*Schumann*
Entr'acte " Rosamunde "	*Schubert*
" Batti Batti " from " Don Giovanni "	*Mozart*
Andante from the " Surprise " Symphony	*Haydn*
Largo	*Handel*
Aria	*Bach*
Marche Militaire	*Schubert*
Concerto for Violin	*Mendelssohn*
Invitation to the Waltz	*Weber*

On sending his programme for a forthcoming visit he added a postscript that he hoped there would be nothing in it "too trite" and commonplace for the Hub of the Musical Universe known as Bournemouth."

One of his peculiarities was to write his letters at the extreme right-hand side of the note-paper as may be seen in the accompanying reproduction of one I received from him. Another was to sit with his legs crossed, tailor-wise.

I had the pleasure of making several arrangements, notably Edward German's Welsh "Rhapsody" and Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," for his wind band which possessed a greater variety of tone colour than any combination I have known.

Concerning the second arrangement he wrote: "I will not play 'Till Eulenspiegel" on this trip over here but will launch it on an unsuspecting public later on in God's own country. Whether it will be God's own country after they have had a lot of Richard Strauss is a debatable point."

He concluded the letter by saying: "It will rejoice my young and tender soul, likewise crystallise my brain-pan, if you will have a number of orchestral scores handy for me to look over —such scores as you think will adapt themselves to effective instrumentation for my *justly celebrated band.*" The italics are mine.

He had a lively sense of humour as witness his manner of addressing an envelope which is reproduced herewith :

(*Copy*) "In Bournemouth by the sea
A gentlemanly he,
Besides he's every inch a music man.
Dan Godfrey is his name,
So, postman, quickly hustle this to Dan."

It says much for the efficiency of our oft abused postal service that this curiously-addressed missive reached me.

For all his so-called *fantastic* conducting, he is a quiet man, but he has an inimitable way with recalcitrant bandsmen.

One of these, continuing to make certain mistakes after having been cautioned, was called aside by Sousa, who said, quietly : "I say, Mr. So-and-So, you're not well ; you need a holiday."

"Oh, no," replied the bandsman, "I'm all right."

"Yes you do," was the gentle retort ; "you can stop off for a week."

I have often been asked what I thought of Sousa as a musician. Undoubtedly, his talents lay in "stunt" music, that is, where

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Letter from Sousa.

"effects" could be employed. For example, in "Stars and Stripes" the three piccolos and four trombones would advance to the front and give the audience their particular phrase in full force. His effects included "storms" and "galloping horses," and he frequently used battle "noises" in a most effective manner. He would walk briskly on to the platform, give a slight bow, and in two seconds his band would be in full swing.

In the overture to "Tannhäuser," his beat was so uncertain that I do not know how the bandsmen followed him. Here he failed because the climaxes were missing, but his rendering of of "Till Eulenspiegel" at the Queen's Hall on a subsequent visit was extraordinarily good. It should also be remembered that while he had to play popular music, his programmes always included three or four good items, while violin concertos were always delicately accompanied.

On his last appearance it was noticeable that his mannerisms had largely disappeared. I hope I shall meet him again.

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Another "stunt" conductor I remember was Creatore, an Italian who visited England with a wind band some years ago, whose interpretations of classical music were "murderous," but who gave an astonishingly effective rendering of Thomas's Overture to "Mignon," with a brilliance I have never heard excelled.

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One of the pitfalls which beset the unwary conductor is losing his place in the score during a performance. This is always embarrassing and if repeated too frequently tries the patience of the orchestra as the following story shows:

The hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, but all was not well with the orchestra. Suddenly, to add to his difficulties, the conductor lost his place. Turning desperately to his leader, he asked in an agonised whisper:

"Where are we now?"

"Just rounding Tattenham Corner," was the violinist's laconic reply (it was near Derby Day) as he bent again to his instrument.

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A distinguished conductor was on one occasion rehearsing the somewhat heavily-orchestrated finale to an opera with small regard to the singers. After endeavouring to make himself heard

above the din, the leading tenor held up his hand, and, amidst the silence that followed, came down to the conductor and said:

"I understand that the situation here is that we are drowned?"

"Yes," said the conductor impatiently.

"Then," said the tenor, "do you mind telling me whether we are drowned by the water or by the orchestra."

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There is much delicious irony in this story of Percy Pitt's that I cannot help reproducing it.

"For Sale: Fine old Italian double-bass. Knows all the operas."

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CHAPTER VIII

FANTASIA

Early Municipal Music—Famous Singers and Instrumentalists—Pavlova and her Conductor—Margaret Cooper and the Piano—Mark Hambourg's "No Trumps"—Charles Mott—Dan Leno and Nelson Jackson—Lauder—A "Present" from London—Robey—"Such is Fame"—The Author of *Everywoman*—"Max and Pa Darewski"—Bottomley—"Gulling an Audience"—The Mysterious Violinist—Thought Readers—Sravinski and the Spats.

MUNICIPAL music dates back to 1433, when, according to the records of those days, the corporation musicians who went on board ship to accompany Sir Francis Drake on his voyage to Portugal were provided with new uniforms at a cost of three shillings and fourpence each.

Bath, in the latter years of the seventeenth century, possessed a "Band of Musick" consisting of five players (viols and oboes), who performed in the Orange Grove. In 1783 it is recorded that a visitor who enquired one morning why the music had ceased, and declared that the Pump Room "was beyond dispute the most frequented by both sexes of the first fashion as a morning resort of any town in England, and perhaps in all Europe," was informed: "that the man who provided the music had had some dispute with the musicians so they stopped playing," thus showing that the art of "striking," like municipal music itself, is not peculiar to the present day.

A perusal of the list of artistes who have appeared at Bournemouth under my management (which will be found in the Appendix) will show that hardly a name of national or international fame is missing.

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Sims Reeves paid us a visit in 1895, and, as usual, would only sing one song in spite of clamorous requests from the audience for more.

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In May the following year Patti appeared at a special concert. I remember it was suggested that the Mayor should extend her an official welcome at the railway station. But musical education in Bournemouth had not then advanced enough to confer the compliment which had been accorded the great singer in every continental city that she had visited.

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Madame Albani was for many years a very popular visitor with our audiences. Her husband, Mr. Ernest Gye, generally accompanied her, and was most anxious that every inch of space in the building should be utilised for seating purposes, and therefore carefully measured up the area to see if another row of chairs could be included.

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Melba is very insistent upon being announced as "Dame *Nellie* Melba." I once incurred the displeasure of the great prima donna by omitting her Christian name, and argued that greater prominence could be given by the title by which she had always been known, in the space at one's disposal, pointing out that Tetrazzini, Caruso, Paderewski, etc., were always known as such and that there was only *one* Melba. It was entirely different in the case of Dame Clara Butt, whose Christian name had always been used. Dame Nellie can be most gracious, but woe betide you if you incur her ire.

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Madame Kirkby Lunn is never allowed to depart without giving the inevitable "Three Fishers," of which the listeners never tire.

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Carrie Tubb's glorious voice has few equals to-day. Her rise from the bottom of the ladder, when she sang with a concert party at Margate, to her present position in the concert world is due to her hard work.

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Dame Clara Butt is undoubtedly the most popular and, from a financial point of view, attractive vocalist of the day. Her wonderful voice and splendid presence dominate every occasion on which she appears. The deepest sympathy went out to her and Mr. Kennerley Rumford on the death of their promising son.

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Then there was Sir Charles Santley, with his rollicking joviality and his bell-bottomed trousers. How glorious, even at the age of seventy, was his singing of "Ruddier than the Cherry," and what a lesson!

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Edward Lloyd very wisely retired at the zenith of his career. I remember my astonishment at the following query which was once put to me when I suggested his engagement at the Winter Gardens: "Is he a boxer?"

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Ben Davies has always been very popular with our audiences, who always look forward to his charming smile and his kid gloves, to say nothing of his always artistic singing. It may not be generally known that he obtained his great chance in Cellier's "Dorothy" through the withdrawal of—I believe it was—Redfern Hollins, from the tenor part, believing that the piece was doomed to failure. Ben Davies, like Sir Frederick Cowen, seems to have imbibed of the "spring of eternal youth."

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Ffrangcon Davies, the great baritone, was at his best in "Elijah." After conducting a performance, I congratulated him on his wonderful reading of the rôle of the prophet, he replied: "I feel I *am* Elijah!"

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John Coates has done much for the British song composer, his recital programmes containing a wide range of style. He infuses his renderings with a wonderful temperament quite foreign to his ordinary suave manner.

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Norman Allin, whose delivery of Loewe's "Edward" should be heard by everyone, made one of his earliest appearances in oratorio under my conductorship; as also did Alfred Heather. Frank Mullings is another who came to us frequently when on the first rungs of the ladder of fame. He never blushes when giving forth the words "How frail a thing is man" in "Lend me your Aid." Robert Radford is a very old favourite; and still retains the glorious voice which has brought so much honour to British vocalism.

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Pachmann's eccentricity in addressing his audiences during the performance is well known. On one occasion as he left the platform at the end of a group of pieces a lady seated on the balcony tiers handed him a button-hole. During the remainder of the performance he frequently turned to the donor and, placing his hand over his heart, kissed the flowers and bowed deeply.

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Paderewski would not play at the Winter Gardens until he had satisfied himself that the acoustics were satisfactory; and for that purpose his companion played first, while the great pianist went to the extreme side of our annexe to listen and then gave a favourable verdict. The lights in the auditorium are always lowered during his playing.

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Another very welcome visitor to Bournemouth is Miss Marie Hall, whose artistry and personal charm render her a general favourite.

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Suggia, the great 'cellist, is a woman of extraordinary personality, which reveals itself in her playing and often in her actions. Second only in the world to Casals, her performances always fascinate her listeners. The wonderful picture of her by Augustus John is something unique in art.

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Tivadar Nachez, or "Tivvy" as he is familiarly known, has always been a very popular figure in musical circles; he seldom plays in public now, but will take part in our forthcoming festival, at which his third Violin Concerto will be produced. A sensitive and good fellow, he was, being a naturalised Britisher, greatly distressed during the war, and settled for a time in Canada.

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Amongst celebrated dancers I remember Genée, Kyasht, Pavlova, Karsavina, Karina, and Maud Allan.

During Pavlova's visit, the platform was specially enlarged for her performance, while the orchestra was conducted by Theodore Stier, Pavlova's musical director. Stier is an Austrian, and was the victim of a piece of personal spite, because of his nationality, at the close of one of Pavlova's American tours. On

their arrival in this country, he found to his dismay that the band parts of the ballets had not been packed with the other effects. However, he set to work and accomplished the astounding task of writing down from memory the whole of the orchestration.

Pavlova had an immense admiration for Stier, and when there was some question about his conducting during the war, she threatened to cancel her contract.

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I first met Miss Margaret Cooper when she came down about 1895 with the Alma Mater Male Voice Choir, which Mr. H. R. Eyers had recruited from the students of the Royal Academy of Music, among whom were Robert Radford and Frederick Ranalow. Miss Cooper succeeded my cousin Margaret (now Mrs. Julian Bennett), as accompanist. Later she played for Alice Gomez, the popular West Indian contralto.

Originally she was purely a pianist, but, finding that she possessed a good voice, she decided to give " songs at the piano," in which she was without equal.

At one of my benefit concerts during the war she was billed to appear in the same programme as Mark Hambourg, who was generously contributing his services. Miss Cooper always preferred a Chappell piano, while Hambourg favoured a Steinway. Because of the size of our platform it was obviously impossible to have two instruments on at once, and, as I considered that the *solo* pianist ought to have the preference, I decided that the Steinway should be used.

Miss Cooper, who was highly indignant at having to play on what she was pleased to call a German-American piano, appeared early in the programme, and used the pedal with so much vigour that she disabled the attachment. Consequently there was no alternative but for Hambourg to pay on the Chappell after all !

In addition to her charming singing and playing, she possessed a fascinating personality and a perfect taste in dress, which was no doubt a valuable asset and contributed considerably to her popularity.

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Mark Hambourg is one of my best friends, the kindest of men, and is thoroughly genuine to everybody. He is variable in his performances ; at one time he will outrage all the canons of artistry by his exaggerations, at another he will fascinate his audience by his refinement and his extraordinary technique.

Members of the Savage Club know him for a fine bridge player. Usually he starts off with some such devastating declaration as "Three no trumps." Unfortunately for his adversaries it generally comes off.

Hambourg is one of the few "prodigies" who have realized the promise of youth, and there are many who are somewhat incredulous when they are told that this mature and popular artist was the boy prodigy Mark Hambourg who appeared in public as a fully-fledged pianist at the age of ten.

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The death, in action, of Charles Mott (who often sang at Bournemouth) was a great loss to British vocalism. I met him one night at the Coliseum, where he was singing in Elgar's "Fringes of the Fleet." During the war he had to join up, and in due course was sent to Caterham Barracks, which had an unenviable reputation for the severity of the training imposed there. He suffered daily persecution from a non-commissioned officer who, rumour said, was also a singer and somewhat jealous of Mott's success. One day the N.C.O. was so offensive that Mott lost his temper, and, stepping from the ranks, knocked his tormentor to the ground. This rash act resulted in his being sent to the Front. In the ordinary course of events he would have been kept in England to sing to the troops, and his fine voice preserved for the nation. As it was, his name was returned in an early list of casualties.

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When Dan Leno's health broke down he came to stay near Bournemouth, and was frequently to be seen on the pier, a fact which inspired a local paper to publish a cartoon entitled "The Two Dans." One evening he sat in the front row of the stalls at the Winter Gardens. When Nelson Jackson, who was the entertainer that evening, had finished his turn, Leno mounted the platform and addressed the audience to the effect that while we had such good British artistes there was no necessity to import American talent. (About this time music halls were flooded with American entertainers of all descriptions.) Then, turning to Nelson Jackson, he congratulated him heartily on his performance. He had hardly finished these remarks when those in front noticed his countenance change, and, pointing to the now embarrassed entertainer, he thundered, "Go to your dressing-

room, sir." Then he sat down at the piano, and for two or three minutes played *five finger exercises!*

Mrs. Leno dared not interfere, so she told me, and I was just considering whether I should go on the platform and tell him that the next turn was waiting, when he rose, told a senseless story, and with a truly regal bow descended from the stage and walked out of the Pavilion. He was accorded a magnificent ovation, for there were many in the audience who had not forgotten him when he was at his best. No doubt his endeavour to live up to his reputation as the "King's Jester," as he was called, contributed to his breakdown in health.

Two or three months later he recovered slightly, and I saw him make his last appearance at the Kursaal, Harrogate, when he broke down in the middle of his first song and finished with a dance. It was all so sad to witness the decline of one who had delighted many thousands with his whimsical ways.

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Sir Harry Lauder does not like Bournemouth, and has not appeared here since we have had a proscenium. He refuses to come again unless the orchestra is placed in front of the stage and he can have scenic effects.

During his stay he was entertained by a brother Scot. When he arrived, the comedian said to his host, "John, I've brought ye a wee present." Profuse in his thanks his friend opened the parcel and found—a small model of a Scotsman wagging his head, an advertisement for a well-known brand of whisky.

Just before the afternoon concert, his adopted son, whose loss in the Great War was such a grief to him, was instructed to take the car back to London. "But I've only got a shilling," he complained, "can't I have some money?" "What more d'ye want?" was Lauder's reply. "I'm no millionaire; a tank full of petrol and a shilling for your lunch ought to be quite enough for ye!" At the close of his visit he thought he would like to tip the attendant at the Winter Gardens. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a two-shilling piece, hesitated, then finally handed it over to the man. Noticing my smile, he said, "Ye're thinking I'm verra free wi' my money?"

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One would think that George Robey was known to everybody. One day I was standing outside my office at the Winter Gardens when a lady approached me and said, "Who is on to-night?"

"George Robey," I replied. "George Robey?" she queried, "Who is he?" When I told the "Prime Minister of Mirth," he collapsed into a chair, mopped his brow and exclaimed, "Such is fame!"

During one of his performances he once caused great embarrassment to a lady friend of mine by pointing at her in quite an impersonal manner and saying, "I see you, Agnes." My youngest son who was in the audience with her turned to his companion and said in a "stage" whisper, "Oh, Aunt Agnes, he's talking to you!"

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In the account of my South African experiences I alluded to Walter Browne, the old Savoyard who left the Standard Opera Company to enter the office of a financier. When I was in Durban with the Globe Company, he suddenly turned up in great distress over family matters. We were discussing the affair in the bar of an hotel, when I noticed that with each drink he was taking a large dose of laudanum. I telephoned for the police and with difficulty several of the men present and myself managed to take him down to the police station. There relays of us kept him awake, by alternately kicking him and making him walk about, until six o'clock the next morning, when the doctor declared his life was saved.

Shortly afterwards I obtained sufficient funds to send him to America and in due course received a letter from him saying that he had taken up writing for a living, and asking me to pay his subscription to the Savage Club as he was so hard up. I did this and heard no more of him until eighteen years later when, to my great surprise, he walked into the Savage Club. My astonishment was only equalled by his own, and after our mutual recognition he told me that he was doing well in New York, had married again, and had a family. He also informed me that he was engaged on a very important dramatic production concerning which he had come to England to select a special actress to play the title rôle. At the time I did not know to what he referred, but after his return to America, he wrote me as follows:

"I have got down to the routine of business now for a few months, but expecting exciting times in October when Henry W. Savage produces a poetical play of mine which everyone says will be the sensation of the century. It remains to be seen what the public will say. Anyway, it is going to be perhaps the most

elaborate production ever made in the country, the preliminary cost being more than 75,000 dollars, and there will be over 180 people in the cast. I think it quite likely that it will be done in London next year."

This referred to the wonderful play "Everywoman" which was produced first in New York and later at Drury Lane. It is sad to recall that, on the opening night in New York, it was announced that the author had passed away.

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One day in 1900 a stout and effusive old gentleman, whose English was barely intelligible, came to see me. He was a singing master, Professor Darewski, and he explained that he had a wonder child whom he would like to bring to my notice. I have always been sceptical about youthful prodigies, but the old man's persistency persuaded me to invite him and his "wonderful" son to my home, where the little boy sat down at the piano and played his waltz "Le Rêve."

My business instinct told me that he would be a paying proposition for the Winter Gardens, so I suggested that I would orchestrate the waltz for him and that he should conduct it. This proposal was received with enthusiasm. Consequently little Max stood on a high platform and conducted the orchestra at the Winter Gardens. The occasion aroused much interest and was the beginning of a cordial friendship between myself and the Darewski family. Later on Max composed several other pieces which in due course were performed. His brother Hermann was also then a composer, and one of his earliest efforts was a march called "The Fourth Estate" which was dedicated to the Press and which I orchestrated.

Some time later when Max was introduced to Paderewski and encouraged to become a solo pianist, his father considered it a lucky omen that, to quote his own words, "Paderewski thought the same as Pa Darewski about the boy."

Old Darewski was often most embarrassing during his son's performances, for he could never restrain his emotion, and while the lad was conducting would call out in passionate sobs, "My boy! My boy!"

Once he met me in front of the hall and effusively embraced me in the usual continental manner, rubbing his stubby chin against my face, much to my discomfiture and the amusement of the onlookers. I took care afterwards that when Max came to the

Winter Gardens my meetings with his emotional father should be in less conspicuous surroundings. If Max had been able to keep to the serious side of his art I believe he would have developed into a really fine pianist.

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While it is possible for an audience to be humoured, I never imagined, until Bottomley came to Bournemouth, that the public could be so easily gulled.

This was during his " patriotic " campaign. Bottomley had very little faith that a big audience would pay to hear him on war topics, but the Pavilion was packed with " the best people " of the town. He had the gift of adapting himself to any audience whether " popular " or " select," and on this occasion was the dignified orator at his best.

During the meeting he made the extraordinary statement that within six weeks the Huns would be on the run, concluding with, " If Bottomley says so, it is so."

Before he left I asked him, " Is it true, Mr. Bottomley, do you mean it all ? "

" My dear fellow," he replied, " you can take it from me it is quite all right."

" Well, I'm glad to know it," I replied, " otherwise when you come back in October you will not be allowed to get out of the railway station."

" That's all right ! We needn't come, need we, Houston ? " he said, turning to his secretary with a bland smile—and he didn't.

Subsequent revelations of this man's extraordinary career proved that he was an adept in the art of gulling the British Public.

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Once I deceived my audience in a less harmful fashion. One day a lady told me that an old blind man was playing the violin most beautifully in the Square, and asked me if I could do anything for him. The next morning I went along to the place indicated and found a shabby individual, with smoked glasses and his hat drawn over his eyes, and a fish basket hanging from his neck, playing the Andante from Mendelssohn's Concerto.

Passers-by were showering coins and even notes upon him. The good tone and excellent rendering made me suspicious of the age of the player, so I asked my lady informant to invite him to come and see me. One evening, after a discreet knock at my office door, the " mysterious violinist " entered. " What's the game ? "

I asked sharply. He confessed he was not what he appeared to be and asked if he might see me later.

The next evening a spruce and evidently well-connected young man came to my office and introduced himself to me. He explained that he came of a good family which was strenuously opposed to his following the musical profession, and, as he could get no engagements, he had been obliged to resort to this means of earning a living. No one knew of the deception, for he used to change his clothes in a convenient spot in the public gardens.

He told me frankly that he would like to join my orchestra as he wanted to get married and dare not carry on the deception any longer. It occurred to me that it would be a good idea to engage him for a concert and bill him as the "Mysterious Violinist." Even my very able assistant, Montague Birch, was taken in and after leading him on to the platform even offered to tune his violin for him. His wife first heard of this incident when I induced him to adopt the disguise once more at a benefit concert.

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It is seldom necessary, at the Winter Gardens, to have to appeal for silence—it is understood—but on one occasion there was a lapse on the part of the "balcony boys" who became somewhat boisterous.

A well-known "child" mimic was appearing at the time and the "boys," who considered his turn too long, decided that he should not have the chance to repeat the offence, at the following Wednesday-night concert. News of the conspiracy reached me and when the time arrived I accompanied him on to the stage. We were greeted with loud applause, *which did not cease.* These were the tactics of the "opposition." So I proceeded to the balcony and in a few quiet words pointed out that as they were not running the show, and as other people present liked the turn, it was hardly fair to force their views on the rest of the audience. This worked the oracle, and the performance was allowed to proceed, and at the conclusion I thanked them and left to the chorus of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

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A still more anxious time was when Maud Lancaster the Thought Reader was appearing. For some reason she became very agitated and failed in her experiments. There were loud cries of "Fraud" from the audience and she retired in tears. She begged me to keep the news from London as she was just going

to America to contest an action on the genuineness of her entertainment.

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Talking about thought readers reminds me of Alfred Capper —whose entertainment was perfectly genuine. A part of his performance was to ask someone to hide a pin. Often a decorous elderly lady or gentleman was recruited, and as it was his custom to grasp the hand of his " victim " with the other hand on his " victim's " forehead and rush him or her round the hall at a tremendous pace until the pin was found, you can imagine the result. He was absolutely exhausted after each performance, while his unfortunate assistant was not infrequently on the verge of collapse.

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I have referred elsewhere to the eccentricities in dress which are affected by some musicians, but signs are not wanting that even they are improving and becoming more fastidious over their attire. In this connection Leigh Henry once told me a good story about Stravinski.

He was walking with Stravinski along Regent Street, when the composer suddenly stopped in front of an outfitter's shop, the window of which contained an alluring display of striking-looking spats. Before Leigh Henry could interfere Stravinski rushed into the shop, demanded to be shown all the spats in the window, and decided to purchase the lot—sixteen pairs ! Then he looked at his watch, turned to his companion and exclaimed : " I have an appointment, here's some money, look after the spats," and dashed out of the shop as quickly and as suddenly as he had entered it. Poor Leigh Henry followed him all over London that day trying to deliver them.

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(*Omitted from earlier in this chapter*).

One of the most distinguished pianists who have made their home in England is Benno Moiseiwitsch, whose playing of the Schumann and E flat Liszt Concertos I particularly admire. Total absence of affectation combined with fine artistry ensure him great popularity with audiences.

CHAPTER IX

A VOTE OF THANKS

Mr. Henry Newlyn—The Bournemouth Corporation—The New Pavilion —Humour at Council Meetings—Sir Merton Russell-Cotes—Local Press—The Critics—The Orchestra—Parsons—Hadley Watkins —Dr. J. D. Jones—My Knighthood—Miss Matilda Tennyson—My Friends at the Winter Gardens—Leigh Henry's Tribute—F.R.C.M.

APART from my professional friends, I owe much of my success in Bournemouth to the kind and often unobtrusive assistance of men and women whose enthusiasm for good music has been on a par with my own.

Among my oldest and best friends in Bournemouth was the late Alderman Henry Newlyn, to whom I alluded in the Bournemouth chapter. The personal kindness he and Mrs. Newlyn showed to me and mine for many years is amongst my happiest recollections. His dignified figure was a "landmark" in Bournemouth, and his death deprived me of one of my staunchest supporters; and the town of one of its earliest "pillars of strength."

Since 1893 a large majority of the Town Council has consistently supported the policy of building up and maintaining a musical reputation for the town. The affairs of the orchestra have been managed by a special committee, the first chairman of which was Alderman Offer. After a brief period of office he was succeeded by Alderman Webber (Mayor 1899) who, except for an absence of 12 months (when Alderman J. A. Hosker, J.P., Mayor 1896, held the office), was chairman for 25 years. Mr. Webber is that rare type of man who can honestly say he has never made an enemy. His favourite quotation is: 'We must live in harmony' and all his actions, both in public and private life, have been under the influence of this ideal. Owing to increasing age and ill-health he retired in 1921, when he was succeeded by Alderman E. E. Bishop, J.P. (Mayor 1916 to 1919) who still presides over our destiny.

Among the members of the committee are still Alderman Henry Robson, J.P. (Mayor 1915 and 1916) whose interest in musical matters has been outstanding ; and Councillor Youngman, Chairman of the Finance Committee, who has never departed from the belief that at any reasonable cost the orchestra must be maintained.

The support of the Labour members of the Council headed by Councillors Empson and Stocker in the maintenance of the Municipal Orchestra has been significant and extremely useful. They rightly maintain that the question of deficit is not so important as that the concerts should be within the reach of all classes of the community as an adjunct to education.

One of the quietest men on the Council and yet withal with strength of views on matters of which he has knowledge, is Councillor John Frost, an esteemed old war veteran, now 72 years of age, who responded to the call in August 1914 for mobilisation with the Herts Yeomanry, and within a few hours made arrangements for his business to be carried on and resumed his position as Regimental Sergeant-Major, serving in Egypt and Palestine and being severely wounded ; he was absent from Bournemouth for three years.

I have served under a notable succession of Town Clerks : Mr. James Druitt, afterwards Alderman and Mayor, whose courtliness always imparted an atmosphere of dignity to his surroundings ; Mr. G. W. Bailey, now Parliamentary Counsel, a man of strong personality whose advice was always most helpful ; and the present holder of the office, Mr. Herbert Ashling, whose tact and unfailing humour gains him much popularity.

It is largely the outcome of the enthusiasm of Alderman Cartwright, J. P., (who filled the office of Chief Magistrate with great distinction for no less than four years, 1919-1923) that a scheme for a new Pavilion has been promulgated and sanctioned by the Ministry of Health.

The Pavilion is to be built on a site in the Pleasure Gardens extending from the pier approach up to the Western Road. The building may be roughly divided into two parts—the Concert Hall and the Restaurants. The former portion is to be erected at the northern end of the site, away from the noise of the sea-front, and where it can be easily approached from the town, while the restaurants and tea-rooms, etc., are placed overlooking the sea and gardens at the southern end of the site. Access can be obtained, however, to all parts of the building from all sides of the site.

The hall, which is in effect a Concert Hall-Theatre is an interesting piece of planning. The architects, Messrs. G. Wyville Home and Shirley Knight, believe it to be unique in form in that it is being designed to suit concert, operatic, ballet and cinematograph performances of first quality, preference, of course, being given to the requirements of an orchestral concert.

The primary consideration in the planning of a Concert Hall is that the orchestra should form part of the audience itself and should not, as is the case of a theatrical production, be placed on a platform behind a proscenium opening.

This condition being unrealisable in its entirety in the present problem, the orchestra is framed in an opening of very large dimensions, and for the purpose of an operatic or ballet scene a " false " proscenium is erected inside this opening.

In order to ensure perfect acoustic properties the strings are placed on a platform which extends for a matter of 12 feet in front of the proscenium, right into the body of the auditorium. This platform can be lowered by electricity, like a large lift to the usual level of a sunken orchestra associated with all theatres. Thus we can foresee a programme where the first portion is devoted to an orchestral and vocal display. During the interval the front platform is lowered, the false proscenium is erected behind the safety curtain, the orchestra takes its place in the sunken well, and the curtain rises for an operatic or ballet entertainment.

The auditorium is practically a square, and measures about 83 feet across, while the seating accommodation is designed for about 1,700, of which approximately 680 will be seated in the gallery.

The architects are satisfied that at present prices the cost of the building with all the furniture and finishings, and including the terraces and roads, together with the provision of an organ, will not exceed £173,000 and that, providing no hitches occur—such as a national strike—the building will be open to the public in April 1926.

The present Chief Magistrate of Bournemouth is Dr. T. Bodley Scott, whose appointment was received with the unanimous approval of the citizens of the town. He is well known as the author of several important medical works and his books on " How to Live a Healthy Life " are standard. He was a great friend of Robert Louis Stevenson and one of his books is dedicated to " R. L. S." Lovers of Stevenson's writings will be interested to know that a tablet has been erected at Skerryvoe

on the West Cliff, the house where the famous author of " Treasure Island " lived during his stay in Bournemouth.*

There is not so much humour at our local Council meetings as 20 years ago, when a popular and jovial alderman used to enliven the proceedings with malapropisms. In the early days of the Winter Gardens it was proposed to have an organ for recitals. The question was raised whether it should be two or three manuals, when our merry friend, on the grounds of economy, naïvely suggested that two men and a boy might be sufficient.

At another meeting in connection with the proposal to plant a hedge round the Gardens he ventured the opinion that the " pivot " was the best kind to adopt, and when it was suggested that a gondola should be placed on a proposed lake in the Pleasure Gardens, he said : " Why not have two and let them breed ? "

I also recall the cordiality with which he endorsed the motion to consecrate the recently constructed cemetery on which occasion he remarked : " I will support that, I have had my back-yard done —it wears well."

Bournemouth has had several generous benefactors, the most prominent of whom was the late Sir Merton Russell-Cotes who, during his lifetime, housed his wonderful collection of curiosities obtained during his travels all over the world, in what is now the Museum on the East Cliff. Under the terms of his will, the whole collection, which is valued at £80,000, together with a fine picture-gallery, was bequeathed to Bournemouth. At present it is under the able curatorship of Mr. Richard Quick, who gives periodical lectures on the exhibits. Already many thousands of people have seen them, and the collection is an attraction which no visitor to the town should miss.

In company with Lady Cotes, Sir Merton was always delighted to receive friends to tea and discuss matters of current interest. He was always very decided in his opinions, but his wide knowledge of men and affairs made his views always interesting. His knighthood was a worthy recognition of his munificence. A lifelong friendship has existed between his family and mine, mainly through his son, Mr. Herbert Russell-Cotes. When the latter was in London, studying for the law, he was a frequent visitor to my home, where he used to play draughts for hours with my father. At first young Cotes used to worry when it was getting late until

* Dr. Scott died on Feb. 2, deeply regretted by all.

he found that on such occasions a cab (with the fare already paid) was invariably waiting to take him back to his lodgings.

The local Press generally has been most kind and consistent in its reports of our work, and I am greatly indebted to the editors of the *Bournemouth Times and Directory*, the *Bournemouth Guardian*, the latter being Mr. W. Pickford, whom I have known intimately since my advent in 1893 and the *Bournemouth Daily Echo.*

Bournemouth owes much to the great London Press, as many columns of publicity have been devoted to recording the work of the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra. The *Morning Post* was the premier journal in its advocacy of Municipal Music, and its eminent critic Mr. Francis Barrett (whose father was also many years music critic of the same paper) has consistently encouraged every effort in this direction however small. Kindly and, what is more, constructive criticism has always been the keynote of his work, and during the many occasions on which I have had the pleasure of meeting him he has offered most valuable and welcome suggestions.

The *Daily Telegraph* through Mr. Robin Legge (who succeeded the doyen of musical critics, Joseph Bennett) has ever opened the columns at his disposal for discussion of views and recording worthy incidents, the latter mainly through Mr. Ernest Kuhe (son of the " grand old man of Brighton "). Generous encouragement has also been forthcoming from the *Times* (Mr. H. C. Colles) ; The *Referee* (Mr. Gilbert Webb) ; The *Observer* (Mr. Percy Scholes) ; The *Daily Mail* (Mr. R. Capel) ; The *Daily News* (Mr. Alfred Kalisch) ; The *Pall Mall* (Mr. Edwin Evans) ; The *Musical News* (Mr. Herbert Atcliffe) ; The *Musical Standard* ; the *Musical Times* (the latter through its local representative Mr. Gordon Bryan) ; and the Press Association. To one and all I tender my sincerest thanks.

No conductor has ever been served more faithfully by the members of his orchestra than I. During long and arduous rehearsals they have laboured consistently and given me of their best. As I have already mentioned in that chapter on ' The Art of Conducting,' most of the conductor's work is done " behind the scenes," and without the loyal co-operation of his orchestra he can never hope to give a rendering which will represent his conception of the composer's work.

That we have given pleasure to thousands and built up the reputation of being the one first-class permanent Municipal

Orchestra in the Kingdom, is mainly due to the loyalty and co-operation of the members.

In addition to those who I have already referred to in the history of the orchestra I should like to mention Montague Birch, deputy conductor, accompanist, violinist, celesta player, and general handy man whose personal services to me have been invaluable. Nothing I have asked him to do for me has been carried out but in the most willing spirit and efficient manner. Mr. Bertram Lewis is a very excellent and painstaking principal first violin who is doing commendable work as conductor of The Amateur String Orchestra in his " spare " time.

On more than one occasion the members of the orchestra have shown their appreciation of my efforts by joining in the various presentations which have been made to me. One of the most surprising was on the occasion of an outing after I had received my knighthood, when, *after* luncheon Montague Birch in a *very cheery* little speech presented me with a very handsome cigarette-case. Such " little " things are very welcome in one's life.

Ever since his appointment in 1904, Mr. F. L. Parsons has fulfilled the duties of Secretary to the Winter Gardens and to myself personally, with consummate skill. His loyal assistance to me, very often in times of great difficulty, I acknowledge with the utmost gratitude. In addition to being on duty at the Winter Gardens for 10 hours almost daily, he has carried out fine voluntary work as secretary for the past nine years to the St. John's Parochial Church Council ; and during the war did service with the local Ambulance Brigade and the R.A.M.C.

In addition to Mr. J. B. M. Camm, whom I have already mentioned, I should like to name the late Mr. J. L. Lewis, a retired Civil Servant, who for years contributed explanatory notes to our Symphony programmes. Messrs. Duncan Hume, Cuthbert Hawley, Allan Biggs, and A. W. Russe did valuable work in a similar capacity. During the last few years the editorship of these programmes has been in the able hands of Mr. Hamilton Law. His notes have greatly added to the understanding and appreciation of our performances. In many other ways he has rendered me valuable help.

For some years the late Mr. Camm wrote musical articles for the Press. He was followed by Mr. Hadley Watkins, whose contributions to the Bournemouth *Directory* and whose souvenir of our " coming of age " celebrations were instrumental in according a wide publicity to our concerts. He is now acting under me in the responsible position of chorus master to the

Municipal Choir, in which capacity his ability and experience is most helpful; also in various other respects his co-operation has been of great assistance, he imparts a real enthusiasm into all he undertakes.

Another good friend of mine is the Rev. J. D. Jones, D.D., whose sermons are famed throughout the length and breadth of the Nonconformist world. At the celebration of his twenty-fifth anniversary as Pastor of the Richmond Hill Congregational Church, he turned to Mr. Lloyd George, who was present, and, with a twinkle in his eye, said: "Bournemouth's two great assets are said to be Dan Godfrey *and* J. D. Jones"! at which Mr. Lloyd George laughed heartily.

During the speeches, an allusion was made with some regret to the necessity of Dr. Jones having to be absent so often from Bournemouth for other work, and the speaker suggested that Dr. Jones should take a holiday *in* Bournemouth. Another speaker—a *Birmingham* resident—commented that a similar reference would not apply to him, as he was as glad to get away from that city as Mr. Lloyd George was *on a certain occasion.*

One of the most treasured recollections I have was the receipt of a personal letter of congratulation from Dr. Jones, a few hours after my knighthood was announced. This great preacher has given me generous help and sympathy on more than one occasion.

Deeply appreciated also were letters from the Rev. the Ven. Archdeacon Daldy, and other ministers of religion of all denominations.

I have found much interest in the Men's Services given periodically by the Rev. H. Wilbur Ennis, B.A. (of St. Mark's Church) whose talks on "Practical Religion" are indeed a feature of the spiritual life of Bournemouth.

. . . . . .

I have often been asked questions about the wording of communications on the matter of honours, and therefore I reproduce the letters I received.

On May 25th a letter reached me from the then Prime Minister (the Right Honourable David Lloyd George, O.M.) as follows:

10, Downing Street,
London, S.W.1.
May 24th, 1922.

"SIR,

"I have the honour to inform you that the King has

been pleased to approve that the honour of Knighthood be conferred upon you on the occasion of His Majesty's Birthday.

" Yours faithfully,
(Signed) " D. LLOYD GEORGE."

" Dan Godfrey, Esq."

" The Private Secretary will be obliged if, when replying to the attached letter, you will be good enough to furnish him with your *full* name and permanent address."

Which I, of course, acknowledged, and expressed my thanks.

The announcement appeared in the *London Gazette* of June 2nd: " DAN GODFREY—For valuable services to British Music."

On June 20th, I received the following letter from the Home Office:

" Home Office,
" Whitehall, S.W.1.
June 19*th*, 1922.

" SIR,

" I am desired by the Home Secretary to say that, understanding that you wish to receive at the hands of the King the dignity of Knighthood which has been conferred on you, he has the honour to convey to you His Majesty's commands to attend at Buckingham Palace on Saturday, July 8th, at 10.30 a.m., for that purpose. Morning dress will be worn.

" I shall be happy if you will let me know at your earliest convenience whether you are able to attend and by which of your first names you desire in future to be known.

" I am, sir,
" Your obedient servant,
(Signed) " H. R. BOYD."

" Daniel Eyers Godfrey, Esq."

On June 10th I received a letter from the College of Arms to attend and sign the Garter's Roll of Knights Bachelors.

It is noticeable that although the title of the honour is adopted by courtesy after the notice in the *Gazette*, it is not used officially until the conferring of the accolade by His Majesty, when he graciously said a few words to me with reference to his acquaintance with my father. I might add that after writing to the Prime Minister thanking him for his letter, I received the following:

The Rev. J. D. Jones, D.D., and Mr. Lloyd George.

p. 270.

10, Downing Street,
Whitehall, S.W.1.
June 9th, 1922.

"DEAR SIR,

"The Prime Minister wishes me to thank you for your letter to him of the 8th, and to say that he was confident that the submission of your name for the honour of Knighthood would meet with the general approval of all musicians and of the public. He asks me to convey his sincere congratulations and his best wishes.

"Please accept my congratulations also.

"Yours faithfully,
(Signed) "J. T. DAVIES."
[Now Sir John Davies, K.C.B.]
(Chief Private Secretary to the Prime Minister.)

"Sir Dan Godfrey."

On the announcement being made I was the fortunate recipient of some hundreds of telegrams and a still greater number of letters from practically every member of the musical profession with whom I was acquainted, including the most distinguished; thus assuring me of the goodwill of my colleagues, as well as many from other professional and private friends. Amongst those who sent telegrams might be mentioned (to show the wide scope of sympathy) Lord Riddell, the late Lord Northcliffe, the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College of Music, Trinity College, The Circle of Hope, Sir Claude and Lady Morrison Bell, Mr. Harry Preston, Mr. George Robey, Mr. George Graves, Mr. Ben Greet, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, and, last but not least, a welcome one from the employees of the Bournemouth Post Office, which reached me with the earliest batch.

I received letters from all parts of the world, and very gratifying were messages, amongst others, from the Royal Society of Musicians, the Association of Leeds Professional Musicians, Sir Ernest Palmer, Lieut.-Col. (now Sir) Henry Page-Croft, M.P., Sir William Lancaster (Master of the Musicians' Company), the Incorporated Society of Musicians, the British Music Society, the Bournemouth Conservatoire of Music, the Band of the 7th Hants Regiment, the Winton Town and British Legion Band, the Bournemouth Men's Adult School, the Bournemouth Chamber of Trade, the Bournemouth Municipal Officers' Association, the Rotary Club (whose guest I was at luncheon shortly after), the Boscombe Ratepayers' Association, the Salvation Army, etc., etc.

At the next council meeting on the motion of the Mayor, Alderman Cartwright, J.P., a resolution of congratulation was unanimously carried and forwarded to me.

One of the most acceptable tributes I ever received was the following letter from Miss Matilda Tennyson, the sister of the great poet. She was 91 years of age when she paid her last visit to Bournemouth, and I recall her remarkable virility and good spirits.

" Park House,
Sandling,
Maidstone.

" Dear Mr. Dan Godfrey,

" Thank you very much for your kind letter. I should like very much to be at your concerts which drew my thoughts from earth to heaven. They were so beautiful but I am afraid I must give up the thought of going, for my sister is ill and I should not like to leave her.

" I should like to see you again for you have given me exquisite pleasure. Again I thank you for your kindness.

" God bless you,

" Believe me,

" Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) " Matilda Tennyson."

I close with an article by Leigh Henry, which the editor of *The Musical News and Herald* has very kindly granted me permission to reproduce. The author is one of the many British writers who have from time to time expressed their gratitude for my endeavours to encourage British works. To them and to all the regular patrons of the Winter Gardens who have shown their appreciation not only at my benefits, but by acts of personal generosity, I tender my best thanks.

The work has been long and arduous, the road an uphill one, but the realisation that what I have been able to do has not been unappreciated by composers and public, is my reward, as it has always been my stimulus.

. . . . . .

DAN GODFREY

A Tribute

By Leigh Henry

British music is fashionable in Britain to-day ; the war created a phase of patriotic sentiment for it, and under the auspices of this sentiment it became possible for our younger musicians to show their qualities. Few, however, remember now the sacrifice demanded of those who so unselfishly dedicated themselves to the cause of our national musicial art before it attained its heyday of vogue, and when little but apathy or derision greeted those whose inner vision led them to realise its growing force and to seek to nourish it. Now the time seems remote when we allowed the judges of a Rhenish Festival to discover for us our composers ; and the Royal distinctions to musicians have been rarely bestowed. But meanwhile the hardy pioneers have continued to supplement with their veteran prestige the advancing ranks of our creative musical artists.

In steadfast dedication to the ideal of British music, and in consistent, practical furtherance of its cause, none has been more devoted than " Dan Godfrey," the most recent of our musical knights. The bestowal of his new title is but the public recognition of an errantry of spirit and achievement which placed him among the chivalry of art many years ago. Occasionally people feel that the arguments setting forth the rights of recipients to such honour are very specious. But in the case of " Sir Dan " there cannot be imagined a British musician who will not wholeheartedly endorse his selection for it, and be of the opinion that it has not come any too soon.

He has not been one of those who veered with the changing current of music in this country ; his direction has been steadily maintained since the moment when he had the power to determine it. In the days when British music on a programme was but the object of a sceptical curiosity, he was busy with the spadework at Bournemouth which provided the soil of public audition in which the struggling and ill-nourished flower of our national musical genius was nourished and brought to its rich bloom. It was no light pastime ; it was a real labour against circumstance and hostile elements, of which the most deadly was the thick vapour of apathy which dominated the atmosphere of the British musical world. How deeply this penetrated musical growth can

be realised when one remembers that, in the Bournemouth whose greatest claim on national recognition was that of the musical achievement by which Godfrey had distinguished it, it was, comparatively recently, seriously debated whether it was to the town's advantage to maintain the municipal orchestra through which he had accomplished his magnificent work !

There is scarcely a musician whose work has aided Britain to attain honourable place in the world's music who does not owe early public expression, through the medium of performance, to Dan Godfrey. He has invested Bournemouth with a multiple halo of love created by the grateful memories of scores of musicians and rarefied by the never-again-to-be-recovered, deep-moving thrill which permanently illuminates first performances in the restrospect of a composer.

His has not been the ego-centric impulse of the composer ; it has been the altruistic devotion of an idealistic executant. Inner character rather than the showier attributes of personality has distinguished his public life. He chose to subordinate himself to music, as a medium for its inner evolution, rather than to seek to impress himself on it for the development of his personal interests. Hence he has not developed the external traits which lead to early recognition by making their possessor a figure in the public mind.

But while others have illuminated musical art by transient flashes of individuality or by the luminance of personality bestowed by limelight, Dan Godfrey has kept burning the quiet, steady flame of unostentatious practical effort. This is where his work has been so important ; for while the spiritual powers of music are irrefutable, they can only express themselves through material means, and not the least of these is sympathetic performance. In short, Godfrey's work has been real work for the community, as constructive as that of any town-planner, and more effectual in result than that of many. None, if we except Granville Bantock, has done more to create a live body of composers in this country ; and certainly none has done more to create and develop the lively interest on the part of the public without which such composers would be hard put to it to exist and obtain adequate appreciation.

ADDENDUM

Simultaneously with the return of the last proofs of this book I received the following very gratifying personal letter from Sir Hugh Allen, Director of the Royal College of Music :

My dear Dan Godfrey,

I have great pleasure in informing you that by unanimous resolution of the Council you were nominated a Fellow of the R.C.M. " for distinguished service to Music and to the College."

Before sending your name to the Prince of Wales for his Presidential blessing I write to express the hope that you will honour the College by accepting this Diploma, which is offered in the spirit of real admiration for the work you have done and which you are doing.

Yours very sincerely,

(*Signed*) Hugh P. Allen.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

ADDRESS GIVEN AT THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS AT CAMBRIDGE, JANUARY 1st, 1924, ON MUNICIPAL MUSIC AND ITS INFLUENCE ON MUSICAL EDUCATION

[*Note.—Many of the points in this address have been touched on in the body of this book, but as the lecture summarises the present position of municipal music in England, I make no apology for reproducing it in full.—D. G.*]

Introduction

I claim that it is the duty of municipalities to take a deep interest in music in all its aspects, and in fact in Art generally, from the point of view that it is incumbent upon them to do everything they can to elevate and refine the people.

During the last ten years there has been a decided revival of interest in and appreciation of music generally, and from this fact we can with confidence look forward to progress to wider and higher conditions. After all, State and Municipal enterprise in the matter of music, and in art generally, is a good commercial proposition, indirectly if not directly, and there is the higher point of view from which the authorities should regard it. It is, as I say, their duty to do everything they can to elevate and refine the people, to provide opportunities for artistic and intelligent culture, to give the people a larger and better life. In the pursuit of such an aim money need not be wasted, but the question of profit or loss should not be made the first consideration. There should be no disappointment or complaining if the artistic or educative undertaking fails directly or indirectly to produce a large financial return. No direct profit is expected from public parks and pleasure grounds, which are provided for the recreation of the people and for the benefit of their health. The same attitude should be taken with regard to music. Education is a costly item of public expenditure we know, but it is rightly so. Every boy and girl in however humble a position of life should have an opportunity of developing the gifts that God has given them. Music I place in this same category, and I think all professional musicians will agree with me.

It is upon these premises that I propose to base my conclusions, and to illustrate them in general, and to re-enforce my points in particular, I propose to show you briefly and cursorily rather than freely and at length, what is being done in municipal music, what could be done, and what should be done.

Municipal Orchestras—What has been and is being done

Municipal music is no new thing. Nowadays municipal music is more vital than it has ever been before. Private enterprise is no longer as extensive or as effective as it was. Municipal music is now, in fact, something that counts, and I think the principle it represents fits in generally with the tendency of the age which, after a wild search for the new, is harking back to things that we have had all the time.

When I say that municipal music is not a new thing history supports me. There is evidence of the existence of the municipal musician as far back as the fifteenth century. Music, as a medium of pure and simple attraction as distinct from education, has existed for almost as long. **Bath,** celebrated everywhere for its entertainments, its routs, and the like, in the eighteenth century, is one of the first examples we find of a municipality offering music as an entertainment.

Since that period it has been of slow growth, but at the present time, with its strong democratic leanings, you find on every side an increased interest in the provision of music by the civic body. True, some of its offsprings have died an untimely death, but on the other hand some of the young members look extremely healthy and flourishing. Generally speaking, there is a decided recognition of the value of the representation of the art at the hands of municipalities.

There is just one little point I might make clear at this stage. I should like you to have perfect understanding of the term " municipal music " so that you may be able to put it quite out of your mind that it is only health resorts that provide municipal music. One of the most flourishing municipal enterprises is to be found, for example, in Manchester, which I think those who know Manchester would hardly describe as a health resort. It so happens that some of the musical municipalities that have come into prominence have been " cure " places, but I take the view that municipal music is not merely a question of something to attract the visitors, but that there is an immense future for the provision of music by *all* municipalities. I think I am right in saying that to-day, with the aid of improved methods of teaching and, I would add, the universality of the gramophone (with its recent improvements), there is a better understanding of music in Great Britain at the present time than there has been for hundreds of years, in fact since those glorious times of Good Queen Bess, when every gentleman could not only drink his several bottles of port, but, in spite of the several bottles of port, could also read at sight his part in glee or madrigal. Whatever may be the causes of this increase—and there

is no doubt that it exists—that it might be greater is a matter to which I think municipalities should give their attention. One of the means for making it greater is by creating future audiences, by instructing the children ; but that, as Kipling says, " is another story."

To a body of professional musicians like the members of the Incorporated Society I think it would be of interest to show something of the actual history and present extent of municipal music in this country. I am fortunately able to give you a brief summary of all the municipal music undertakings that exist in England and Scotland from information I have obtained personally, and from a series of records which were made, collected and collated by the *Morning Post* newspaper, whose courtesy in giving me access to them I now acknowledge with much pleasure. Save for my own enquiries no such record existed until the enquiry was taken up by this newspaper, which I might venture to describe as the most cordial supporter of municipal music, setting an example I am glad to find other papers are following (the *Daily Telegraph* and others). This enquiry was extended to sixty-two towns, and the results are somewhat surprising. The fact that we find municipal music carried on in places as diverse as **Birmingham** and **Bournemouth** shows that interest in it is in no way restricted to one town or any one type of town.

Many very interesting facts are shown as the result of this exhaustive enquiry. In some cases the municipality is in a very happy position, as at **Burnley** where municipal music has the good fortune of being insured against loss by a legacy producing £800 a year left by Mr. E. Stocks Massey. Thus Burnley need not bother whether it pays or does not—a question which should never " bother " any proper-minded municipality.

I propose to take the most salient features of municipally provided music first. At **Birmingham** the City Orchestra has been carrying on its work with a grant made by the Corporation supplemented by subscriptions of ten guineas and more from patrons. Under municipal enterprise the season consists of eight Symphony Concerts, five Saturday Concerts and twenty-five Sunday Concerts, the last given on a co-operative basis.

As, for various reasons, private musical enterprise is less than it was in Birmingham, the effect of the municipality's aid to music will be watched with very great interest since it can be gauged solely on the strength of its appeal to the people and not judged merely as an attraction to a seaside resort. Birmingham is well provided for educationally, since good work is done at the Midland Institute under Professor Granville Bantock, and it is possible to anticipate that between the two forces Birmingham will rise musically.

At **Liverpool** some few years ago I read a paper on " Municipal Music " to the local centre of the British Music Society supported by Dr. Arthur Somervell, and much correspondence resulted in the local Press on the subject, which it was hoped would stimulate the city

council to consider a scheme for a municipal orchestra. So far there has been no direct result, and beyond bands in the parks and organ recitals, nothing has been done. Private enterprise is still to the fore in music in Liverpool, and there is one feature of it at least which is very gratifying. I refer to the institution by Messrs. Rushworth and Dreaper of a series of orchestral concerts for young folk. These are one of the best examples of the important matter of training the children I have met. The music is specially chosen and carefully explained by the expert lecturers of the Manchester Education Authority under Dr. Carroll's scheme for teaching music appreciation to children. It is admitted that the prices for admission paid by the children and their teachers, the only people admitted, do not cover the cost, which means that this really valuable undertaking will depend on voluntary support, always liable to fluctuation. It should be taken over by the Municipality at the earliest opportunity.

It is significant of the appreciation of the plan that every seat for the whole series was sold and that some four hundred applications had to be refused. Messrs. Rushworth have also succeeded in inducing the education authority to sponsor and pay for a scheme comprising a course of four lecture recitals by a pianoforte trio to children in five group centres after school hours. These twenty lectures are duplicated on the evenings of the same days to children in the evening play centres. These concerts reach audiences of some two hundred children, very few of whom are covered by the Orchestral Concerts for Young Folk. Messrs. Rushworth have also organised music study circles at their headquarters in Liverpool, as well as at Birkenhead and Widnes, whose members are almost exclusively elementary school teachers.

This is a real thoroughness, and should produce eminently satisfactory results in time. It is a good thing that the thin end of the wedge has been inserted by securing the co-operation of the education authority, but I think that Messrs. Rushworth should be relieved of all financial responsibility by the Corporation, who would have no preliminary ground to cover as the enterprise could be taken over as a going concern. At all events, here is a practical example of what can be done, and it is, with the work in Manchester, one of the things that supports me emphatically and practically in the appeal I make on behalf of the musical education of the younger generation.

To continue my alphabetical list.

Bath and municipal music are inseparable. Although at the present time it is not of very great extent, it still exists, I am glad to say. In the latter years of the seventeenth century the " Band of Musick " consisted of five players (viols and oboes) who performed in the Orange Grove. In 1704 some of the musicians of Bath asked Mr. Nash (the famous Beau Nash, " King of Bath "), Master of the Ceremonies, to let the band play in the Pump Room, and it is from this date that the Bath Pump Room Orchestra begins. This orchestra was increased shortly after, having proved a great attraction to visitors to

Bath. In 1783 we read of a visitor enquiring one morning why the music had ceased and stating that the Pump Room was beyond dispute the most frequented by both sexes of the first fashion as a morning resort of any town in England, and perhaps in all Europe, therefore it was asked why that " most pleasing of all entertainments to a refined mind " is discontinued. He meant the music. Upon enquiry this visitor was told that " the man who provided the music had had some dispute with the musicians so they stopped playing," thus showing that the art of " striking," like municipal music itself, is not peculiar to the present day. For some years until comparatively recently there was an orchestra for the winter season of some twenty players, who did excellent work under the late Max Heymann. During the summer months, as a rule, military bands were engaged. At the present time, I believe, only a small sextet for daily performances under Jan Hurst is provided.

Municipal music at **Brighton** from the year 1907 to 1918 had a brief but glorious career under Joseph Sainton and Lyell-Tayler, since in that period were included three annual festivals, the last one being in November, 1914, but the City Fathers failed to recognise the value of music to the people, a loss of £50,000 being achieved in eight years. Private enterprise has endeavoured to step into the breach, but it is found high-class concerts do not pay there, and it is now, in the words of our chronicler, " contemptuously " ignored. But I think that the absence of a suitable concert hall has had much to do with the cessation of municipal music at Brighton, as well as the fact that the mistake has been made of making the town too popular with a class that has no time for music. I read that a committee has been appointed by the Town Council of Brighton to consider the question of reviving the municipal orchestra, but I greatly fear there will be no tangible result.

At **Bridlington** a municipal orchestra plays on the Prince's Parade, which performs during the summer season but really is a mere vehicle for the eccentricities of the conductor. Better music is given on the Spa.

At **Bradford** the municipality carried on a series of Saturday Concerts, but they exist no longer.

For the next considerable enterprise by a municipality we must go North to **Glasgow**, where we find a definite attitude taken up by the Corporation. There are Saturday Afternoon Recitals, Organ Recitals at various places in the city, and recently the Corporation has instituted a series of Evening Concerts in the City Hall, and, furthermore, votes of £1,000 to the Guarantee Fund of the Choral and Orchestral Union ; also definite proposals have been made to promote a municipal theatre. Generally a healthy state of affairs, and an example to be envied—from a distance.

At **Edinburgh** Children's Concerts have been instituted by the Musical Adviser to the Education Committee on the lines of those given at Liverpool, Messrs. Rushworth and Dreaper permitting the use of

their illustrations of orchestral instruments to be reproduced on the back of the programmes.

Turning south we find much activity at **Harrogate.** Municipal music there may generally be taken—always excepting the "Jazz" question—as typical. The Corporation spend something like £12,000 each season for concerts and entertainments at the Royal Hall which have been given now for twenty-five years, commencing at the Old Spa Rooms, and proceeding to the handsome Royal Hall, one of the best municipal concert halls in the Kingdom. Harrogate also possesses a form of that very admirable institution—the municipal choir—and the Children's Concerts instituted by the late Musical Director, Mr. Howard Carr. These were an emphatic success, being carried out on the right lines and carefully executed in every respect. I trust they will take a regular place in any scheme that may be brought forward by the next Corporation Musical Director.*

The music at **Manchester** is extensive but on purely educational lines, which I will deal with later. The Corporation also make a grant and provide music in the parks. There is also a city organist, and other organists play at the Town Hall from time to time.

In **Leeds** the Orchestral Concerts were taken over by a committee which gives eight Popular Saturday Night Orchestral Concerts per season. These concerts are very well attended. It has recently been suggested that free organ recitals be resumed, but so far no decision has been reached in the matter. There are a number of guarantors for the present Saturday Night Orchestral Concerts, and the charges for admission are 1s. 3d. and 3s. inclusive of Entertainment Tax. The secretary of the Saturday Night Orchestral Concerts Committee is Councillor Churton.

Then, for similar activity to that of the North, we must go directly south to **Eastbourne** and **Hastings.** At **Eastbourne** some ten or twelve years ago the late Duke of Devonshire established a very fine orchestra of fifty performers and gave good programmes, but this was abandoned owing to heavy loss. The town has now, I am glad to say, thrown in its lot with municipal music. The broad-minded Council very rightly realises that music *can* be an attraction, and there is every possibility of it becoming a permanent attraction under Captain Amers. There is, I think, with regard to Eastbourne, a practical expression of the idea which was originally expounded by Mr. Charles Manners, of introducing amateur players side by side with professional. Mr. Manners was not able to give full expression to his ideas save on the choral side, because, in the language of the day, he came "up against" the Union. But the playing of the amateur side by side with the professional may be good, as it may be said to form a good *ripieno* to the professional orchestra. I may say that Eastbourne is to be felicitated upon the fact that it has been able to do this, and others may perhaps be able to follow the example, though for myself, personally, I have very

* Mr. Basil Cameron has been appointed to succeed Mr. Howard Carr.

serious doubts as to its real value. Of course the presence of women players in orchestras is gradually becoming general, as we find in the Queen's Hall Orchestra, but my own experience is that difficulties arise from time to time with female players in as maller *permanent* orchestra. They, of course, are paid on the same scale as the men and have plenty of enthusiasm, but often lack breadth of tone.

Our next seaside resort is **Hastings,** where the tradition so ably carried on in his day by the late Julian Clifford is now being very carefully fostered by direct action on the part of the Corporation. Here, again, the Corporation has made a plunge—I might say almost a plunge into the sea, since the concerts take place at the end of the pier—and the direction of the music is now under Mr. Basil Cameron, whose connection with Torquay was a very honourable one, but to whose policy, when there, which neglected light music, I attribute the failure of municipal music at that popular health resort. Mr. Cameron has probably now learnt wisdom and will not repeat his error at Hastings. The new era of municipal music at Hastings began under the most happy auspices, and I think it is very gratifying to know that our leading English composer, Sir Edward Elgar, was concerned in the inauguration of the new undertaking. I trust that the policy adopted will be on rather brighter lines than that adopted at Torquay—where in 1914 a really excellent orchestra was established—since it must be remembered that with a musical director of this type his business—and his duty—is to appeal to all classes.

Margate, where the municipality has provided music for some time, has recently made a feature of post-season festivals, which have proved decidedly attractive in keeping visitors in the town at a time when they would otherwise have left. This is an example of municipal recognition of music as an attraction. Here the Corporation maintain an orchestra for some eight months in the year, and thanks to a broad-minded policy in the matter of programmes, and, I may add, a most delightful concert room, the conditions are good. But it must be borne in mind that music here is essentially an attraction for the floating population. The Musical Director is Mr. Bainbridge Robinson.

Cordial support is given at **Ipswich,** where there is a movement on foot to secure municipal recognition.

The next inland city is **Norwich,** where it is pleasant and possibly surprising to find that municipal music has been going on since 1433, when, according to the records of those days, the Corporation musicians who went on board ship to accompany Sir Francis Drake on his voyage to Portugal, were presented with new uniforms for the occasion at a cost of 3s. 4d. each.

Norwich has a municipal orchestra which was formed by Mr. R. J. Maddern Williams in 1921. Ten concerts are given (on Saturday evenings) before, and about ten after, Christmas. The concerts must be self-supporting, so the members are paid a fee per concert, not a salary, while great assistance is given by voluntary members. The

first year about £100 was lost, but this was made good by the profit from a series of municipal dances. Last year there was about £100 profit on the concerts, so the orchestra has been enlarged. This season they are, up to the present, doing extremely well, and hope for a profit again which will enable further advance. This starting in a small way and gradually working up should be a great encouragement to other cities which, like Norwich, do not depend on visitors but cater for the same audience each week.

Last year a free concert was given to the school children. It was so much appreciated that another was asked for and the date fixed, but the General Election stopped it.

During the summer the wood wind and brass of the orchestra are used as the nucleus of a military band for work out-of-doors, and augmented by other local players.

It will naturally be expected that I should allude to what is being done in **Bournemouth**, and I am sure you will agree that every praise is due to the Corporation for having consistently maintained the policy of high-class municipal music in the forefront of its attractions for the past thirty years. We commenced in 1893 with a small double-handed band of thirty performers which developed into the municipal orchestra. This, previous to the war, consisted of forty-four permanent performers, but since then, for economic reasons, it has been reduced to thirty-nine. For the Symphony Concerts and other special concerts I am able to secure extra assistance with which we can present performances by a band of fifty. The success of our two Municipal Festivals and general work has, thanks to the generosity of the Press, been made widely known. The chief point is that municipal music at Bournemouth *has existed for over thirty years*, and if it has shown the way to other towns then there is a distinct and definite move in the right direction. Not only have we been able to encourage the young British composer by granting him good opportunities for presenting his works so that he should become acquainted with his weak as well as his strong points (*impossible without performance*), but we have built up an audience by whom, for example the great symphonies of Brahms, are now appreciated to the full, the four being played each season as well as many others of the classics. (*See Appendix.*)

Some two years ago I gave a series of lectures on musical appreciation which was most successful, commencing with a historical survey of music, also dealing with the instruments of the orchestra, conducting, tone colour and form. I regret, however, that one of my highest ideals, to give lectures and concerts to children, has so far not been put into operation in Bournemouth, but I hope in the near future it will become an accomplished fact. It seems extraordinary that that opportunity we possess through our orchestra should not be made the fullest use of in the cause of education.

As to our general work : during the summer season, the full orchestra plays on the pier each morning (except Wednesday, when we have a

rehearsal), and the programmes are certainly not all "light" music. Each evening concerts are given at the Winter Gardens and a Symphony Concert on Wednesday afternoon. During the winter months about nine hours a week are devoted to rehearsal, and it is to this unique opportunity that I owe the fact that I have been able to present adequate performances of really difficult works. It is my system to prepare new works in four stages. Many a young composer has acknowledged gratefully the assistance given in this respect.

Since the institution of our Thursday Winter Symphony Concerts in 1895, some 1,635 programmes have been presented, in which some 642 important British works by 160 British composers have been included, of whom over one hundred *have conducted their own works* and 153 were *actual first performances*. As examples I might quote Sir Charles Stanford's Piano Concerto, McEwen's "Solway" Symphony, Bax's "Tintagel," Arthur Bliss' Concerto for piano, voice, strings and percussion, etc. It is very seldom that I miss giving the first Provincial performance of an important work, as for instance, Vaughan Williams' "London" and "Pastoral" Symphonies, and Holbrooke's "Violin Concerto."

I can claim that the day has passed when people stay away from a concert because a British work is included, but naturally not everything I present is approved of, especially by the more conservative lovers of music who would be content always to hear the works of the Great Masters and to leave new examples, British and foreign, severely alone. But I may remark that I regard it as my duty to inform and educate, and while I do not ignore the man who "loves a tune," I endeavour whilst meeting his wishes to show him that "there are others."

In addition to the orchestra, a municipal military band of twenty-two performers is maintained throughout the year for performances on the Pier and in the Pleasure Gardens. The annual expenditure on *bands alone* is about £15,000, but in spite of the largeness of this figure there is really not a great call on the rates. The amount in that respect depends entirely upon the patronage and support given to the Winter Gardens, as the Pier is naturally a money-making concern.

To give an idea of the opportunities afforded of hearing the classics, I may mention that in thirty years we have given about three hundred performances of the Beethoven Symphonies and one hundred and fifty of the Brahms Symphonies; almost all of those written by Haydn and Mozart; the four Symphonies of Schumann, the five of Dvorak; as well as Bach Concertos, Handelian Works, etc., etc., and, of course, numerous examples by British composers.*

Passing over other places where municipal music is like the swallow, peculiar to summer, I come to **London.** It can hardly be suggested that the Queen's Hall Orchestra should receive a subsidy from the local Borough Council, for an undertaking like that and the London

* See Appendix C.

Symphony Orchestra must always remain something apart and as an example to the whole world. But in outer London, and especially in the more populous districts, there is an urgent demand for municipal music, and I hope the day will come when each local Borough will have its own orchestra and choir. With judicious handling—always by a Music Committee of the Council on which the Musical Director should be co-opted—and with a not too-ambitious beginning, there is no doubt that what is a fact in particular instances would become general, and that municipal music would be made a self-supporting and even profitable factor in the lives of the people.

The London County Council some thirty years ago considered a suggestion for the formation of a municipal orchestra, but the proposal was defeated and bands formed consisting of a hundred performers to play in the various parks and the Embankment Gardens. Part of the scheme comprised an orchestra of thirty performers which gave great pleasure during the dinner hour to city workers in the Temple Gardens. These activities have now been considerably lessened, and confined to amateur bands, the great difficulty being the increased cost of musicians' salaries which are now at least 100 per cent. above the pre-war rates. For this reason chiefly, therefore, I maintain that the only real solution of the difficulty is in the formation by the various Boroughs of *permanent* municipal orchestras to give periodical Symphony Concerts; Popular Saturday and Sunday Evening Concerts; periodical concerts for children so as to improve musical appreciation; hiring the orchestra to choral societies; and for the purpose of playing (in sections perhaps) during dinner hours in factories or other business centres, and thus applying the humanising influence of music to industry. I advocated this some years ago in Liverpool, when the project of a municipal orchestra was mooted, and was asked: "This might be all very well for the winter, but what about the summer, as orchestras are unsuitable for outdoor playing to large audiences?"

My reply was that the problem could be solved by leasing these orchestras (if necessary in sections) to seaside and other health resorts, and so enable them to be served more economically and efficiently than is possible at present, because they would have the services of a ready-made band with a large répertoire instead of, so to speak, a "scratch" combination of men engaged who only play together for some few months in the year. There are, I am sure, many capable musicians still available who would gladly accept a permanent engagement, knowing well that there is not the attendant anxiety of a season engagement with more holiday (without pay) than is convenient. There should also be a system of pensions.

Though I mention this in connection with London, it is a plan that might be adopted everywhere.

As to my next head—"Music at Health Resorts"—I need only to mention the Summer Municipal Orchestras

which are to be found at Weymouth, Saltburn, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Droitwich, Whitby, Folkestone. Army Service Bands play at Hastings, Bognor, Worthing, Southend-on-Sea, Southport, and a small permanent orchestra is engaged at Cheltenham.

Municipal Music in Germany

Compared with **Germany** forty years ago we are much behind the times. When as a boy I passed six months in the town of Brunswick there was a municipal theatre at which one night you could hear a concert, another night Shakespeare or Goethe drama, another light opera, and on another grand opera, and all at a very moderate cost. At Freiburg the theatre belongs to the Town Council. Four hundred people are employed, including artistes, actors, musicians, carpenters, scene-shifters, etc., and all pensioned after a certain time. A performance is given weekly to working men and their families, tickets being sold only in the workshops through the employees. At Mannheim also, there is ample provision, and in fact this entertainment by the municipality is general throughout Germany as is also the fact that it covers all kinds of music as well as drama, so that all tastes are met and wide information imparted. I do not in any way hold up Germany as an example, but I relate these facts to show, first, what *can* be done, and let me add, without profit making. I should like to remark in passing that people are inclined to point the finger of scorn at municipal musical enterprise because it does not show a profit. How many artistic private-owned undertakings show a profit? With the exception of the music-halls—probably *none*. The aim should be to benefit the people by regard to their artistic good. This brings me to my next point, which is the question of appreciation.

Instruction in Musical Appreciation in Elementary Schools and the Use of the Gramophone

For good music to be appreciated it must be understood, and to be understood there must be proper tuition. Audiences can only be built up through the children, and to effect this purpose, music should form an essential part of education and be introduced into the curriculum of elementary schools at the earliest possible stage. Remarkable work in this direction is being carried on under Dr. Walter Carroll, Musical Adviser to the City of Manchester, in fact Manchester is the only city which has a definite course of work authorised by the Education Committee as a regular subject in the elementary school curriculum. Fortunately the Education Committee has very much encouraged the subject of music in education and offered musical scholarships. The views of Dr. Carroll which have been adopted coincide so exactly with my own that I have no hesitation in quoting very fully from particulars he has kindly supplied me. The points he

emphasises are: The value of music for its own sake; a musical training of the scholar's voice; mental ear and rhythmic sense; all three inherent in the child and, with rare exceptions, capable of development as a stimulating influence upon certain qualities of mind, such as alertness, discrimination, concentration, co-operation and self-expression; as preparation during childhood for the wholesome use of leisure hours. The recreative life of the people is in a special degree the outcome of early environment and habit, and the filling in of spare time by the adult is largely a maturing of the tastes and interests formed in childhood. Ability to read music at sight prepares the way for membership of a choir. Ability to hear music with accuracy, intelligence and enjoyment encourages a desire for the concert and other forms of musical recreation; as a social value fostering a spirit of community, and knowing no barrier of class or sex.

The greatest of all values which music possesses is its appeal to that which is highest, cleanest and best in human nature. This appeal is imaginative, emotional, but also spiritual. By the adequate performance of really fine music one person can influence for good the thoughts and aspirations of a thousand. The music chosen, though perhaps revealing certain well-marked characteristics, such as joy, sadness or longing, will arouse a different feeling or call up a different image in the mind of each listener. It is this quality of versatility which makes the appeal of music so general among all classes of the people. There is no other appeal quite so flexible and yet so satisfying, and it is hardly too much to say that the greatest benefits which music has in store for humanity will not be reached through performance but through listening. The new aim, called for want of a better term "musical appreciation," may be carried out in a variety of ways; among thoughtful and progressive teachers there is no doubt as to the value of the subject itself when in the hands of one who has proper qualifications for the work and is blessed with a cheerful and inspiring personality.

Inauguration.—The Manchester Education Committee's scheme for the development of music in the elementary schools was inaugurated in 1918. The appointment by the Education Committee—in May of that year—of a special officer as Musical Adviser to deal with the whole question of music in the schools was the starting point of a new outlook; a definite recognition of the educational value of music which few cities had, up to that time, accorded to it. The first step was an enquiry into the conditions under which the teachers carried on their work.

Enquiry.—Preliminary investigation led to the following conclusions: (1) That music had not only a value of its own but was found to exercise a good influence over the whole life and work of the school; (2) that the teachers were ready to welcome any scheme for the better musical training of the children; (3) that the music of elementary schools was in great need of attention, especially in regard to (*a*) the

desirability of a further course of training for the teachers in charge of vocal music, (*b*) a rational and graded course of sight reading from staff notation, (*c*) the provision of special teachers to carry out certain kinds of instruction which could only be effectively given by those who had received a professional training in music, (*d*) improved appliances for teaching, (*e*) the care and training of the teacher's speaking voice.

Lectures.—The further training of teachers was begun immediately and, owing to the extraordinary response and keen interest on the part of the teachers, has been one of the most successful features of the scheme. In September, 1918, a series of lectures was delivered by the Musical Adviser to teachers already in the service of the Committee. Since the opening of the classes, three years ago, more than three-fourths of the teachers in the service of the Committee have attended. The work is divided into three grades, each consisting of eight lecture-demonstrations. The first year course includes breathing, voice training, the teaching of staff notation, sight reading from the staff, ear training, musical dictation, rhythm, choice and teaching of songs, pronunciation, expression, and order and method of teaching. The second year course covers the same subjects in a more advanced stage, with the addition, at each lecture, of a short performance of school songs by a trained singer, with remarks by the lecturer on their value and interpretation. The third year course carries these subjects still further, with the addition of some training in musical appreciation.

At every lecture during the first and second years classes of children from the elementary schools receive lessons from the lecturer, followed by discussion. These specimen lessons deal with voice training, reading from the staff, and other branches of vocal music. On leaving the lecture-room each teacher receives a printed epitome of the previous lecture which provides a complete record of the proceeding, available for reference in teaching. Many of the principles advocated in the lectures have been put into practice in the schools, with the result that a considerable improvement in the singing of the scholars is observable. Teachers are aided in the difficult matter of selection of good music by the issue of graded lists of songs from which they may choose, wholly or in part.

New Aim.—The Manchester Education Committee is one of the first authorities, if not the first, to provide the children of the elementary schools with a regular and systematic course of training in musical art, such lessons being given by special teachers appointed by the Committee for the purpose.

Music Appreciation Lessons.—The teaching of music appreciation is now established in one hundred and eight of the Manchester elementary schools, and the number of children already taking the course in these schools is ten thousand. Three special teachers are engaged in the work, each one being responsible for thirty-six schools. A lesson is given once in every three weeks, the full course lasting three years,

and the children's ages being from eleven to fourteen. The number in a class varies from eighty to a hundred and twenty, and the lesson lasts forty minutes. A quiet room of moderate size is often found better than the large hall, and a piano in good condition is, of course, essential. The teacher must be a first-rate pianist, and if a fairly good singer or violinist, too, all the better. A broad musical training and experience is not enough ; the appreciation teacher needs that and much more. A knowledge of education and what it means ; a love of children and key to the child mind ; the gift of story-telling ; a sense of humour ; clear and ready speech ; charm of manner ; buoyancy of spirit—these, and many good things, are parts of the music appreciation Teacher's equipment.

An appreciation lesson in a Manchester school includes (*a*) questions on the lesson previously given ; (*b*) a talk to the children on some fresh point in the history or the development of music ; (*c*) illustrations aptly bearing upon that point, sung or played by the teacher ; (*d*) experiments in which the children take active part, including fragments of melody and rhythm from the pieces played ; (*e*) music, by the finest composers played or sung to the children as a means of cultivating a love of music, musical taste and the power of listening ; (*f*) the occasional use of the gramophone.

There are obviously great possibilities in all appreciation teaching. The spirit of emulation is strong in childhood, and the inspiring effect is of a powerful personality giving a fine rendering of a song, a poem or other art-work stimulates the child to higher effort. The relation of music to poetry, to painting and to history, offers an opportunity for linking up different subjects in the curriculum.

Music appreciation classes for elementary school children have now reached their third year in Manchester, and the work has aroused wide-spread interest. Those who have become personally acquainted with the work realise its true value as an educational force, the results of which, even in the pioneer stage, have more than justified the experiment.

. . . . . .

In the matter of appreciation or understanding a most interesting experiment has been carried out by the formation of a Civic Board of Music at **Walsall**, which was the outcome of a meeting held through the kindness of the Mayor (Councillor Enoch Evans), who presided, when it was decided that those present should form themselves into a committee for the purpose of co-ordinating the public performances of music in the Borough, to ask the Town Council for the free use of the Town Hall and the Education Committee for the use of a room for rehearsals and committee meetings. Both the Town Council and Education Committee conceded the requests and gave every encouragement and assistance, and the Civic Music Board was established. Articles of Constitution were drawn up and officers and sub-committees

appointed, the objects being to promote a wider interest in the art of music and to encourage and develop a love for good music amongst the children of the Borough. The management of the Board was vested in and controlled by the Mayor and a committee which included representatives of the Town Council and the Education Committee, and of the various musical societies with power to co-opt any other persons who might be interested. A series of sixteen concerts for adults and four for children was arranged in conjunction with the Birmingham City Orchestra and various artistes. The children's concerts were a great feature in the musical activities of Walsall, and actually two concerts were given by the children themselves, at which a large choir of about three hundred, drawn from the various schools, took part and attracted large audiences of parents and children.

Undoubtedly the formation of the Civic Music Board has brought into existence a spirit of good-will amongst the choirs of the town, and though the most optimistic never expected to realise their ideals in one season's work, the result has been most satisfactory. Certainly this idea is to be heartily commended as securing co-operation between all parties directly concerned in music and education, and does not leave musical matters in the hands of Councillors more expert in the control of trams and drainage.

Further, in cultivating the art of understanding, THE USE OF THE GRAMOPHONE in illustrating lectures in schools is invaluable, and the issue of records representing the various instruments of the orchestra and diversified rhythms immediately conveys to the child what it is impossible to explain in words. Recently, in order to see how lecturettes on musical appreciation were received, I visited an elementary school in Bournemouth, where Mrs. Leigh Henry gave in simple words a delightful talk to the children. Their enthusiasm and intelligence were unbounded, although they were kept for this purpose after school hours. In response to a candid question they one and all declared themselves delighted and, like Oliver Twist, "asked for more." Referring to the gramophone records, I was amused to find the Celesta included in a description of stringed instruments. The explanation was that it was part of the record dealing with *stringed* instruments. Incidentally, another slip was made, a very common error, informing the children that violin strings were made of *catgut*. (Sometimes one wishes they were !)

But in other respects the educative side of music is well looked after in this universal medium. It may well be used as a preparation, since it is of the utmost importance that children should be taught to realise tone-colour as early as possible, for, as we know, the real enjoyment of the orchestra is derived from its tone-colours and their combination. The gramophone is no longer a thing of blatant brass bands and equally blatant comic songs ; it is a means of making known the best in music, and no effort should be missed in enabling people to realise the fact.

The Public and Municipal Music. Municipal Music and the Public

In reference to my next heading I may remind you that MUNICIPAL MUSIC formed the subject of an important discussion at the Congress of the British Music Society in May 1920. Amongst those who spoke was Mr. Bernard Shaw, who maintained that municipalities had charge of the morals of the community, and that to raise the morals of the district one thing should be kept in mind, *i.e.*, that the community consisted largely of young persons growing up. At a certain period in their lives, when they began to take a larger and more general interest in their human relations, and before the time they could get married, it was no use pursuing a policy of puritanism, a policy of strict repression of their human impulses. The real remedy was provided by Natureand God. All they had to do was to find an outlet for these impulses in Art. If their young men had music and pictures to interest them, satisfy many of their impulses and liven their days, they would not go to the low pleasures of the streets. They would have an alternative, and thus they would be too fastidious to do so. Such an attitude, I need scarcely say, I cordially endorse, as will, I think, every member of my audience.

At the Banquet concluding the Congress Sir Thomas Beecham spoke very deprecatingly of municipal aid to music, to which I replied in strong terms through the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. I did so because it is perfectly obvious that private enterprise will never supply the needful in the matter of educational music, a view in which I was supported by the Congress which passed an unanimous resolution pledging themselves to urge the furthering of municipal music. I may perhaps refresh memories by giving the gist of my reply to Sir Thomas.

"As to what has been done by municipalities, surely Sir Thomas cannot be ignorant of the large sums spent by the London County Council and in other cities to provide free public music for the masses; or the gratifying success of Mr. Appleby Matthews' Orchestral Concerts at Birmingham, which in the future will be backed by the City Council; or the efforts in Bradford, Leeds, etc. Does he consider the work carried out by the Municipality of Bournemouth for the last twenty-seven years of no value, namely, that by the maintenance of a permanent orchestra of forty performers (augmented when required), and the allowance of adequate time for rehearsal, sound performances have been given of between seven hundred and eight hundred important British works, at which more than one hundred of the composers have had the opportunity of conducting? The system has been to rehearse each new work four times—a point I wish to stress; at the second or third rehearsal the composer is invited to listen to his work, so that he may have an opportunity of judging its effects and note the faults, thus giving our young British writers an opportunity which has not been possible elsewhere (till the recent change in the application of the R. C. M. Patron's

Fund) of comparing their written ideas with actual effect. I naturally felt that Sir Thomas' sweeping remarks were most unjust, and in this contention I am sure that I shall have the support of the many British composers whom it has been my privilege (thanks to the broad-minded policy of the Corporation of Bournemouth) to assist."

Municipal Choirs

The co-operation of choir and orchestra should be another important phase in municipal music life. I do not suggest that any existing combination should be superseded as was once proposed at Plymouth. In Bournemouth we have a choir of which at one time the financial responsibility rested on the Corporation, but as it was found that the members did not take sufficient individual interest in the success of the concerts, it was decided that, whilst the name " Municipal Choir " should be retained, the management should be in the hands of a committee elected by the choir, and the municipal orchestra and concert hall should be leased to the choir on advantageous terms. The result is most satisfactory ; instead of a loss on the concerts there is now a profit, and a recent performance of Berlioz's " Faust " was considered by competent authorities to be of a high order.

Conclusion

I therefore submit to you that really the only hope of our regaining our position as a musical nation is through the influence of municipal music. Opportunities given by private enterprise, however excellent, are entirely inadequate. Millionaires do not exist in Britain as in America, who subsidise orchestras in practically every city, though it is significant that the United States Education Department have recently communicated with me, asking for my opinion on the matter with a view to steps being taken to institute what at present is non-existent, (municipal music), in America. Municipal music is for the *million*, not the *millionaire*, and it is only by providing good music at a cheap rate that we can hope to obtain results that will have a distinct influence on the Musical Enlightenment of the People. Of course, a great difficulty that has to be overcome is that of the levy on the rates. Health resorts have a power to levy a rate not exceeding a halfpenny in the pound, some Boroughs are better off and can levy a penny ; but of course there is the power to place and maintain seats for the use of the public, which provides a substantial income and ability to set aside a sum for the less remunerative music in the winter ; but if only a halfpenny of the Education Rate could be devoted to music the problem would be easily solved in cities. I suggest that the ratepayer who automatically contributes to the cost of the music be given some concession in the matter of prices. At present he pays as much as the visitor who makes no contribution to the local rates. The ratepayers

and, if you like, ALL RESIDENTS, should be able to purchase season tickets at cheap prices. The visitors should always pay in full.

Music will undoubtedly play a great part in the reconstruction of the world. Let us see that Great Britain recovers the old position.

Great Britain has been very much behind the great European nations in the matter of State and municipal support of music, and to opera has given no support at all. In Russia, up to the time of the Revolution, the Imperial Opera was subsidised to an enormous extent. Also in Paris, Berlin, Milan, Rome, etc., any loss on opera is made good by the State or Municipalities. In this country there is still no National Opera House. Previously to the present day the performances at the Royal Opera at Covent Garden were invariably in French, Italian or German, *never in English*. It must not be forgotten, however, that the Carl Rosa and Moody-Manners Companies chiefly, did most praiseworthy work for many years, and now the British National Opera Company is endeavouring to supply the need. The advantages of State or municipality-aided music are obvious. Private enterprise will naturally only deal with what pays, consequently it is seldom that the great Shakespearean dramas and comedies can be enjoyed outside London; and the performances of operas are generally confined to a select few towns where, even then, the répertoire is restricted and the prices higher than they should be.

With reference to musical education, in practically every Continental capital there is a fully-equipped conservatoire maintained by the State to give a thorough musical education at a very low cost to talented pupils. In England the only State support consists of grants of £500 per annum to the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College, and these were suspended during the war. We British are essentially a commercial nation, and Art does not commend itself very much to the Powers that be.

With regard to orchestral music there are few really fine orchestras in Great Britain. London, of course, stands first, with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, the London Symphony Orchestra, and one or two others, but in the Provinces, except the Hallé Orchestra and the Scottish Orchestra—and these orchestras are disbanded during the summer months—there is really no great orchestra of importance.

The advantages of maintaining a first-class municipal orchestra, even at a loss, are obvious. In the case of a health resort it is, of course, a great advertisement, but to any city, in my opinion, it is one of the most healthy forms of entertainment for the masses, and good for the mind. This is quite apart from the encouragement it could give to British Art. There are signs of increasing interest and activity which will in due course bear fruit. The British Music Society means business. The I.S.M. has long watched over the professional musician to good purpose, and the important Federated Board of the Music Trades intends to give every assistance to municipal bodies to stimulate interest so that England may once again be a really musical

nation. Community singing should be encouraged, there should be concerts of good music by the military bands where there are no orchestras, visits of the best Chamber Music combinations, but, above all, the formation of municipal orchestras in every town of importance.

I believe the masses would appreciate good music if they were encouraged. Commence with Popular Concerts of not too heavy music, but thoroughly well rendered, which is most essential. Interest the audience by a verbal explanation of the pieces played, and include popular folk-tunes with the words on a screen or in the programme ; and make them sing ; gradually educate them to like and appreciate something better than that given hitherto, and then, surely, there is ground for confidence that thousands of those who have yet no ear for anything above ragtime and jazz music will realise that good music has an interest for them. We must get rid of the Anglo-Saxon idea that Art is effeminate, and should begin to value it for what it really is. Music should be made easy of access. It is so easy for the human being to become submerged in the details of life so that one only catches glimpses of something beyond daily acts or associations.

In conclusion, let me urge upon everyone to get rid of any idea that it is not the business of the municipality to interfere in artistic matters. The municipality, be it Corporation, District Council, Borough Council, Local Board, or the like, should be the civic parent to watch over the welfare of those in its charge. There can be no doubt, in the minds of those who think, that there is too great a tendency on the part of the people to seek unintellectual amusements that leave them with no mental satisfaction, no mental stimulus, much less any increase of knowledge. It is, I consider, the duty of the State, as represented by the municipality, to see that there is proper amusement for the people, and if they make that amusement music, they are combining with it education, since I think all my fellow-musicians will agree with me that the more one knows of music the more one learns. Now, more than ever, in these days, when the path of private enterprise is set with so many difficulties, is it essential that the art of music should be fostered by the municipality, and for the due fostering of the art there is nothing but a course of education. The desire to inform should actuate everyone, not omitting the municipality. The future is in the hands of the young ; it is only to them that we can look in these difficult days. It is they who must be led on to the right path ; it is they who must form the audiences of the future, and it is to them we must look for the definite expression of public opinion which in time to come will force municipal music to be as universal as is the fact of municipal control.

APPENDIX B

SELECTED LIST OF WORKS BY BRITISH COMPOSERS PERFORMED AT THE BOURNEMOUTH SYMPHONY CONCERTS FROM OCTOBER 14TH, 1895, TO DECEMBER 31ST, 1923.

COMPILED BY HADLEY WATKINS.

Actual *first performances* are indicated by an asterisk (*). Date given is *first performance in Bournemouth.* Number of performances given in brackets.

The Bournemouth Symphony Concerts, which, at the end of December, 1923, reached a total of 1,635, have been given with unbroken continuity since their inception in October, 1895. This list contains a total of 642 different works by British composers, of which 153 were *actual first performances.*

ADKINS, J. E.
- Concert Overture, April, '09.
- Overture, "Pentecost," Jan., '10.

AMES, J. C.
- Symphonic Poems, "The Dying Swan," "Sir Galahad," Oct., '09.
- Overture, "Love and Youth," Dec., '10.

ANDERTON, ORSMOND
- "A Spring Idyll," Nov., '11.
- *Orchestral Fantasia, "Virgil," May, '19.

ANSELL, JOHN
- Suite of Miniature Dances, March, '05.
- Overture to an Irish Comedy, Jan., '12.

ARKWRIGHT, MARIAN
- Variations for Orchestra, April, '97.
- Suite, "Winds of the World," Oct., '07.
- Japanese Suite, Nov., '11.

ASHTON, ALGERNON
- Concert Overture, March, '11.
- Three English Dances, April, '13.
- Two Military Marches, Dec., '15.
- Overture, "Macbeth," Nov., '16.

AUSTIN, ERNEST
- Poem for Piano and Quintet, Nov., '07.
- Variations on an Old English Theme, May, '11 (3).
- "Stella Mary Dances," May, '23.

AUSTIN, F.
- Overture, "Richard II.," Dec., '04.

BAINTON, EDGAR
- Symphony No. 1, Oct., '03..
- Suite, "The Golden River," March, '09.
- Overture, "Prometheus," Dec., '09.
- *Symphony in B Flat, Oct., '13.
- *Fantasia for Orchestra, Jan., '21.
- *Three Pieces for Orchestra, Concerto Fantasia for Piano and Orchestra, and
- Symphonic Poem, "Paracelsus," Jan., '22.

BANTOCK, GRANVILLE
- Air and Variations, "Helena," March, '01.
- "Eugene Aram," Jan., '02.
- Two Oriental Scenes, March, '03.
- Suite, "Russian Scenes," Jan., '02.
- Symphonic Poem, "The Witch of Atlas," Feb., '04.
- Prelude, "Sappho," Jan., '07.
- Comedy Overture, "The Pierrot of the Minute," Oct. 7, '09 (7).
- Variations on Bach's "Wachet Auf," April, '10 (2).
- Orchestral Scene, No. 1, March, '12.
- Tone Poem, "Dante and Beatrice," March, '12.
- Overture to a Greek Tragedy, March, '13.

BANTOCK, GRANVILLE, *continued.*
Serenade, "In the Far West," April, '13.
Suite for Strings, "From the Scottish Highlands," April, '14 (2).
Hebridean Symphony, March, 21 (2).
Orchestral Ballad, "The Sea Reivers," Nov., '21 (2).

BARCLAY, ALFRED
Orchestral Suite, "Childhood," April, '02.

BARCLAY, ARTHUR
Symphony in C Minor, Nov., 1900.
Elegy, "In Memoriam," April, '11.

BARNS, ETHEL
*Violin Concerto, Nov., '04.

BATH, HUBERT
*African Suite, Oct., '15.

BAX, ARNOLD
*Tone Poem, "Tintagel," Oct., '21.
"Mediterranean," Oct., '23.
"The Garden of Fand," Jan., '23.

BEDFORD, HERBERT
Concert Overture, Oct., '20.
Symphonic Interlude, March, '08.
Overture, "Sowing the Wind," April, '22.
*Nocturne for Voice and Orchestra, April, '22.

BELL, W. H.
Symphony, "Walt Whitman," April, '02.
Suite, "Mother Carey," April, '03.
Symphonic Prelude, April, '04.

BENJAMIN, R.
Dance Scherzo, No. 2, Jan., '17.

BENNETT, GEORGE
Overture, "Cymbeline," Oct., '02.
Suite, Oct., '02.

BENNETT, W. STERNDALE
Symphony in G Minor, Feb., '96 (12).
Overture, "The Naiades," Dec., '95 (9).
Overture, "Paradise and the Peri," Oct., '95 (8).
Overture, "The Wood Nymphs," March, '96 (5).
Overture, "Parisina," Nov., '06 (7).
Piano Concerto, Nov., '09 (2).

BERNERS, LORD
Three Orchestra Pieces, Jan., '20.
"Fantasie, Espagnole," March, '23.

BESLY, MAURICE
Tone Poem, "Mist in the Valley," April, '23 (2).
Scena, "Phædra," for Voice and Orchestra, April, '23.

BLISS, ARTHUR
*Concerto for Piano, Percussion and Tenor Voice (Revised Version), March, '23.
Two Nursery Rhymes for Voice, Clarinet and Piano, March, '22.
Rout, March, '22
Two Studies for Orchestra, March, '22.
"A Colour Symphony," Nov., '22.

BOND, F. H.
Tone Poem, Dec., '10.
Prelude and Capriccioso for Piano and Orchestra, May, '12.

BOUGHTON, RUTLAND
Symphonic Poem, "A Summer Night," Jan., '04.
Suite, "The Chilterns," Jan., '04 (2).
Tone Poem, "Tintagel," Dec., '08.
Scena for Baritone and Orchestra, May, '12.
Three Folk-Dances for Strings, March, '16.

BOWEN, YORK
Concert Overture, Oct., '04.
Symphonic Poem, "The Lament of Tasso," April, '07.
Piano Concerto, No. 1, Oct., '04.
Piano Concerto, No. 2, April, '07 (2).
Piano Concerto (Fantasia), April, '09 (2).
Concertstück for Piano and Orchestra, March, '09'
Violin Concerto, March, '23.

BOWIE, P. A.
Overture, "Over the Hills," April, '11 (2).

BOYLE, G. F.
Piano Concerto in D Minor, Nov. '14.

BOYLE, INA
*Rhapsody, "The Magic Harp," Dec., '20.

BRAITHWAITE, S. H.
*Scherzo, "Night on Dalegarth Bridge," Dec., '20.
*Idyll and Oriental Fragment, Dec., '21.
*Tone Poem, "A Summer's Day," Feb., '22.
*Overture, "The Fighting Temeraire," Oct., '19.

BREWER, HERBERT
Idyll, " Spring Time," April, '04.
Morceau, " Auf Wiedersehen," April, '09.

BRIAN, HAVERGAL
English Suite, Nov., '14.
English Suite, No. 3, March, '22.
Fantastic Variations, Jan., '23.

BRIDGE, FRANK
Suite, " The Sea," Feb., '14 (2).

BRIDGE, JOSEPH
Symphony in F, Nov., '03.
Ballet Music, " Rudel," Nov., '03.

BRIGHT, DORA
Suite de Ballet, Dec., '15.

BURTON, T. ARTHUR
*Symphonies (3), Concertos, *Suites and Variations (total, 10), March, '99.

BUTTERWORTH, GEORGE
Rhapsody, " A Shropshire Lad," Dec., '17 (2).
Two English Idylls, Oct., '21.

CARR, HOWARD
*Suite, " The Jolly Roger," Nov., '16.
Three Sketches for Orchestra, Dec., '18.
Rondo, " The Jovial Huntsmen," Jan., '20.

CARSE, ADAM
Symphony, No. 1, Nov., '06.
Symphony, No. 2, Jan., '10.
Symphonic March, April, '03.
*Suite de Ballet, Dec., '03.
Variations, Dec., '13.
Miniature Suite, Jan., '16.

CATHIE, PHILIP
*Morceau, " A Memory," Nov., '17.

CLIFFE, FREDERICK
Symphony, No. 1, Nov., '16.
Symphony, No. 2, Nov., '02.

CLIFFORD, JULIAN
*Piano Concerto in E Minor, Feb., 1900.
Tone Poem, " Lights Out," May, '22.

CLUTSAM, G. H.
*Comedy Overture, Oct., '06.
Intermezzo, " The Blessed Damozel," Oct., '06.

COATES, ERIC
Suite, " From the Countryside," Jan., '16.
Suite, " Summer Days," March, '20.
Suite, " Joyous Youth," April, '22.

COLERIDGE-TAYLOR, S.
*Symphony in A Minor, April, 1900.
*" Toussaint l'Overture," Jan., '02. (First performance with revised coda.)
Suite, " Herod," Jan., '02.
Commemoration March, Feb., '03 (2).
Novelletten, Feb., '03 (2).
Hemo Dance, Feb., '03.
Ballade in A Minor, Feb., '99 (4).
Danse Negre, Feb., '99.
Four Valses, Dec., '98 (4).
Overture, " Hiawatha," April, '04.
Incidental Music to Nero, March, '06 (2).
Symphonic Variations, April, '07 (2).
Ballet Music, " Faust," April, '09.
*Ballade for Violin and Orchestra, April, '99.
Tone Poem, " The Bamboula," April, '11 (4).
Petite Suite de Concert, April, '11.
Violin Concerto, Feb., '13.
Tone Poem, " From the Prairie," Oct., '19.
Incidental Music to " Othello," Nov., '16.
*Rhapsody for Orchestra, Oct., '14. (First provincial performance.)

CORDER, FREDERICK
Tragic Overture, Jan., '02.
Rumanian Suite, Jan., '02.
Scene d'Amour, Jan., '02.
Overture, " Prospero," March, '16.

COWEN, FREDERIC
Symphony, No. 3, March, 1900 (3).
Symphony No. 4, Jan., '97 (2).
Symphony No. 6, April, '07 (2).
Overture, " The Butterfly's Ball," April, '02 (6).
" Deux Morceaux," March, '03.
Coronation March, March, '03.
Phantasy of Love and Life, April, '02 (4).
Suite, " The Language of Flowers," March, 1900.
Suite, " Fairy Land," Feb., '97 (6).
English Dances, Oct., '96.
English Dances, Second Set, March, '06.
" Indian Rhapsody," March, '04 (3).
Concertstück for Piano, April, '01 (4).

CUNDELL, ERIC
Symphonic Poem, " Serbia," April, '20.

DARKE, HAROLD
*Concert Overture, May, '18.
DAVIS, J. D.
Ballade, "The Cenci," April, '03.
Suite, Miniatures, April, '06.
Overture, "A Romance," Jan., '08.
Tone Poem, "The Maid of Astolat," Jan., '10.
Prelude to "The Cossacks," March, '11.
DAVIES, WALFORD
Festal Overture, Dec., '10.
Suite, "Parthenia," Feb., '12.
Wordsworth Suite, Jan., '13.
A Solemn Melody, Nov., '15 (4).
DE LISLE, BERNARD
*Symphonic Overture, Nov., '01.
*Symphonic Poem, Dec., '99.
*Overture, "The Libation Bearers," Oct., '09.
DELIUS, FREDERICK
Two Pieces for Small Orchestra, Oct., 14 (3).
Piano Concerto in C Minor, Feb., '16 (3).
"First Cuckoo of Spring," April, '22 (3).
Violin Concerto, May, '23.
Dance Rhapsody, May, '23.
"Northern Pictures," Oct., '23.
DRYSDALE, LEARMONT
Overture, "Tam o'Shanter," April '15 (3).
Overture, "Herondean," Nov., '15.
Poem, "A Border Romance," March, '16.
DUNHILL, THOMAS
Rhapsody in A, Jan., '03.
Suite, "The Pixies," March, '08.
*Variations on an English Theme for 'Cello and Orchestra, Nov., '10.
Prelude, "The King's Threshold," Nov., '13.
*Symphony in A Minor, April, '23. (first performance in England.)
The Chiddingfold Suite, Dec., '22.
ELGAR, EDWARD
Symphony, No. 1, in A Flat, Feb., '09 (5).
Symphony, No. 2, April, '12 (3).
Overture, "Cockaigne," Jan., '03.
Overture, "Froissart," Nov., '01 (7).
Overture, "In the South," March, 1905 (6).
*Violin Concerto, Nov., '10 (5), (First provincial performance.)

ELGAR, EDWARD, *continued.*
'Cello Concerto, Feb., '23 (2).
Military Marches, "Pomp and Circumstance," Feb., '02 (14).
Serenade for Strings, Nov., 1900 (7).
Introduction and Allegro for Strings, April, '08 (4).
Enigma Variations, Dec., '01 (11).
Symphonic Study, "Falstaff," Feb., '23.
Transcriptions, Bach Fantasia and Fugue, Feb., '23.
March and Suite, "The Crown of India," Dec., '14.
March, "Caractacus," Dec., '19.
Coronation March, May, '20.
Suite, "The Wand of Youth," No. 1, Oct., '08 (7).
Suite, "The Wand of Youth," No. 2, Dec., '08 (6).
Three Bavarian Dances, April, '98 (4).
Prelude and Angel's Farewell, "Gerontius," (5).
Meditation, "Lux Christi," April, 1900 (2).
Sevillana, Jan., 1900 (4).
Chant du Matin, Nov., '01 (2).
Chant du Soir, Nov., '01 (2).
*Carillon, Jan., '15. (First provincial performance.)
ELKINGTON, LILIAN
*Tone Poem, "Out of the Mist," Dec., '22.
FARJEON, HARRY
Piano Concerto in D, March, '19 (2).
*Characteristic Variations, Oct., '03.
Suite, "Hans Andersen," Oct., '05.
FARRAR, ERNEST
Rhapsody, "Lavengro," April, '15.
Variations on British Sea Songs for Piano and Orchestra, Feb., '16.
English Pastoral Impressions, Nov., '19 (3).
FENNEY, WILLIAM
"Pastoral," Sketch for Orchestra, Jan., '18.
Tone Poem, "Nineveh," Jan., '18.
FLETCHER, PERCY
Prelude to an Unwritten Symphony, Feb., '15.
Suite, "Rustic Revels," May, '22.
FOGG, C. H.
Overture in D Minor, April, '10.
Poem, "In Sombre Woods," Oct., '10.

FORSYTH, CECIL
Viola Concerto in G Minor, March, '07.
FOULDS, J. H.
A Keltic Suite, April, '16 (2).
FREWIN, HARRISON
*Suite for Orchestra, Jan., '09.
FRISKIN, JAMES
*Suite in D Minor, Feb., '05.
FROST, SOUTHEY
*Tema Con Variazone, Dec., '03.
GARDINER, BALFOUR
Suite in A Minor, April, '09.
Overture to a Comedy, Dec., '11 (2).
"Shepherd Fennel's Dance," Nov., '12 (11).
Overture, "The Joyful Homecoming," Oct., '19.
GATTY, NICHOLAS
*Concert Valse, April, '03.
*Variations on "Old King Cole," Dec., '01.
Tone Poem, April, '07.
GERMAN, EDWARD
Symphony, No. 2, Jan., '04.
Symphony, No. 1, Jan., '06.
Symphonic Suite in D Minor, Jan., '05.
Valse, "Gracieuse," March, '97 (5).
Welsh Rhapsody, Jan., '05 (13).
Overture, "Henry VIII.," Feb., '03 (3).
Coronation March, Feb., 1900 (5).
Prelude and Dances, "Henry VIII." Dec., '97 (8).
Symphonic Poem, "Hamlet," Feb., '99 (6).
Three Dances, "Nell Gwyn," Jan., '01 (6).
Overture, "Nell Gwyn," Jan., '02 (6).
Gipsy Suite, Dec., '95 (3).
Overture, "Richard III.," Oct., '96 (5).
Suite, "Romeo and Juliet," Jan., '09 (3).
Masque, "As You Like It," Oct., '97 (2).
Overture, "Much Ado About Nothing," Feb., '99.
Bourrée and Gigue, Nov., '98 (5).
Suite, "The Seasons," Feb., 1900 (6).
Rhapsody on March Themes, Jan., '02 (2).
Suite, "The Tempter," Jan., '04 (2).

GERMAN, EDWARD, *continued.*
Funeral March in D Minor, Jan., '06.
*Suite, "The Seasons," Jan., 1914. (First performance, revised version.)
*Theme and Six Diversions, Dec., '19 (3). (First provincial performance.)
GIBBS, ARMSTRONG
Ballet Music, "The Betrothed," March, '22.
*Poem, "A Vision of Night," March, '23 (2).
GLADSTONE, F. E.
*Symphony in G.
GODFREY, PERCY
*Poem, "Night Watch at Sea,". Nov., '17.
*Symphony in G Minor, April, '03.
*Orchestra Prelude, April, '01.
Suite for Orchestra, Jan., '02.
Russian Suite, April, '07.
GOOSSENS, EUGENE
Four Conceits, Jan., '20.
"By the Tarn," May, '22.
"Tam O'Shanter," May, '22.
Prelude to "Philip II.," Jan., '23.
"Sinfonietta," April, '23.
Miniature Phantasy for Strings, Nov., '17.
GRAINGER, PERCY
"Molly on the Shore," Dec., '12.
"Mock Morris," Dec., '12.
"Shepherds' Hey," Dec., '12.
"Handel in the Strand," Dec., '21.
HALFORD, GEORGE
Symphonic Poem, "Sintram," Jan., '04.
Overture, "In Memoriam," Feb., '05.
Overture, "From Green Pastures," Feb., '06.
Romance for Violin and Orchestra, Feb., '06.
HALSEY, ERNEST
Suite de Ballet, May, '07.
Concert Overture in F, Jan., '09.
Variations, "Charlie is My Darling," Jan., '08.
HARRISON, JULIUS
Worcestershire Suite, Nov., '02.
Tone Poem, "Night on the Mountains," Dec., '11.
Variations on "Down Amongst the Dead Men,' March, '14.

HARTY, HAMILTON
*Irish Symphony, April, '16 (3).
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Dec., '22.
A Comedy Overture, Feb., '08 (2).
Violin Concerto, March, '09 (2).
Tone Poem, "With the Wild Geese," May, '11 (3).
Violin Concerto in D., Nov., '18 (2).
*Piano Concerto, Dec., '22 (2). (Second performance.)
Suite from Handel's "Water Music," May, '23.

HATHAWAY, J.
*Solemn March, Feb., '03.
*Three Entr'actes, Feb., '03.
*Symphonic Variations, April, '04.

HAWLEY, CUTHBERT
*Symphonic Poem, "The Faithful Soul," Oct., 1900.
*Comedy Overture, April, 1900.

HAZELHURST, CECIL
Suite, "East and West," March, '05

HEAD, MICHAEL
Piano Concerto, May, '23.

HEATH, JOHN R.
*Scherzo for Wind Instruments and Percussion, March, '23.

HERVEY, ARTHUR
Concert Overture, "Youth," Feb., '05 (10).
Dramatic Overture, Jan., '07.
Tone Poem, "In the East," Jan., '06 (4).
Tone Pictures, "On the Heights," Feb., '05.
*Romance for Violin and Orchestra, Feb., '05.
Symphonic Variations, May, '13.

HINTON, ARTHUR
Piano Concerto, Dec., '21.

HOLBROOKE, JOSEF
*Poem for Piano and Orchestra, April, '01 (2). (Dedicated to Dan Godfrey.)
*New Renaissance Overture, Jan., '03.
*Scenes from Dreamland Suite, Jan., '03 (2).
Variations on "Three Blind Mice," April, '02.
*Suite for Strings, Dec., 1900.
Ode to Bryon, Dec., '06.
Dramatic Scene, "Marino Faliero," Dec., '06.
"Suite Pantomimique," March, '08.
Third Sextet in F Minor, March, '08.

HOLBROOKE, JOSEF, *continued.*
Miniature Suite for Wind Intruments, Nov., '10.
Poem for Piano and Orchestra, "The Song of Gwyn Ap Nudd" March, '13 (3).
Imperial March, April, '15 (2).
Tone Poem, "The Viking," March, '21.
Reels and Strathspeys, May, '22.
Prelude, "Bronwen," Oct., '22 (2).
Violin Concerto, "The Grasshopper," Jan., '22.

HOLLOWAY, H.
*"Three Novelettes," Nov., '99.
*Suite for Strings, March, '04.
*Symphony in E Minor, March, '09 (4).
*Egyptian Suite, Nov., '09.
*Variations on an Original Theme, Oct., '10 (2).
*Symphony, No. 2, Feb., '11 (5).
*Suite, "Sea Fancies," Jan., '12 (2).
A Solemn Procession, May, '22.

HOLST, GUSTAV
*Symphony, "The Cotswolds," April, '02.
A Somerset Rhapsody, Nov., '11.
Suite de Ballet, March, '15.
"The Planets (Mars, Saturn, Jupiter"), Oct., '21 (2).
Suite, "Beni Mora" Nov., '22 (2).
St. Paul's Suite, Dec., '22 (2).

HOWELL, DOROTHY
Tone Poem, "Lamia," Feb., '21.
*Humoresque for Orchestra, Dec., '21
Ballet, "Koong Shee," Jan., '23.
Pianoforte Concerto in D Minor, May, '23.

HOWELLS, HERBERT
Suite for Orchestra, "The B's." Feb., '19.
"Puck's Minuet," Nov., '21.
Procession, Oct., '22 (2).

HURLSTONE, W. Y.
*Variations on Hungarian Air, Oct., '02.
*Suite, "The Magic Mirror," Oct., '01.

HUTCHISON, THROSBY
Tone Poem, "In Memoriam," Dec., '18.

IRELAND, JOHN
"The Forgotten Rite," Jan., '20 (2).

IVIMEY, J. W.
Overture, "Lever de Rideau," Dec. 1900

KERBY, PAUL
*Overture, "As You Like It," Jan., '20 (2).
Symphonic Poem, "The Seekers," Dec., '20.
*Symphonic Phantasy, Jan., '22.

KETELBEY, A. W.
Two Eastern Sketches, May, '23.

KEYSER, HARRY
Elegie, "In Memoriam," Nov., '18.
Symphony in A Flat, March, '10.
*Symphonic Variations, Dec., '03.
Dance Suite, Dec., '07 (2).
*Two Ballades for 'Cello, Nov., '02.
*Violin Concerto, May, '22.
Tone Poem, "Othello," April, '11.

KING HALL, F.
*Overtures and Romance for Violin (total, 8), Nov., '02.

KLEAN, BLUEBELL
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Dec., '17.

LAURENCE, FREDERIC
"Tristis," for String Orchestra, Nov., '23.

LEVINE, PHILIP
Romance for Violin and Orchestra, Nov., '19.

LÖHR, HARVEY
*Symphony in D Minor, Dec., '02.

LYON, JAMES
Orchestral Suite, March, '04.
Suite Miniature, Nov., '05.
Tone Poem, "Gwalia," Feb., '07.
Valse Poetiques, Feb., '07.
Variations on Handel's "Sarabande," Feb., '08.
Elegaic Melody for Strings, Dec., '08 (2).
Suite, "The Miracle of the Rose," Dec., '08 (2).
Ballade for Violin and Orchestra, Feb., '10.

MACCUNN, HAMISH
Overture, "Land of the Mountain and the Flood," Nov., '96 (19).
"The Ship o' the Fiend," Jan., '97.
Overture, "Dowie Dens of Yarrow," Dec., 1900.
Suite, "Highland Memories," Jan., '98.
Ballet, "Diarmid," Nov., '99.

MACKENZIE, A. C.
Overture, "Britannia," Dec., '95 (10).
Overture, "Cricket on the Hearth," Dec., '02 (9).

MACKENZIE, A. C., *continued.*
Overture, "The Little Minister," Oct., '98 (6).
Overture, "Twelfth Night," Jan., '06. (4).
Suite, "From the North," Jan. '96.
Benedictus, Feb., '96 (6).
Solemn March, "The Story of Sayid," Nov., '96.
Ballade, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," Jan., '97 (6).
Suite, "London Day by Day," Dec., '92 (2).
Suite, "Cariolanus," Nov., '01.
March and Morris Dance, Jan., 1900.
Scotch Rhapsody, Dec., '96 (2).
Ballet Music, "Colomba," April, '96. (5).
Prelude to "Colomba," Oct., '96 (5).
Ravenwood Music, March, '01 (3).
Burns' Rhapsody, April, '97 (3).
Coronation March, Dec., '09.
Preludes to "Manfred," March, '08 (3)
Canadian Rhapsody, Jan., '06 (3).
"A Song of Thanksgiving," March, '10.
Suite, "The Troubadour," March, '04 (2).
Piano Concerto, "The Scottish," Nov., '01 (5).
Violin Concerto, May, '01 (2).
Pibroch for Violin and Orchestra, (3).
Rhapsody, "Tam O'Shanter," Dec., '12 (2).
New Suite for Violin and Orchestra, March, '07.
An English Joy Peal, Feb., '12.
Invocation, March, '13.
*Air de Ballet, "La Savannah," April, '11.
Ancient Scots Tunes Set for Strings, Jan., '17.
Scottish Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Jan., '21 (2).
Overture, "Youth, Sport and Loyalty," April, '23.

MACLEAN, CHARLES
*Tone Poem, Concertos, Suites and March (total, 11), Feb., '01.

MACPHERSON, STEWART
Idyll, "A Summer's Day," April, '04.
Romance for Violin and Orchestra, April, '04.
Violin Concerto, Dec., '04.

McEwen, J. B.
*Viola Concerto, Nov., '01.
*"Solway" Symphony, Oct., '22 (2).
Border Ballad, "Grey Galloway," May, '23.
Matthay, Tobias
Concert Overture, Oct., '02 (3).
Concertstück for Piano and Orchestra, Feb., '04 (2).
Merrick, Frank
Celtic Suite, Dec., '23.
Mitchell, E. S.
Fantasia Overture, Jan., '24.
Nachez, Tivadar
*Violin Concerto No. 2, Oct., 1906 (2).
*Violin Concerto No. 3, Nov., 1922.
Naylor, E. W.
Overture, "King Arthur," Nov., '01.
Variation on an Original Theme, Nov., '01.
O'Brien, Charles
Overture, "Ellangowan," Jan., '18.
Overture, "To Spring," Nov., '18.
O'Connor, Morris
*Violin Concerto, April, '14 (2).
*Second Violin Concerto, Feb., '20 (2).
*'Cello Concerto, March, '15.
*Four Irish Sketches, April, '16 (2).
Palmer, Molyneux
Four Pieces on Irish Folk-Songs, Feb., '15.
Suite, "Feis Ceoil," Nov., '16.
Parry, Hubert
English Symphony, March, 1900 (5).
Symphony, No. 2, in F, Dec., '01 (2).
Symphony, No. 4, Dec., '04 (2).
Symphonic Variations, Dec., '01 (4).
Overture to an Unwritten Tragedy, Dec., '02.
Overture, "The Frogs," May, '01.
Suite for Strings, Dec., '02 (3).
Suite, "Hypatia," March, 1900.
Peek, Bertrand
*Tone Poem, "Taj Mahal," May, '18.
Phillips, Montague
Symphonic Scherzo, May, '08.
Symphonic Poem, "Boadicea," Nov., '08.
Four Dances from "The Rebel Maid," May, '23.
Phillips, Montague, *continued.*
Piano Concerto, No. 2, Dec., '21.
Overture "Heroic," Nov., '16 (2).
Symphony in C Minor, Nov., '13.
Pitt, Percy
*Dramatic Overture, March, '03.
An Old English Rhapsody, Feb., '12.
Serenade for Orchestra, Dec., '13.
Suite, "Sakura," March, '15.
Prout, Ebenezer
Symphony in F, Dec., '97.
Pratt, Alfred
*Overture, "Ballabile," Nov., '04.
Quilter, Roger
A Children's Overture, Jan., '21.
Three English Dances, Nov., '13.
Suite, "Where the Rainbow Ends," Dec., '13.
Raybould, Clarence
Orchestral Variations, April, '14.
Reed, W. H.
Violin Concerto in A Minor, Oct., '18.
Rhapsody for Violin and Orchestra, Dec., '20.
Phantasy, "The Lincoln Imp," April, '22.
Ronald, Landon
Suite, "The Garden of Allah," Oct., '20 (2).
Suite de Ballet, Oct., '02 (2).
Scena for Voice and Orchestra, "The Lament of Shah Jehan," May, '23.
Symphonic Poem, "A Winter's Night," April, '02 (2).
Ballet, "Britannia's Realm," Oct., '02.
"A Birthday Overture," Oct., '06.
Rootham, Cyril
Overture, "The Spirit of Comedy," Oct., '08.
Rhapsody, "Pan," March, '17.
Operatic Overture, Oct., '18.
Overture and Dances, "The Two Sisters," March, '20.
*Miniature Suite, Dec., '21.
Ross, Craigie
*Marche Heroique, Oct., '98.
*Homage March, Jan., '04.
Salsbury, Janet
Overture, "Mirth," April, '10.
Scarborough, Ethel
Overture, "Aspiration," March, '09 (2).
Piano Concerto, May, '08.
Fantasy, "Promise," Jan., '23.

SCOTT, CYRIL
Prelude and Variations, Nov., '03.
Pastorale and March, Nov., '03.
Aubade, Dec., '06.
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, March, '17.

SELBY, LUARD
Village Suite, Jan., '10.

SHAPLEIGH, BERTRAM
Suite, "Ramayana," Feb., '09.

SHAW, MARTIN
Overture, "The Cockyolly Bird," Feb., '20.

SLINN, EDGAR B.
*Three Dances, Feb., '02.
*Elegie for Orchestra, Feb., '03.
*Funeral March, Nov., '00.
*Concertstück for Violin, May, '01.

SMITH, A. BRENT
"Worcester Rhapsody," Jan., '21.
Rhapsody, "The South Downs," Feb., '22 (2).

SMYTH, ETHEL
Overture, "The Wreckers," Dec., '14 (4).
Overture, "The Boatswain's Mate," Dec., '15 (2).
Prelude, "The Cliffs of Cornwall," Dec., '15 (3).

SOMERVELL, ARTHUR
Ballad, "Helen of Kirkconnell," Jan., '97.
"Thalassa," Symphony, May, '14 (3).
Symphonic Variations, "Normandy," for Piano and Orchestra, Dec., '19.
Variations for Two Pianos and Strings, Jan., '21.
Suite, "Thomas the Rhymer," Jan., '21.
Concerto (Highland) for Piano and Orchestra, Feb., '22.

SPEER, W. H.
Symphony in E Flat, March, '06 (2).
*Legende and Meditation, March, '02.
*Coronation March, March, '02.
*Festival Overture, Jan., '98 (2).
*Cinderella Suite, March, 1900 (2).
*Rhapsodie in E Flat, March, '99.
Phantasy Impressions, May, '22.

STANFORD, C. V.
Symphony, No. 3, "Irish," May, '99 (8).
Symphony, No. 4, April, '09 (3).
Symphony, No. 5, Jan., '05 (2).
Symphony, No. 6, Jan., '07.

STANFORD, C. V., *continued.*
Symphony, No. 7, March, '12 (3).
Irish Rhapsody, No. 1, Jan., '03 (10).
Irish Rhapsody, No. 2, Oct., '03.
Irish Rhapsody, No. 4, May, '14 (3)
Four Irish Dances, Jan., '05.
Incidental Music to "Attila," May, '07.
Variations for Piano and Orchestra, "Down Among the Dead Men," May, 1900 (4).
*Violin Concerto, March, '01.
*Clarinet Concerto, Jan., '03.
*Pianoforte Concerto, No. 2, April, '19 (2).
A Song of Agincourt, Oct., '19.
Concertino for Solo Violin and Violoncello, April, '20.

STEANE, BRUCE
*Suite, "Dreadnought," Dec., '11.
*Tone Poem, "Grimaldi," April, '12.

STEGGALL, REGINALD
Variations on an Original Theme, Feb., '03.
*Suite in E, Feb., '01 (2).
*Phantasy Overture, March, '14.
Dramatic Prelude, March, '02.
Romance Intermezzo and Waltz, March, '05.

SULLIVAN, ARTHUR
Overture, "In Memoriam," Nov., '95 (16).
Overture, "Di Ballo," Jan., '96 (12).
Overture, "Macbeth," Oct., '02 (5)
Overture, "The Sapphire Necklace," Jan., '06.
Masquerade, "The Merchant of Venice," Nov., '01 (2).
Ballet, "Victoria and Merrie England," March, '98.
Suite, "The Tempest," Oct., '15 (2).
'Cello Concerto, May, '10.
Imperial March, Feb., '18.

SWEPSTONE, EDITH
*Symphony in G Minor, Feb,. '02.
Overture, "Les Tenebres," March, '03.
Tone Poem, "A Vision," March '03 (2).
*Suite, "Daramona," Oct., '99 (2).
*Suite, "The Ice Maiden," Nov., 1900.
Prelude, "Paola and Francesca," Feb., '04.

SWEPSTONE, EDITH, *continued.*
Tone Poem, "The Wind in the Pines," May, '09.
Overture, "The Horn of Roland," May, '10.
Two Tone Poems, April, '15.
*Tone Poem, "On the Mountains," May, '12.

TAPP, FRANK
Symphony, "The Tempest," Dec., '14.
Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra, Nov., '09.
Suite de Ballet, April, '23.

TROWELL, ARNOLD
'Cello Concerto in B Minor, March, '13 (2).
Second 'Cello Concerto, Dec., '14 (2).
*Tone Poem, "The Waters of Peneios," Oct., '19 (4).
*Tone Poem, "Niobe," Oct., '18 (2).
'Cello Concerto, "Haydn," Jan., '17.
*Tone Poem, "The Sirens of Paros," Oct., '19.

TWINNING, WALTER
Concert Overture, April, '15.

VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS, R.
*Serenade in A Minor, April, '01.
*Bucolic Suite, March, '02.
*Symphonic Rhapsody, March, '04.
Comedy Overture, "The Wasps," Dec., '21 (2).
Fantasia on a Theme by Tallis, Jan., '23.
Romance for Violin and Orchestra, May, '23.
*A London Symphony, Feb., '15 (4). (First provincial performance.)
*Pastoral Symphony, April, '22. (First provincial performance.)

WALL, ALFRED
Overture, "Thanet," April, '22.

WALLACE, WILLIAM
Symphony, "The Creation," Oct., '02.
Suite, "Pelleas and Melisande," Oct., '03.
*Rhapsody, "Mary Magdalene," Oct., '03.

WALLACE, WILLIAM, *continued.*
Symphonic Poem, "Sister Helen," March, '05.
Symphonic Poem, "Sir William Wallace," Nov., '05.
Symphonic Poem, "Villon," Feb., '10 (5).
Symphonic Poem, "The Passing of Beatrice," Nov., '11.
Overture, "Scottish Poesie," April, '13.

WALTHEW, R. H.
Three Night Scenes, May, '07.
*Piano Concerto, Oct., '03.
Overture, "Our Friend Fritz," Oct., '14.

WARNER, H. WALDO
Three Elfin Dances, Feb., '18.

WHITE, FELIX
*Two English Dances, March, '23.
*Meditation, March, '23.

WHITTAKER, W. G.
Four Orchestral Transcriptions, April, '21.

WIGHT, A. N.
Overture, "St. Hubert's Day," Oct., '03.
Dirge for Viola and Orchestra, Jan., '09.

WILLIAMS, C. À BECKETT
Theme and Derivations for Strings, Dec., '19.

WILSHIRE, A. E.
Concert Overture, April, '05.
*Tone Poem, "An Eastern Picture," Nov., '09.

WINGHAM, THOMAS
Symphony, No. 2, in B Flat, Nov., '01 (2).

WOOD, A. H.
Three Dances for Orchestra, Dec., '01.
Suite for Orchestra, Feb., '03 (2).
*Overture, "The Crusaders," May, '08.

YOUNG, DALHOUSIE
Rustic Suite, Nov., '97.
Serenade for Orchestra, March, '03.
*Christmas Hymn, Dec., '03.
Five Bagatelles for Strings, April, '06.

APPENDIX C

SELECTED LIST OF CLASSICAL AND OTHER FOREIGN WORKS PERFORMED AT THE BOURNEMOUTH SYMPHONY CONCERTS FROM OCTOBER 14TH, 1895, TO DECEMBER 31ST, 1923.

COMPILED BY HADLEY WATKINS.

(*The date in brackets* denotes the first performance in Bournemouth.)

BEETHOVEN

SYMPHONIES:
- No. 1, Jan., 1896 (22).
- No. 2, Oct., 1895 (30).
- No. 3, Dec., 1895 (31).
- No. 4, Jan., 1896 (30).
- No. 5, Oct., 1895 (42).
- No. 6, Nov., 1895 (22).
- No. 7, March, 1897 (31).
- No. 8, Feb., 1896 (24).
- No. 9 (omitting Choral Section), May, 1896 (18).
- "Jena," April, 1912 (4).

OVERTURES:
- "Coriolanus," Nov., 1895 (22).
- "King Stephen," Nov., 1896 (5).
- "Leonore," No. 1, Nov., 1895 (4).
- No. 2, Feb., 1896 (4).
- No. 3, Oct., 1895 (34).
- "Namensfeier," Feb., 1897 (3).
- "The Ruin of Athens," March, 1897 (3).
- "Dedication of the House," Jan., 1897 (5).
- "Prometheus," April, 1896 (16).
- "Egmont," Dec., 1895 (19).
- "Fidelio," April, 1896 (7).

PIANO CONCERTOS:
- No. 1, Oct., 1895 (5).
- No. 2, Nov., 1901 (3).
- No. 3, Jan., 1897 (16).
- No. 4, Jan., 1899 (10).
- No. 5, March, 1898 (13).

Violin Concerto, March, 1896 (13).

Triple Concerto, Dec., 1902 (1).

Romance for Violin, Feb., 1907 (2).

"Prometheus" Ballet Music," Oct., 1905 (5).

Three Equale for four Trombones, Dec., 1901 (2).

Rondo in E Flat for Wood Wind, Dec., 1901 (5).

BERLIOZ

SYMPHONIES:
- Fantastique, March, 1898 (7).
- "Harold in Italy," Nov., 1899 (4).
- "Romeo and Juliet," Jan., 1903 (6).

OVERTURES:
- "King Lear," Nov., 1896 (5).
- "Carnaval Romain," Jan., 1897 (12).
- "Les Francs Juges," April, 1899 (4).
- "Rob Roy," April, 1903 (4).
- "Waverley," Oct., 1900 (2).
- "Benvenuto Cellini," March, 1898 (8).
- "Beatrice and Benedict," Nov., 1906 (3).
- Hungarian March, "Faust," Nov., 1895 (15).
- Ballet des Sylphes, Jan., 1898 (8).
- Menuet des Follets, Nov., 1898 (6).
- Trojan March, Dec., 1903 (1).
- Prelude, The Trojans at Carthage, April, 1904 (1).
- Traümerei for Violin and Orchestra, Dec., 1903 (1).
- Trio for Harp and Flutes, "L'Enfance du Christ," Jan., 1897 (4).

BRAHMS

SYMPHONIES:
No. 1, Oct., 1897 (26).
No. 2, Nov., 1895 (29).
No. 3, Feb., 1897 (21).
No. 4, Jan., 1899 (23).
Hungarian Dances, Nov., 1895 (29).
Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Nov., 1896 (6).
OVERTURES:
"Tragic," Dec., 1897 (15).
"Academische Fest," Dec., 1897 (9).
SERENADES:
No. 1, Oct., 1898 (1).
No. 2, May, 1900 (1).
Two Intermezzi, Jan., 1902 (2).
PIANO CONCERTOS:
No. 1, Dec., 1899 (5).
No. 2, April, 1899 (4).
Violin Concerto, in D Major, Dec., 1896 (10).
Double Concerto, Violin and 'Cello, Dec., 1900 (2).

BRUCH, MAX

Symphony, No. 1, Nov., 1900 (1).
Swedish Dances, May, 1897 (3).
"Die Lorelei, Oct., 1903 (2).
Romance in A for Violin and Orchestra, Feb., 1896 (2).
Fantasia for Violin and Orchestra, Feb., 1909 (2).
VIOLIN CONCERTOS:
G Minor, Dec., 1895 (15).
D Minor, March, 1900 (5).
Scotch Fantasia for Violin and Orchestra, Oct., 1903 (1).
"Kol Nidrei," for 'Cello and Orchestra, March, 1896 (10).
"Ave Maria," for 'Cello and Orchestra, Nov., 1905 (5).

CHERUBINI

OVERTURES:
"Anacreon," Dec., 1895 (7).
"Faniska," Dec., 1896 (1).
"Medea," Jan., 1896 (9).
"The Water Carrier," March, 1896 (2).
"Les Abencerages," Nov., 1895 (2).
"Lodoiska," Feb., 1896 (3).
"Elise," Oct., 1897 (1).
"Portugesische Gasthof," April, 1898 (3).
"Ali Baba," March, 1899 (1).
"Anacreon Ballet," March, 1895 (2).
"Ave Maria," Oct., 1895, (1).

CHOPIN

Funeral March, Nov. 1900 (3).
Valse Brilliant, Dec., 1895 (1).
Two Polonaises, Dec., 1895 (2).
PIANO CONCERTOS:
April, 1896 (3).
No. 2, Dec., 1904 (2).

DVORAK

SYMPHONIES:
No. 1, Jan., 1896 (11).
No. 2, March, 1898 (7).
No. 3, Oct., 1897 (8).
No. 4, Jan., 1897 (15).
No. 5, Oct., 1896 (28).
SYMPHONIC POEMS:
"The Wild Dove," Jan., 1903 (1).
"Heroic Song," Nov., 1900 (1).
"Das Goldene Spinnrad," Feb., 1905 (1).
Symphonic Variations, Feb., 1904 (1).
OVERTURES:
"Husitzka," Oct., 1898 (12).
"Carneval," March, 1901 (22).
"In Der Natur," Feb., 1899 (7).
"Otello," Nov., 1899 (4).
"Mein Heim," Feb., 1896 (7).
"Der Bauer ein Schelm," Feb., 1897 (1).
Slavonic Dances, Nov., 1895 (38).
Serenade for Strings, Jan., 1900 (2).
Rhapsodie, No. 2, March, 1890 (1).
Scherzo Capriccioso, Jan., 1897 (2).
Violin Concerto, April, 1896 (5).
'Cello Concerto, Dec., 1896 (8).
Piano Concerto in G Minor, Dec., 1906 (1).

FRANCK, CESAR

Symphony in D minor, March, 1904 (13).
Symphonic Variations, P. and O., Jan., 1903 (10).
Symphonic Poems:
" Les Eolides," Oct., 1907 (1).
" Le Chasseur Maudit," Oct., 1922 (2).
Morceau Symphonique, " Redemption," Jan., 1907 (3).

GADE, NIELS

Symphonies:
No. 1, May, 1897 (3).
No. 2, March, 1896 (2).
No. 3, Nov., 1895 (6).
No. 4, Dec., 1895 (5).
No. 5, April, 1896 (5).
No. 6, March, 1898 (1).
No. 7, Dec., 1898 (3).
No. 8, Dec., 1897 (2).
Overtures:
" Lustspeil," April, 1903 (2).
" Hamlet," Jan., 1896 (10).
" Nachklänge von Ossian," Nov., 1895 (11).
" Michael Angelo," Feb., 1902 (3).
" In Hochland," Jan., 1899 (1).
Suite, " Holbergiana," Jan., 1896 (4).

GLAZOUNOV

Symphonies:
No. 4, March, 1900 (12).
No. 5, March, 1903 (6).
No. 6, March, 1902 (10).
No. 7, Oct., 1903 (4).
No. 8, Oct., 1919 (1).
" Idyll and Reverie," Feb., 1901 (1).
Serenades:
No. 1, March, 1900 (1).
No. 2, Feb., 1901 (1).
Suite de Ballet, " The Seasons," Nov., 1903 (2).
" Elegie," March, 1900 (2).
Overtures:
" Carnival," Feb., 1901 (7).
" Das Lied des Schicksals," Jan., 1910 (1).
Violin Concerto in A Minor, Feb., 1907 (10),
Symphonic Poems:
" The Forest," Oct., 1921 (1).
" Stenka Razine," Oct., 1916 (1).
March on Russian Themes, Oct., 1915 (1).
Paraphrase on the National Hymns of the Allies, Oct., 1916 (1).
" Song of the Volga Boatmen," Oct., 1916 (2).
Fantasia, " A Slav Fête," Oct., 1916 (2).
Concert Valses:
No. 1, Oct., 1916 (4).
No. 2, Oct., 1916 (1).
" Chant du Menestrel," Oct., 1917 (1).
Spanish Serenade, Oct., 1917 (1).
Triumphal March, Oct., 1917 (2).
Solemn Quartet for Brass Instruments, Oct., 1917 (1).

GLINKA

Overture, " Rouslane and Ludmilla," Nov., 1901 (4).
Fantasia, " Komarinskaja," Nov., 1895 (5).
Polonaise, " Life for the Czar," Oct., 1917 (1).

GLÜCK

Overture, " Alceste," April, 1903 (3).
" Iphigenie en Aulide," May, 1898 (6).
Ballet Suites:
No. 1, Nov., 1898 (7). No. 2, Jan., 1902 (3).

GOETZ, HERMANN

Symphony in F, Jan., 1898 (14).
Overtures:
" Frühling," Dec., 1896 (5).
" Francesca da Rimini," March, 1905 (1).
" The Taming of the Shrew," March, 1906 (2).

GOLDMARK

SYMPHONIES:
- No. 1, "Rustic Wedding," Nov., 1896 (2)
- No. 2, March, 1901 (1).

OVERTURES:
- "Sappho," March, 1899 (5).
- "Im Frühling," Jan., 1899 (5).
- "Sakuntala," Oct., 1897 (14).
- "Prometheus," Oct., 1916 (1).
- "Penthesilea," Jan., 1898 (3).
- "In Italien," Oct., 1905 (1).
- "The Cricket on the Hearth," Feb.,1901 (3).

Ballet, "The Queen of Sheba," May, 1901 (4).

Scherzo, Nov., 1898 (12).

Violin Concerto, Jan., 1901 (1).

GOUNOD

BALLETS:
- "La Reine de Saba," Oct., 1895 (11).
- "Faust," Nov., 1896 (10).
- "Romeo and Juliet," Jan., 1896 (7).
- "Cinq Mars," Dec., 1898 (1).
- "Polyeucte," March, 1897 (2).
- "Saltarello," March, 1897 (2).

"Dance des Bacchantes," Dec., 1904 (1).

"Hymn à St. Cecile," Nov., 1895 (3).

Overture, "Mirella," Jan., 1909 (3).

GRIEG

SUITES:
- Peer Gynt No. 1, Dec., 1895 (19).
- ,, No. 2, Oct., 1895 (17).

"Lyrische Stücke," April, 1903 (1).

Lyric Suite, Nov., 1906 (8).

"Old Norwegian Romance," March, 1909 (1).

Overture, "In Autumn" (Im Herbst), Nov., 1897 (10).

Norwegian Dances, Dec., 1897 (16).

Symphonic Dances, Nov., 1899 (11).

Melodies for Strings, March, 1896 (19).

Suite for Strings (Holberg), Jan., 1897 (3).

Suite, "Sigurd Jorsalfar," Oct., 1899 (11).

Piano Concerto in A Minor, Dec., 1897 (20)

HAYDN

SYMPHONIES:
- No. 1, Dec., 1898 (1).
- No. 2, March, 1902 (5).
- No. 3, March, 1902 (2).
- No. 4, Dec., 1895 (5).
- No. 5, March, 1896 (1).
- No. 6, Dec., 1904 (1).
- No. 11, Jan., 1896 (4).
- No. 12, Jan., 1897 (3).
- No. 13, April, 1909 (1).
- No. 16, Nov., 1905 (4).
- No. 18, Dec., 1907 (1).
- No. 24, Nov., 1895.
- No. 26, Jan., 1896 (3).
- No. 27, March, 1907 (1).
- No. 29, March, 1906 (1).

Variations on the Austrian Hymn, Dec., 1895 (3).

'Cello Concerto, Jan., 1902 (1).

Piano Concerto, March, 1906 (1).

VIOLIN CONCERTOS:
- No. 1, Dec., 1909 (1).
- No. 2, Dec., 1909 (1).

LISZT

SYMPHONIC POEMS:
- "Fest Klänge," Oct., 1902 (1).
- "Die Ideale," Jan., 1901 (1).
- "Les Preludes," March, 1899 (10).
- "Orpheus," Feb., 1897 (1).
- "Mazeppa," March, 1902 (1).
- "Tasso," Dec., 1904 (2).
- "Ce qu'on Entend sur le Montagne," Jan., 1900 (3).

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODIES:
- No. 1, March, 1898 (11).
- No. 2, Dec., 1895 (9).
- No. 4, Oct., 1900 (6).
- No. 5, Jan., 1897 (1).

Second Polonaise, Oct., 1915 (2).

Hungarian Storm March, March 1896 (3).

Hungarian Fantasia for Piano and, Orchestra, April, 1897 (7).

"Danse Macabre," for Piano and Orchestra, 1918 (1).

PIANO CONCERTOS:
- No. 1, Dec., 1897 (15).
- No. 2, Jan., 1902 (3).

MASSENET

"Le Dernier, Sommeil de la Vierge," Nov., 1895 (9).
Overture, "Phedre," Dec., 1897 (17).
"Le Cid Ballet," Jan., 1897 (8).
"Herodiade Ballet," Feb., 1900 (2).
Scenes:
"Hongroises," Nov., 1895 (7).
"Pittoresques," Dec., 1895 (2).
"Alsaciennes," Nov., 1897 (3).
"Dramatiques," Feb., 1899 (1).
"Napolitaines," Oct., 1897 (6).
Suites:
"Les Erinnyes," Oct., 1896 (13).
"Le Roman d'Arlequin," April, 1899 (1).
"Esclaramonde," Nov., 1899 (2).
"Cendrillon," Oct., 1900 (1).
"De Feerie," March, 1901 (1).
Meditation "Thais," Dec., 1898 (2).

MENDELSSOHN

Symphonies:
No. 1, Dec., 1895 (6).
No. 2, Jan., 1896 (8).
No. 3, Oct., 1895 (19).
No. 4, Dec., 1895 (19).
"The Hymn of Praise," Oct. 1917 (2).
Overtures:
"Athalie," Feb., 1896 (7).
"Son and Stranger," Dec., 1896 (2).
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Dec., 1895 (35).
"Melusine," Jan., 1896 (6).
"Trompeten," March, 1897 (3).
"St. Paul," Feb., 1897 (2).
"Fingal's Cave," Oct., 1895 (6).
"Ruy Blas," Nov., 1895 (18).
"Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," Oct., 1895 (7).
"Walpurgis Night," Dec., 1900 (1).
"Camacho's Wedding," Oct., 1896 (4).
Intermezzo, Dec., 1895 (2).
"Songs Without Words," Jan., 1900 (20).
"Cornelius March," Dec., 1904 (1).
Canzonetta for Strings, Dec., 1907 (2)
Piano Concertos:
No. 1, G Minor, March, 1896 (10).
No. 2, D Minor, Dec., 1896 (3).
Capriccio in B Minor, Piano and Orchestra, Jan., 1896 (8).
"Rondo Brillant," Piano and Orchestra, April, 1900 (2).
Serenade and Allegro Giojoso, for Piano and Orchestra, May, 1899 (2).
Violin Concerto in E Minor, April, 1896 (14).
Scherzo and March, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Oct., 1917 (1).

MOSZKOWSKI

Spanish Dances, Dec., 1895 (8).
Serenata, Oct., 1901 (4).
Suite, "From Foreign Parts," Feb., 1908 (1).
Suite, No. 1, Nov., 1903 (3).
Morceau, "Pres du Berceau," Oct., 1898 (2).
Ballets:
"Boabdil," Dec., 1898 (2).
"Laurin," Nov., 1806 (1).
Piano Concerto in E Major, April, 1901 (6).
Concertstück, March, 1908 (1).

MOZART

Symphonies:
No. 25, Nov., 1904 (6).
No. 26, March, 1899 (2).
No. 31, April, 1905 (1).
No. 35, Feb., 1897 (4).
No. 36, March, 1900 (3).
No. 37, Jan., 1900 (3).
No. 38, Dec., 1895 (8).
No. 39, Jan., 1899 (11).
No. 40, Dec., 1896 (11).
No. 42, Jan., 1903 (3).
No. 48, Oct., 1895 (26).
Overtures:
"Don Juan," Nov., 1900 (9).
"Cosi Fan Tutti," April, 1899 (5).
"Titus," April, 1901 (2).
"Figaro," Feb., 1900 (13).
"The Magic Flute," March, 1896 (16).
"H Seraglio," March, 1900 (2).
Serenades:
No. 7, Jan., 1905 (3).
In G, Feb., 1906 (1).

MOZART.—*Continued.*

Ballet Music "Idomeneo," Nov., 1907 (1).
Masonic Dirge, Feb., 1901 (1).
Turkish March, Dec., 1895 (1)
PIANO CONCERTOS:
No. 20, in D Minor, March, 1899 (7).
No. 23, in A, March, 1900 (6).
VIOLIN CONCERTOS:
No. 3, in G, Feb., 1906 (1).
No. 6, in E Flat, March, 1904 (3).
Flute Concerto in G, Oct., 1906 (1).

PADEREWSKI

Polish Fantasia for Piano and Orchestra, Feb., 1904 (6).
Piano Concerto in A Minor, March, 1910 (2).

RACHMANINOFF

PIANO CONCERTOS:
No. 1, Nov., 1922 (1).
No. 2, March, 1910 (10).
No. 3, Oct., 1922 (2).
Prelude, C Sharp Minor, Nov., 1908 (7).
SYMPHONY:
No. 2, in E Minor, Oct., 1915 (3).

RAFF, JOACHIM

SYMPHONIES:
No. 1, Feb., 1903 (1).
No. 2, April, 1897 (4).
No. 3, Nov., 1897 (5).
No. 4, Feb., 1900 (1).
No. 5, Nov., 1896 (19).
No. 8, Feb., 1898 (2).
No. 9, Nov., 1899 (1).
Tarantella, "Die Fischerinnen von Procida," Oct., 1895 (7).
"Festmarsch," Oct., 1909 (1).
'Cello Concerto, D Minor, Nov., 1897 (3).
Violin Concerto, No. 2, A Minor, Feb., 1910 (2).

REINECKE, CARL

Symphony, No. 1, Dec., 1900 (3).
OVERTURES:
"Zenobia," Oct., 1901 (2).
"Friedensfeier," Nov., 1897 (7).
"King Manfred," Jan, 1896 (24).
"Dame Kobold," Feb., 1898 (1).
"Der Vierjahrige Posten," May, 1899 (1).
'Cello Concerto, Oct., 1900 (1).
Piano Concerto in F Sharp Minor, Jan., 1908 (1).
Harp Concerto, May, 1908 (4).

RUBINSTEIN

SYMPHONIES:
No. 1, Nov., 1896 (3).
No. 5, April, 1898 (1).
"Ocean," March, 1897 (6).
OVERTURES:
"Dimitri Donskoi," Dec., 1906.
"Triomphale," Nov., 1897 (7).
BALLET:
"Feramors," Oct., 1895 (8).
"Damon," Jan., 1896 (1).
Suite, "Bal Costumé," Feb., 1897 (3).
Melody in F, April, 1896 (2).
Piano Concerto, No. 4, in D Minor, March, 1901 (4).
Caprice Russe for Piano and Orchestra, April, 1907 (1).

SAINT SÄENS

SYMPHONIES :
- No. 1, C Minor, Nov., 1897 (2).
- No. 2, April, 1899 (1).

SYMPHONIC POEMS :
- " Phæton," March, 1895 (1).
- " Danse Macabre," Nov., 1895 (12).
- " Le Rouet d'Omphale," Jan., 1898 (16).
- La Jeunesse d'Hercule," Dec., 1898 (2).

OVERTURE :
- " La Princesse Jaune," Nov., 1900 (5).

Suite, " Algerienne," Nov., 1899 (6).
Prelude," Le Deluge," Nov., 1899 (3).

BALLETS :
- " Henry VIII.," Feb., 1898 (6).
- " Ascaneo," March, 1898 (4).

RHAPSODIES :
- " D'Auvergne," April, 1906 (4).
- " Bretonne," May, 1898 (1).

PIANO CONCERTOS :
- No. 2, G Minor, Jan., 1899 (19).
- No. 4, C Minor, March, 1903 (8).
- No. 5, in F, March, 1904 (3).

Fantasia for Piano and Orchestra, April, 1904 (4).
Serenade for Viola, Cor Anglais, Harp and Orchestra, March, 1898 (4).

VIOLIN CONCERTOS :
- In A, No. 1, Jan., 1898 (1).
- In B Minor, No. 3, Nov., 1897 (14).
- Rondo Capriccioso for Violin, Dec., 1898 (7).

'CELLO CONCERTOS :
- No. 1, A Minor, Nov., 1896 (13).
- No. 2, Oct., 1903 (1).

SCHUBERT

SYMPHONIES :
- No. 1, Oct., 1896 (5).
- No. 2, Feb., 1896 (5).
- No. 3, Dec., 1902 (2).
- No. 4, Oct., 1895 (2).
- No. 5, Feb., 1902 (4).
- No. 6, Feb., 1897 (4).
- No. 7, Dec., 1895 (21).
- No. 8, Nov., 1895 (35).

OVERTURES :
- " Fierrabras," Feb., 1895 (2).
- " In the Italian Style," April, 1896 (2).
- " Des Teufels Lustschloss," May, 1898 (2).
- " Alfonso and Estrella," Feb., 1897 (4).
- " Rosamunde," March, 1901 (7).

Ballet, " Rosamunde," Feb., 1896 (14).
Marche Militaire, Feb., 1905 (2).
Reiter Marsch, Nov., 1904 (1).

SCHUMANN

SYMPHONIES :
- No. 1, Oct., 1895 (19).
- No. 2, Feb., 1896 (11).
- No. 3, Nov., 1895 (12).
- No. 4, Dec., 1896 (23).

OVERTURES :
- " Manfred," Feb,, 1896 (16).
- " Genoveva," Dec., 1895 (10).
- " Hermann and Dorothea," Dec., 1896 (1).
- " The Bride of Messina," Jan., 1897 (2).
- " Faust," March, 1898 (1).
- " Julius Cæsar," Feb., 1898 (1).

" Traümerei," Oct., 1895 (5).
" Schlummerlied," Nov., 1895 (1).
Concertstück for Piano, Feb., 1900 (4).
'Cello Concerto in A Minor, Oct., 1898 (4).
Piano Concerto in A Minor, Jan., 1898 (19).
Introduction and " Allegro Appasionata " for Piano and Orchestra, Jan., 1899 (1).

SIBELIUS

SYMPHONIES :
- No. 1, Oct., 1896 (1).
- No. 2, Oct., 1907 (2).
- No. 3, Oct., 1920 (1).
- No. 4, Dec., 1913 (1).
- No. 5, Oct., 1922 (1).

Tone Poem, " Finlandia," March, 1906 (13).
Legende, " Der Schwannvon Tuonela," Feb., 1906 (1).
Overture, " Karelia," Nov., 1905 (3).
Varsang (" Song of Spring"), Dec., 1907 (1).
Suite,"King KristianII.," Feb.,1907(2).
Tanz Intermezzo, March, 1908 (1).
Valse Triste, Nov., 1907 (7).

SMETANA

Symphonic Poems:
"My Fatherland," Nov., 1902 (9).
(*a*) Vltava.
(*b*) Vysehrad.
(*c*) Sarka.
(*d*) Aus Böhmens Hain und Flur.
Overture, "The Bartered Bride," Oct., 1897 (7).

STRAUSS, RICHARD

Symphonic Poems:
"Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche," Dec., 1903 (6).
"Tod und Verklärung," Nov., 1904 (8).
"Don Juan," Nov., 1906 (6).
Symphonic Suite, "Aus Italien," Dec., 1905 (2).
"Fest Marsch," Oct., 1904 (2).
Violin Concerto in D, April, 1902 (1).
Concerto for French Horn, Feb., 1898 (1).
Burleske for Piano and Orchestra, Dec., 1903 (1).

SVENDSEN

Symphonies:
No. 1, Oct., 1898 (11).
No. 2, Jan., 1900 (4).
Norwegian Rhapsodies:
No. 1, Feb., 1897 (1).
No. 2, April, 1897 (1).
No. 3, 1898 (1).
No. 4, Nov., 1898 (1).
"Carnival in Paris," Oct., 1899 (3).
Norwegian Carnival, Dec., 1896 (9).
Legend, "Zorhayda," Oct., 1917 (3).
'Cello Concerto, Oct., 1898 (3).
Violin Concerto, March, 1904 (1).

TCHAIKOVSKI

Symphonies:
No. 1, Oct., 1900 (5).
No. 2, Oct., 1899 (6).
No. 3, May, 1900 (8).
No. 4, Feb., 1898 (22).
No. 5, March, 1897 (26).
No. 6, March, 1897 (26).
"Manfred," Dec., 1898 (4).
Symphonic Poem, "Francesca da Rimini," Feb., 1902 (5).
Symphonic Variations for 'Cello and Orchestra, Nov., 1901 (10).
Ballade Symphonique, "Le Voyevode," Dec., 1905 (1).
Overtures:
"1812," March, 1897 (19).
"Hamlet," March, 1901 (2).
"Romeo and Juliet," Jan., 1901 (16).
"On the Danish National Hymn," Jan., 1903 (5).
"Der Opritschnik," Dec., 1902 (1).
"The Tempest," April, 1907 (1).
Suites:
No. 1, Oct., 1901 (2).
No. 2, Nov., 1901 (1).
No. 3, Dec., 1897 (5).
"Casse Noisette," Jan., 1897 (20).
"Mozartiana," April, 1903 (3).
Ballets:
"The Sleeping Beauty," Jan., 1896 (4).
"Le Lac des Cygnes," April, 1902 (3).
Serenades:
For Strings, April, 1899 (7).
"Melancholique," for Violin and Orchestra, Oct., 1902 (3).
"Capriccio Italien," March, 1901 (8).
Marches Solennelles:
No. 1, March, 1897 (12).
No. 2, Feb., 1900 (7).
Marche Slav, April, 1905 (2).
Andante Cantabile, Nov., 1895 (14).
"Chant Sans Paroles," Jan., 1896 (5).
Piano Concertos:
No. 1, Jan., 1898 (14).
No. 2, Oct., 1902 (5).
No. 3, Oct., 1901 (1).
Fantasia for Piano, Oct., 1900 (1).
Violin Concerto in D, May, 1897 (16).
Pezzo Capriccioso for 'Cello, Nov., 1900 (1).

WAGNER

OVERTURES:

"Faust," Nov., 1897 (8).
"Rule, Britannia," Oct., 1908 (2).
"King Enzio," April, 1909 (1).
"Die Feen," Dec., 1904 (1).
"The Flying Dutchman," Oct., 1896 (21).
"Rienzi," Dec., 1895 (14).
"Tannhäuser," Oct., 1895 (38).
"The Mastersingers," Nov., 1896 (29).
Preludes to "Lohengrin," Jan., 1896 (39).
Prelude and Love Death, "Tristan and Isolde," Feb., 1898 (24).
Introduction to Act III., "Tristan and Isolde," Dec., 1901 (8).
Prelude and Good Friday Music to "Parsifal," Feb., 1898 (31).
"Parsifal," Klingsors Magic Garden and Flower Maidens' Music, April, 1905.
"Parsifal," March of the Knights of the Grail, Jan., 1903.
"Parsifal," Close of Act III., Dec., 1899.
"Ride of the Valkyries," Feb., 1898.
"Wotan's Farewell," Dec., 1899 (3).
Funeral March, "Gotterdämmerung," April, 1898 (2).
Huldigungs Marsch, Feb., 1898 (18).
Kaisermarsch, March, 1896 (3).
"Entry of the Gods into Valhalla," Jan., 1899 (8).
Siegfried Idyll, Nov., 1895 (20).
Ballet Music, "Rienzi," Dec., 1895 (2).
Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine March, 1899 (12).
Forest Murmurs, "Siegfried," Feb., March, 1913 (7).
Venusberg Music, "Tannhäuser," Feb., 1898 (4).
Grosser Festmarsch, Feb., 1901 (1).
Festival March, "Tannhäuser," Oct., 1895 (12).
Träume, Feb., 1898 (4).
Menuetto, from Sonata, Dec., 1895 (2).

WEBER

OVERTURES:

"Der Freischütz," Oct., 1895 (13).
"Oberon," Nov., 1895 (4).
"Euryanthe," Feb., 1896 (6).
"Jubilee," May, 1899 (6).
"Preciosa," Dec., 1906 (3).
"Ruler of the Spirits," Nov., 1907 (1).
"Invitation to Valse," Nov., 1895 (3).
Concertstück for Piano, Feb., 1897 (5).
Bassoon Concerto, Two Movements, Nov., 1895 (1).

APPENDIX D

LIST OF ARTISTS (IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER) WHO HAVE APPEARED AT THE WINTER GARDENS BETWEEN MAY, 1893, AND JANUARY 1ST, 1924.

COMPILED BY HADLEY WATKINS.

VOCALISTS

SOPRANOS.—Albani, Florence Austral, Alys Bateman, Lilian Blaufelt, Emily Breare, Marie Brema, Stella Carol, Louise Dale, Donalda, Alice Esty, Laura Evans-Williams, Evangeline Florence, Ada Forrest, Elena Gerhardt, Dora Gibson, Ursula Greville, Maik Jarnefelt, Dora Labbette, Miriam Licette, Felice Lyne, Jean Sterling Mackinlay, Blanche Marchesi, Dame Nellie Melba, Gladys Moger, Mignon Nevada, Agnes Nicholls, Patti, Lily Payling, Aurelie Revy, Amy Sherwin, Dorothy Silk, Lilian Stiles-Allen, Elsa Stralia, Elsa Suddaby, Tetrazzini, Helen Trust, Carrie Tubb, Doris Vane, Alice Verlet, Ruth Vincent, Gleeson-White, etc.

CONTRALTOS.—Dame Clara Butt, Belle Cole, Ada Crossley, Astra Desmond, Alice Gomez, Olga Haley, Carmen Hill, Kirkby Lunn, Stella Murray, Violet Openshaw, Maud Santley, Antoinette Stirling, Edna Thornton, Lady Maud Warrender, Hilda Wilson, Doris Woodall, etc.

TENORS.—John Adams, William Boland, John Booth, John Coates, Ben Davies, Maurice d'Oisly, Hubert Eisdell, Gervase Elwes, John Harrison, Alfred Hayes, Alfred Heather, Sam Hempsall, Arthur Jordan, Mischa Leon, Elward Lloyd, John McCormack, Melchior, Webster Millar, Frank Mullings, Sims Reeves, Richard Ripley, Vladimir Rosing, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lane Wilson, etc.

BARITONES AND BASSES.—Norman Allin, Frederick Austin, George Baker, Thorpe Bates, Andrew Black, Edmund Burke, Chaliapine, Robert Chignell, Ffrangcon Davies, Peter Dawson, Harry Dearth, Edward Dykes, Foli, Ivor Foster, Fraser Gange, Eric Godley, Plunket Greene, Sir George Henschel, Herbert Heyner, Manitto Klitgaard, Theo Lierhammer, Robert Maitland, Watkin Mills, Robert Radford, Frederick Ranalow, Kennerley Rumford, Sir Charles Santley, Horace Stevens, Frederick Taylor, Charles Tree, Vallier, Julius Walther, Harold Williams, Don Pedro de Zulueta, etc.

The English Singers, the Gresham Quartet, the Meister Glee Singers, the Southern Syncopated Singers, the Westminster Singers.

SOLO INSTRUMENTALISTS

PIANISTS.—Backhaus, Harold Bauer, Victor Benham, Tosta de Benici, Claude Biggs, Leonard Borwick, York Bowen, Gordon Bryan, Busoni, Teresa Carreno, Cernikoff, Chaminade, Winifred Christie, Julian Clifford, Harriet Cohen, Maurice Cole, Eugene D'Albert, Fanny Davies, Frederick Dawson, Max Darewski, Dohnanyi, J. Epstein, Polyxena Fletcher, Madame Frickenhaus, Herbert Fryer, Godowsky, Katherine Goodson, Percy Grainger, Isabel Gray, De Greef, Madame

Grieg, Chilton Griffin, Helen Guest, Philip Halstead, Mark Hambourg, Hamilton Harty, Lily Henkel, Myra Hess, Josef Holbrooke, Elsie Horne, Dorothy Howell, Edward Isaacs, Janotha, Howard Jones, Frederick Lamond, Liza Lehmann, Lengyel, Tina Lerner, Levinskaja, Tobias Matthay, Moiseiwitsch, Frank Merrick, Helene Morsztyn, William Murdoch, Arthur Newstead, Marie Novello, Pachmann, Paderewski, Max Pauer, Montague Phillips, Pouishnoff, Rumschysky, Archie Rosenthal, Moritz Rosenthal, Walter Rummell, Harold Samuel, Sapellnikoff, Emil Sauer, Irene Scharrer, Ernest Schelling, Benno Schonberger, Cyril Scott, Mania Seguel, Siloti, Carlos Sobrino, Solomon, Arthur Somervell, Johanne Stockmar, Ticciati, Anderson Tyrer, Adela Verne, Mathilde Verne, Dorothea Vincent, Vernon Warner, Carl Weber, Norman Wilks, Maud Agnes Winter, etc.

Violinists.—Ivy Angove, Balokovic, Ethel Barns, Bratza, Philip Cathie, Dorothy Chalmers, Vivian Chartres, Marie du Chastain, Leila Doubleday, Spencer Dyke, Mischa Elman, Nanette Evans, Adila Fachiri, Margaret Fairless, Henrich Fiedler, Charles Fletcher, Percy Frostick, Louis Godowsky, Albert Geloso, Jose Gomez, Marie Hall, Lady Hallé, Jan Hambourg, May Harrison, Marjorie Hayward, Hegedus, Margaret Holloway, Hubermann, Daisy Kennedy, Kocian, Lena Kontorowitch, Kreisler, Kubelik, Murray Lambert, Godfrey Ludlow, Anton Maaskoff, Ethel Marsh, Melsa, Melzak, Isolde Menges, Max Mossel, Tivadar Nachez, Kathleen Parlow, R. Pekotsch, William Primrose, Edie Reynolds, Albert Sammons, Sarasate, Percy Sharman, A. Simonetti, Albert Spalding, Theodore Spiering, Strockoff, Szigeti, Jacques Thibaud, Cesar Thomson, Vecsey, Henri Verbrugghen, Hans Wessely, Johannes Wolff, Rowsby Woof, Ysaye, Zacharewitsch, Zimbalist, Louis Zimmermann, etc.

'Cellists—Abbas, Barbarolli, Casals, Warwick Evans, Maud Fletcher, Jean Gerardy, Boris Hambourg, Beatrice Harrison, Johan Hock, Joseph Holmann, Ivor James, Jacques van Lier, Manucci, May Mukle, Patterson Parker, Felix Salmond, Dambois, Cedric Sharpe, W. H. Squire, Suggia, Arnold Trowell.

ENTERTAINERS (INCLUDING RECITERS)

Sterndale Bennett, Tom Clare, Margaret Cooper, Selwyn Driver, Will Evans, Charles Fry, Corney Grain, George Graves, George Grossmith, Nelson Jackson, Nelson Keys, Sir Harry Lauder, Ben Lawes, Dan Leno, Cecilia Loftus, Harry Pelissier, George Robey, Harry Tate, Vesta Tilley, Alexander Watson, Foden Williams, etc.

ACTORS

Henry Ainley, Arthur Bourchier, Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Langtry, Kitty Loftus, Robert Lorraine, Mrs. Brown Potter, Ellen Terry, Beerbohm Tree, Irene Vanbrugh, Violet Vanbrugh, Harry Welchman, etc.

DANCERS

Maud Allan, Genée, Karina, Karsavina, Lydia Kyasht, Anna Pavlova, Mons. Novikoff, the Russian Ballet, the English Ballet.

CHOIRS

The Alma Mater Choir, the Brythen Welsh Choir, the Channel Island Choir, the Finnish Choir, the Jamaica Native Choir, the Manfield Choir, the Royal Welsh Male Voice Choir (Treorchy), the Welsh Fusiliers Choir.

OPERAS

"The Immortal Hour" and "Bethlehem" (Mr. Rutland Boughton).

BANDS AND ORCHESTRAS

The Beecham Orchestra, Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Scots Guards, Irish Guards, Royal Engineers, Royal Artillery, the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards, Royal Marines, Royal Marine Artillery, West India Regiment, Sousa's Band, the Hohenzollern Band, Canadian Divisional Band, 7th Hants Regimental Band, Balalaika Orchestra, Besses o' the Barn, St. Hilda's Colliery Band, Creatore's Italian Band, the New Zealand Band, etc., etc.

STRING QUARTETS AND TRIOS

The Hungarian Quartet, the Kneisel Quartet, the London Quartet, the Solly Quartet, the Wesseley Quartet.

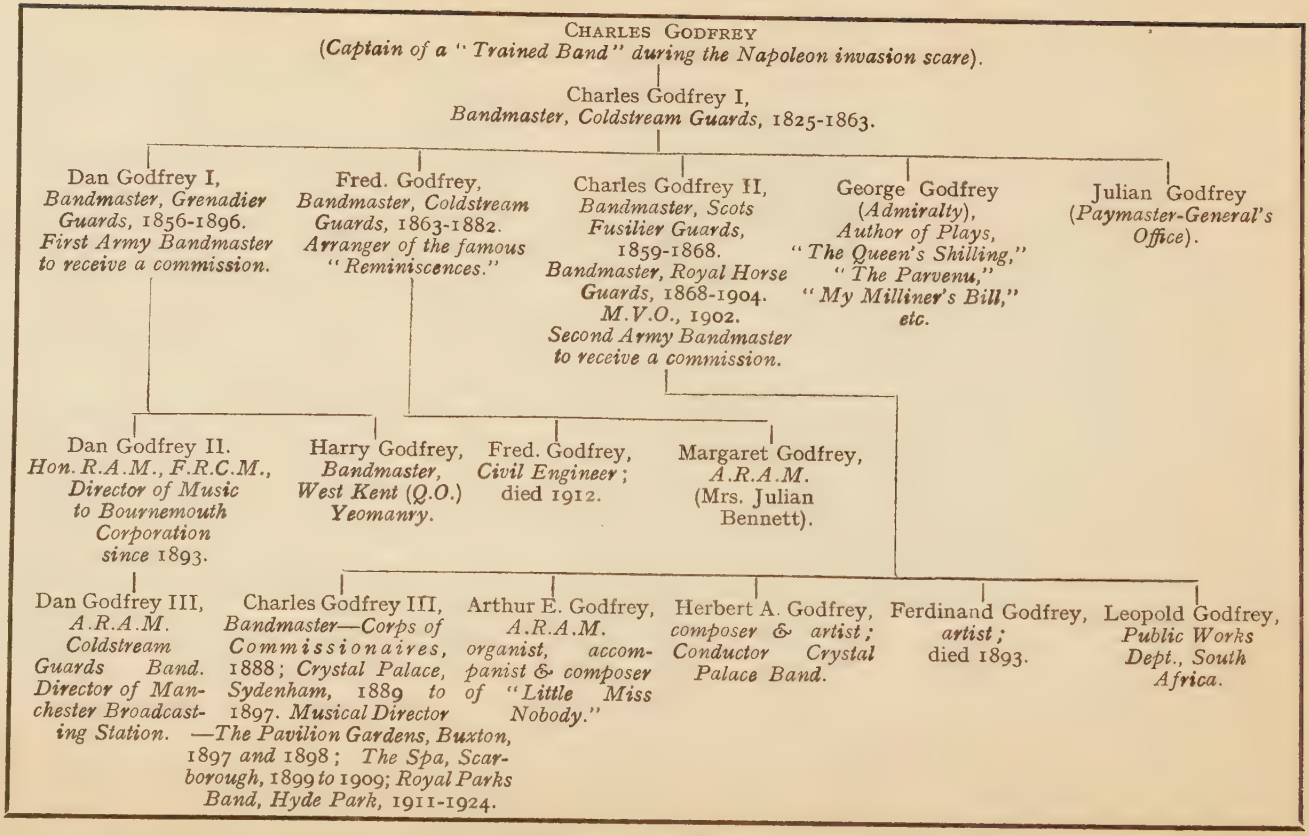
The Cernikoff Trio, the Cherniavski Trio, the English Trio, the Harrison Trio.

LECTURERS

Carl Armbruster, Sir R. Baden-Powell, Sir Robert Ball, Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, Horatio Bottomley, Sir Frederick Bridge, René Bull, Sir Martin Conway, Dr. Dallinger, Sir Arthur Conan-Doyle, Commander Evans, C.B., R.N., Capt. Finch, Plunket Greene, Dr. Markham Lee, Professor Vivian Lewis, Arthur B. Malden, Charles Neufeldt, Sir B. W. Richardson, Percy A. Scholes, Sir Ernest Shackleton, T. Whitney Surette, Professor Silvanus Thompson, Fred Villiers, etc.

Amongst resident artistes who have appeared at the Winter Gardens might be mentioned: Nora Bradbury (pianist), S. H. Braithwaite (pianist), Tom Brown (bass), Jennie Cooke (pianist), Austin Dewdney (pianist), Charles Fletcher (violinist), Juliette Folville (pianist), Arthur T. George (songs at the piano), Edith Leah (pianist), Gerald Lee (tenor), the Orpheus Glee Society under the direction of Herbert J. Nash, Nora Read (soprano), E. P. Reynolds (pianist), Craigie Ross (pianist), etc.

THE GODFREY FAMILY.



GENEALOGICAL TABLE.

INDEX

INDEX

A

Actors at Winter Gardens, 316
Adelphi Theatre, 36
Adkins, Lieut. H. E., 26
Albani, Madame, 252
Albert Hall, London, 102, 119
Aldwych Theatre, 33
Allan, Maud, 316
Allen, Sir H. P., 95, 122, 183, 228, 239, 244
Allitsen, Frances, 144
Anderson, Mary, 101
Anecdotes, 27, 29, 34, 37, 47, 49, 55, 62, 64, 80, 122, 182, 185, 187, 191, 193-5, 241, 248, 257, 262, 266, 269
Ansell, John, 123, 153, 224
Appreciation of Music, 76, 222, 237, 289
Architects of New Pavilion, 265
Arditi, Luigi, 117, 244
Arkwright, Dr. Marian, 124, 145, 200
Armstrong-Gibbs, C., 199
Ashling, Herbert, 85, 264
Atkins, Sir Ivor, 129
Austin, Ernest, 153
Austin, Frederic, 150, 189

B

Bailey, Sir Abe, 52, 59
Bailey, G. W., 264
Bainton, Edgar, 153, 200
Balfour-Gardiner, 143, 150
Band, London Military, 45
Bands and Orchestras at Winter Gardens, 317
Bantock, Granville, 74, 90, 122, 130, 137, 188, 279
Barnato, Barney, 65
Barns, Ethel, 153
Barrett, Francis, 267
Barrett, Oscar, 127
Bath, Hubert, 126
Bath, Music at, 251, 280
Batten, Ernest, 86
Bax, Arnold, 145
Beale, Ald. J. E., 78, 85
Beecham, Sir Thomas, 120, 292
Beecher, Henry Ward, 22
Bedford, Herbert, 153, 200
Beinhorn, Professor, 40
Beit, Sir Otto, 52, 59
Bell, W. H., 153
Benedict, Sir Julius, 117
Berlin, Visit to, 95
Berlioz, Hector, 109, 115
Berners, Lord, 148
Bertini, Signor, 71, 83
Bertoncini, Signor, 104
Besly, Maurice, 122, 149
Bettelheim, 52, 59
Bevignani, 117
Biggs, Allan, 199, 268
Birch, Montague, 261, 268
Birmingham, Visits to, 98
Music at, 223, 279
Bishop, Ald. E. E., 90, 263
Blades, Sir Rowland, 37
Bliss, Arthur, 147
Bodley-Scott, Dr. T., 265
Bonamici, A., 50, 56
Boston Festival, 22
Bottomley, Horatio, 260
Boughton, Rutland, 143, 151, 192
Boult, Adrian, 122, 238
Bourchier, Arthur, 271
Bournemouth, Music at, 279, 284
Press, 267
Post-office Employées, 271
Bouten, Augusta, 83
Bowen, York, 149
Bradford, Music at, 281
Braithwaite, S. H., 200
Brandis, Capt. von, 52, 57
Breare, W. H., 102
Brent-Smith, A., 153
Brewer, Dr., 101, 129, 153, 193
Brian, Havergal, 150
Bridge, Frank, 123, 149, 200
Bridge, Sir Frederick, 43
Bridge, Ald. G. E., 79, 85
Bridlington, Music at, 281

Bright, Dora, 153
Brighton, Music at, 281
British Composers, 126, 133, 140
British Music at Winter Gardens, 296
British Music Society, 140, 183, 271
Broadcasting, 179, 227
Brough, Sydney, 37
Browne, Walter, 51, 54, 258
Bryan, Gordon, 199
Bryson, Ernest, 153
Bülow, Hans von, 108, 116
Bulkeley-Byng, F., 42, 77
Burke, Major, 22
Burnand, Sir F. C., 34
Burnley, Music at, 279
Burslem, Dr., 70
Burton, T. A., 199
Butt, Dame Clara, 224, 252
Butterworth, Clara, 194
Butterworth, George, 153
Byrne, W., 77, 241

C

Caldicott, Alfred, 42
Cambridge, Engagements at, 48
  Address at, 277
Cambridge, Duke of, 25
Cameron, Violet, 33
Camm, J. B. M., 80, 268
Canadian Quartet, 87
Capper, Alfred, 262
Carnegie Trust, 139, 154, 190, 239
Carr, Howard, 123, 153, 282
Carreno, Teresa, 124
Carroll, Dr. Walter, 214, 280, 287
Carse, Adam, 153, 200
Cartwright, Ald. C., 86, 264
Casals, Pablo, 254
Cellier, Alfred, 134
Chamber Music at Winter Gardens, 317
Chandler, J. D., 104
Cherrett, A., 94
Chevillard, 117
Child-Clarke, Walter, 89
Choirs at Winter Gardens, 316
Clarence, Duke of, 56
Clarke, Hamilton, 127
Clarke-Kennedy, Capt., 48
Clarkson, Willie, 97
Classical Music at Winter Gardens, 306
Cleather, Gordon, 174
Cliffe, Frederick, 189
Clifford, Julian, 66, 191, 198
Clinton, G. A., 232
Clutsam, G. H., 126, 150
Coates, Albert, 121
Coates, Eric, 153, 224
Coates, John, 156, 253
Colles, H. C., 2
Colour in Music, 168, 172, 175
Coleridge-Taylor, 137, 143, 153, 186
Collingwood, L. A., 149
Conducting, the Art of, 108
Connaught, Duke of, 23
Cooper, Margaret, 81, 92, 255
Cooper, W., 94
Corder, Frederick, 118, 133, 189
Costa, Sir Michael, 20, 117
Covent Garden Theatre, 35, 134
  Balls at, 97
Coward, Dr. H., 47, 128
Cowen, Sir F. H., 82, 90, 118, 133, 152, 185
Craen, J., 86
Craigie-Ross, Miss, 104
Crawford, T. J., 94
Creatore, 249
Criterion Restaurant, 82
Crowe, Gwilym, 66
Crystal Palace, Concerts at, 82
Cundell, Eric, 149
Curtis, A. B., 84

D

Dainton, Marie, 62
Dale, Benjamin, 153
Damrosch, Walter, 108, 116
Dancers at Winter Gardens, 316
Dardani, P., 75, 77
Darewski, Professor, 259
Darewski, Hermann, 259
Darewski, Max, 259
Davis, Ben, 101
Davis, Ffrangçon, 253
Davis, Sir Walford, 153, 237
Davis, J. D., 153
Dawson, Jennie, 62, 64
Débussy, 109
Déjazet, Madame, 33
Delaporte, Agnes, 51, 56
Delius, 137
Dent, Arthur, 44
Dewdney, Austin, 94
Dormer, F. J., 56, 57
Draper, C., 232
Druitt, James, 72, 264
Drury Lane Theatre, 35
Dunhill, Thomas, 153, 200
Dunn, John, 191

E

Eales, Percy, 97
Eastbourne, Music at, 282

Eckstein, F., 52
Edinburgh, Music at, 281
  Visit to, 46
Eggar Katherine, 144
Elgar, Sir Edward, 82, 85, 90, 124, 136, 141, 186, 238
Elwes, Gervase, 92
Empson, Councillor, 264
Entertainers and Reciters at Winter Gardens, 316
Errors, Printers', 242
Evans, Walter, 77, 99
"Everywoman," the Play, 259
Eyers, H. R., 255

F

Faning, Eaton, 42
Farjeon, Harry, 153
Farnell-Watson, Mrs., 104
Farrar, Ernest, 154
Farren, Nellie, 34
Featherstone, Capt. W. A., 75
Festival at Boston, 80, 81, 92
  Competitive, 216
  Wagner, 95
  in Wales, 238
Field, Vice-Admiral F. L., 38
Finck, Herman, 123, 127
Fletcher, Percy, 127
Fletcher, Charles, 78, 103, 104
  Daughters of, 103, 104
Folville, Juliette, 104
Forsyth, Neil, 97
Foster, Ivor, 99
Foulds, J. H., 152, 224
Fox, Colonel Samson, 97
Franklin, L. B., 38
Frost, Dr. George, 201
Frost, Councillor John, 264

G

Gaiety Theatre, 34
Ganz, Wilhelm, 117
Garvin, Harry, 50
Gatty, Nicholas, 151
George, A. T., 86, 104
German, Edward, 82, 83, 90, 125, 136, 181
Germany, Municipal Music in, 41, 220, 287
Gernhardt, P., 77
Gilchrist, Connie, 34
Gill, Allen, 128, 186
Gilmore, P. S., 21, 22
Gladstone, the Right Hon. W. E., 47
Glasgow, Exhibition at, 66
  Music at, 281
  Visit to, 46
Globe Theatre, 33
Glover, Jimmy, 127
Gluckstein, Montague, 66, 73
Goethe, 213
Godfrey, Dan
  Birth, 31
  Early Days, 32
  at King's C.S., 37
  Education in Germany, 39
    at R.C.M., 42
  Appointment in S. Africa, 50, 62
  Marriage in S. Africa, 65
  Engagements in London, 66
  Presentations, 46, 51, 77, 84, 86, 90, 91, 268
  Silver Wedding, 89
  Knighthood, 270
  F.R.C.M., 274
Godfrey, Lady, 84, 89
Godfrey, Mrs. Dan (mother), 30
Godfrey, Charles (grandfather), 19, 24
Godfrey, Lieut. Dan (father)
  Appointment to the Grenadier Guards, 20
  Visit to America, 21
  Commission in the Army, 23
  Distinctions, 23
  Queen Victoria's friendship, gifts, 24
  Retirement, 27
  Impressive Military Funeral, 28
  Character, 29
Godfrey, Dan, junr. (son), 123
Godfrey, Charles (uncle), 20, 23
Godfrey, Fred (uncle), 20, 38
Godfrey, Fred (cousin), 38
Godfrey, Harry (brother), 48
Godfrey, Charles (cousin), 45
Goodman, E., 45
Goodman, J. L., 61, 64
Goossens, Eugene, 92, 121, 148, 199
Gordon, Douglas, 75
Gossec, François Joseph, 115
Grainger, Percy, 153
Grant-Fellowes, Mr. and Mrs., 51
Graves, George, 271
Greaves, S. Hyla, 84
Greet, Ben, 271
Grenadier Guards, British, 26
  in America, 21, 26, 28, 35
Grenadier Guards, German Band, 22
Griffin, Capt., 51
Grove, Sir George, 42, 46
Guest, Hon. Ivor (Lord Wimborne), 48
Gye, Ernest, 252

H

Habeneck, François Antoine, 115
Hadow, Sir Henry, 183
Halford, George, 98
Hall, Marie, 92, 101
Hallé, Sir Charles, 116
Hambourg, Mark, 255
Handel, 113, 132
Hants, Band of 7th, 271
Harrison, Frederick, 37
Harrison, Julius, 122, 149, 195
Harrogate, Music at, 223, 282
Hartmann, John, 44
Harty, Hamilton, 123, 142, 193
Harvey, Sir Martin, 37
Haslam, Major-Gen. Sir, 38
Hastings, Music at, 282
Hawley, Cuthbert, 187, 268
Hedgecock, Walter, 129
Henry, Leigh, 178, 262, 272
Henschel, Sir George, 117
Her Majesty's Theatre, 35, 134
Hess, Henry, 55
Hill, John, 46
Hill, Dr. McCalmont, 85, 86
Hiller, Ferdinand, 116
Hinton, Arthur, 153
Hoby, Dr. Charles, 48, 50, 53, 62
Holbroke, Josef, 136, 190, 246
Hollarde, W. E., 64
Holloway, Dr. H., 94, 104, 200
Holmes, Henry, 42
Holst, Gustav, 26, 92, 126, 145, 151, 195, 238
Hosker, Ald. J. A., 263
Howell, Dorothy, 145
Howells, Herbert, 149
Hull, Percy, 129
Hume, Duncan, 268
Humphreys, Pelham, 112
Hunt, Ald., 82
Hurrell, Dave, 61
Hyde, James, 61
Hyde Park Band Performances, 29

I

Ilma di Murska, 35
Incorporated Society of Musicians, 140 238, 271
Instrumentation, 231
Instrumentalists at Winter Gardens, 315
Instruments in Military Band, 26
  in Orchestra, 173
International Musical Society, 102
Inwards, Haydn, 44
Ipswich, Music at, 283
Ireland, John, 147
Irving, Sir Henry, 34, 53
Ivimey, J. W., 150

J

Jackson, Nelson, 256
James Brothers, 232
Jazz, 119, 171, 236
Joel, S. B., 52, 61, 63, 64
Johannesburg, 51, 52
  Standard Theatre at, 52
  Operas at, 53
  Globe Theatre at, 62
John, Augustus, 254
Jones, Rev. Dr. J. D., 269, 271
Jongen, Joseph, 196
Joseph, Jane, 145
Jullien's Orchestra, 20, 30

K

Kennedy, Rev. E. J., 88
Ketilbey, A. W., 153, 224
Kettle, H. A., 94
Kettlewell, W., 28
Keyser, Harry, 26
King-Hall, F., 77, 200
Kinghorne, Mark, 62
King's College School, 37
Kitchener, Earl, 87
Kneller Hall, 25, 26, 45
Kussevitski, Serge, 117

L

La Camera, Signor, 93
Lago, Signor, 55
Lamoureux, 116
Landgrave of Hesse, 78
Lancaster, Maud, 261
Lancaster, Sir William, 271
Lansdowne, George, 37
Lansdowne, Harold, 37
Lauder, Sir Harry, 257
Law, Hamilton, 104, 183, 268
Layton, W. T., 38
Lazarus, Henry, 42, 232
Leah, Edith, 104
Lectures at Birmingham, 98
  at Bournemouth, 225
  at Cambridge, 277
Lecturers at the Winter Gardens, 317
Leeds, Music at, 282
Leichner, 95
Lemare, Dr., 93

Leno, Dan, 256
Levi, 116
Lewis, Bertram, 78, 104, 268
Lewis, James, 81, 268
Listening to Music, 159, 206
Liverpool, Music at, 223, 279
Lloyd, Edward, 253
Lloyd George, Rt. Hon. David, 269
London, Music in, 285
Lully, 112
Lunn, Kirkby, 252
Lupino, Rosina, 51
Lush, Mr. 104
Lutz, Meyer, 34, 62
Lyceum Theatre, 35
Lyell-Tayler, 67
Lyon, James, 150, 200
Lyons, Sir Joseph, 66, 73, 235

M

Macbeth, Allan, 153
Macfarren, Sir George, 20
Mackenzie, Sir Alex., 46, 82, 83, 90, 95, 118, 120, 133, 135, 184
Maclean, Dr. Charles, 83, 103, 185
Maclean, Alick, 123, 151
Macpherson, Stewart, 153
Madge, Sir W. T., 36
Magdeburg Theatre, 116
Mahler, 116
Malmesbury, the Earl and Countess of, 78
Maltby, A., 62
Manchester, Music at, 214, 223, 282
Mancinelli, 117
Manners, Charles, 246, 282
Manns, Sir August, 4, 80, 90, 117, 139
Margate, Music at, 283
Marquardt, A., 65
Martin, Easthorpe, 153
Martin, Sir George, 43
Mate, Ald. Charles, 68
Matthews, Appleby, 292
May, Howard, 93
McAlpin, Colin, 151
McCunn, Hamish, 44, 136, 200
McEwen, John B., 147
McKenna, the Rt. Hon. Reginald, 37
McKinley, President, 27
Meissen, Heinrich von, 112
Melba, Dame Nellie, 81, 252
Mellon, Alfred, 117
Memorial to Sir H. H. Parry,
Mendelssohn, Madame, 52
Mengelberg, 117
Merrick, Frank, 150
Miller, Major George, 27
Miller, Lieut. George, 27
Mitchell, Charlie, 47
Mitchell, E. S., 150
Mlynarski, 117
Moeran, E. J., 153
Moiseiwitsch, Benno, 262
Morgan, Merlin, 123
Morrison-Bell, Sir Claude and Lady, 183, 271
Mott, Charles, 256
Mottl, 116
Mouat, W., 36
Moul, Alfred, 50
Municipal Orchestra (Bournemouth),
  Coming of Age, 83
  the First, 21, 72
  Music Lecture to I.S.M., or Choir, 101, 293

N

Nash, H. J., 104
Newling, Madame, 94
Newlyn, Ald., 72, 263
Newman, Ernest, 226
Newman, Robert, 118
Newman, T. Beechey, 183
Nikisch, 108, 116
Northcliffe, Lord, 271
Norwich, 283
Novello, Marie, 99
Nugent, General, 44

O

Offer, Ald., 263
Oglethorpe, Major, 38
Olympic Theatre, 32
O'Neill, Norman, 127, 200
Opera Comique Theatre, 33
Operas at Winter Gardens, 316
Orchestra, Municipal, Members Past and Present, 77, 78
  Coming of Age, 83
  Tour of, 98
  The Audrey Chapman, 123

P

Pachmann, 81, 254
Paderewski, 71, 254
Page-Croft, Sir Henry, 271
Palmer, Sir Ernest, 139, 223, 271
Parry, Sir C. H. H., 81-3, 90, 133, 135, 143
  Memorial to, 183

Parsons, F. L., 89, 268
Pasdeloup, Jules E., 116
Patti, 252
Pavilion, New, 264
Pavlova, 254
Payre, Arthur, 66
Peel, Graham, 200
Perrott, W., 104
Petre, T. W., 78
Phillips, Montague, 127, 194
Pitch (French), 74
Pitt, Percy, 121, 153, 200
Pizzetti, Ildebrando, 157
Portugal, King of, 23
Price, Dan, 44
Pless, Princess Henry of, 78
Press, London, 267
Preston, Harry, 271
Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyle), 78
Pollinger, Franz, 79
Ponsonby, Mrs. Arthur, 183
Purcell, 113

Q

Queen's Hall, 74, 102, 109, 174, 230, 245
Quick, Robert, 266
Quilter, Roger, 152, 224

R

Ravelli, 35
Raybould, Clarence, 153
Redfern, E. S., 78
Reed, W. H., 153
Reinecke, Carl, 116
Reinecke, Herr, 37
Renard, Jacques, 77
Rendle, Frank, 97
Richter, Dr. Hans, 116, 136
Riddell, Lord, 271
Riddle, Charles, 68, 81
Rietz, Julius, 116
Riseley, George, 83
Rivière, Jules, 66
Robey, George, 224, 257, 271
Robinson, Moscrop, 37
Robson, Ald. H., 264
Rogan, Lieut.-Col., 81
Rogers, E., 98
Rolls, Hon. C. S., 82
Ronald, Sir Landon, 90, 119, 129, 153, 187
Rootham, Dr. Cyril, 153, 199
Rosa, Carl, 117, 220
Rotary, 217, 271
Rousseau, 113
Royce, E. W., jun., 62
Rushworth and Dreaper, Messrs., 280
Russe, A. W., 104, 268
Russell-Cotes, Sir Merton, 266
Russell-Cotes, Lady, 266
Russell-Cotes, Herbert, 266
Ryan, E. T., 51

S

Sadler's Wells Theatre, 34
Safonoff, Wassili, 117
Salvation Army Bands, 235, 271
Sandwich Isles, King of the, 23
Santley, Sir Charles, 251
Saunders, James, 50
Savolini, U., 78
Savoy Theatre, 33, 36
Saxe-Coburg, Duke of, 23
Scarborough, Ethel, 145
Schütz, Heinrich, 113
Schniewindt, Herr, 40
Scott, Cyril, 149, 192
Scott, Charles Kennedy, 129
Scott-Murray, the Hon. Miss, 87
Searelle, Luscombe, 52, 54
Seidl, 116
Shackleton, Sir Ernest, 83
Shaftesbury, Earl of, 92
Shaftesbury Theatre, 55
Sharpe, Frederick, 42
Sharpe, Cedric, 42
Shaw, G. Bernard, 219
Sibelius, Jean, 196, 197
Sims Reeves, 251
Slaughter, Walter, 127
Slavin, Frank, 47
Smyth, Dame Ethel, 92, 124, 143, 151, 194
Somervell, Dr. Arthur, 44, 153
Somerville, Colonel, 26
Sousa, 26, 247
South Africa, Municipal Music in, 66
Speer, W. H., 153
Spencer, J., 42
Squire, W. H., 34, 44
Stamitz Johann Karl, 115
Standard Theatre (Johannesburg), 50, 52-4
Stanford, Sir Charles, 43, 82, 85, 90, 118, 120, 130, 135, 182
States and Canada, 27
Stier, Theodore, 254
St. John, Florence, 33
Stocker, Councillor, 264
Stokoe, Rev. D., 31
Strand Theatre, 33
Strauss, Richard, 114
Strauss, Edouard, 114

Stravinski, 262
Strong, Capt., 51
Stroyan, Robert, 52, 59
Suggia, Madame, 92, 254
Sullivan, Sir Arthur, 42, 44, 46, 118, 134, 152
Surette, T. W., Preface
Swepstone, Edith, 145
Szlumper, Major G. S., 38

T

Tapp, Frank, 150
Temple, George, 51
Tennyson, Miss Matilda, 272
Terry, Edward, 34
Thomas, Goring, 118, 133
Toscanini, 117
Tours, 27, 98
Toye, Geoffrey, 120
Trebelli, 35
Tree, Charles, 99
Tregonwell, Mr., 68, 70
Trowell, Arnold, 92, 150, 196
Tubb, Carrie, 92, 252
Twentyman, Rev. John, 31, 38

V

Vaudeville Theatre, 36
Vaughan, Kate, 34
Vaughan-Williams, 83, 92, 119, 125, 141, 180, 196
Verdi, George, 53, 56
Verner, Linda, 63
Victoria, Queen, 23, 27, 43, 44
Victorian Composers, 133
Vocalists at Winter Gardens, 315
Volkmer, Alois, 62, 64

W

Waddington, S. P., 44
Wagner, Richard, 109, 110, 115
Walden, Lord Howard de, 222
Wales, Music in, 100
  Visit to, 98
Wallace, William, 82, 136, 190
Walsall, Music in, 290
Walter, Bruno, 117
Warde, Willie, 34
Warrender, Lady Maud, 92
Watkins, Enos, 104
Watkins, Hadley, 94, 268
Webber, Ald. J. C., 82, 263
Webster, Sir Augustus, 44
Weingartner, 116
Welsh National Council, 237
Wendt, Theo, 67
White, Felix, 153
White, Maud Valerie, 144
Williams, Capt. Albert, 27, 90
Williams, Becket à, 153
Williams, Gerard, 153
Winterbottom, Ammor, 43
Winter Gardens, 70
  Programmes at, 76, 78, 84, 90, 92, 93
  Choral Programmes at, 93-5
Wood, A. H., 78, 153, 197
Wood, Sir Henry J., 74, 118, 130
Woodward, W., 94
Wootton Brothers, 232

Y

York-Bowen, 149
Young, Dalhousie, 198
Youngman, Councillor, 264

Z

"Zarps" (S.A.), 59
Zeelander, J., 77
Zoeller, Carl, 45

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